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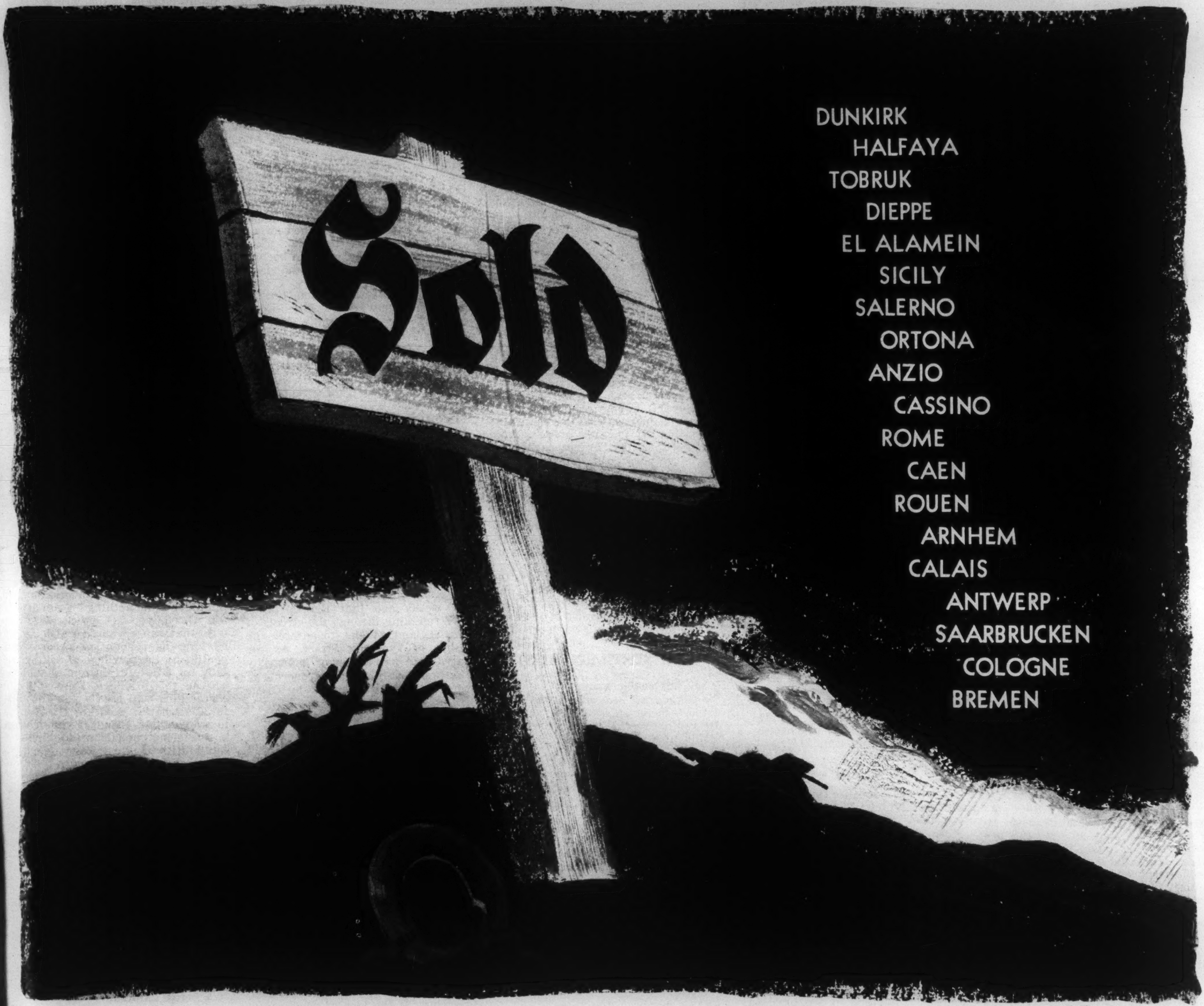
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BREMEN

THESE Places already have been bought
at the highest price . . .
Bought with blood, and death,
And with the fighting spirit of our men and
of our Allies . . .

The dollars you loaned
Helped in the fight,
Helped blazon these Names
On our regimental banners!

Now again, your share of help is needed
To pay the great cost
Of the last great struggle!

You are not asked to give your life,
Nor an eye, nor leave a leg in alien mud . . .

You do not give,
You lend your dollars!

Men are FIGHTING for you!
LEND your dollars that
Final Victory can be sure . . . and SOON!

For there are more Places
Our fighting men must buy . . .
There are more Victory Bonds
That YOU must buy!

Contributed by SATURDAY NIGHT
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Air Vice Marshal George Owen Johnson, C.B., M.C. —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

Air Force's Top Man of Action Knows Plans, Planes and Airmen

By COROLYN COX

AIR VICE MARSHAL George Owen Johnson has left Canada to take over his new post, Air Officer Commanding, R.C.A.F. Overseas. He succeeds Air Chief Marshal Lloyd Breadner, retired. It is altogether fitting that this steady, quiet but forceful officer should arrive at the pinnacle of the R.C.A.F. For no one of the many more publicized "key men" of the force has played a more fundamental role in establishing the success that Canada has reached in the air today.

We have produced a good handful of excellent officers in the top ranks of the R.C.A.F. so that the always to be desired shuffling about of men in key posts can be done with a good man on each wicket and to spare. Air Vice Marshal Johnson possesses personal qualities of an unusually high order. His is the best type of western enthusiasm and freshness of spirit utterly unencumbered by personal ambitiousness.

Johnson will, it is safe to say, look upon his works and find them good over there. For he was Air Member for Organization and Training back in 1939-40, and the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan was in a special sense his baby. His responsibility was to plan and organize the schools and direct their work of turning out fliers capable of delivering the goods as we have since seen them do.

Flying School Teacher

Johnson was born in Woodstock, Ontario, in 1896, but as soon as he was through public school there headed west. He did his Normal School course at Calgary, then taught at Didsbury, Olds and Edmonton, Alberta. He took a hand in the early development of technical training in our schools, and was an officer in the Corps School of Cadet Instructors, which played its part in establishing cadet training in Alberta.

Directly World War I broke out, Johnson applied by letter to join the Royal Naval Air Service, and so was one of the recruits interviewed by Admiral Kingsmill when he was sent across Canada to select men from those who had offered their services. Johnson was accepted and started to fly with the Royal Flying Corps in April of 1917. He went on active service in France that September with but 20 hours flying to his credit!

Johnson says today all Canadian youngsters want to be fighter pilots. He should know how they feel—and he does. Throughout his service in France he was on offensive patrol work, which is to say keeping the Huns out of the air to make it safe for Allied reconnaissance. He found engine trouble more serious than the enemy in those days and got his only slight wound gliding home on a dead engine and landing between two Allied trenches. His last six months of the war were spent attached to a training centre in Cheshire.

After World War I

After the Armistice Johnson found Canada's William Bishop forming two Canadian squadrons in England, joined up and came back to Canada in June 1919 in charge of a collection of German war trophies for the Archives in Ottawa. When Canada formed the Air Board Johnson was made Station Superintendent in 1920 to reopen Camp Borden for the founding of the Royal Canadian Air Force. He has been with it ever since.

When Johnson went out in 1925 to command the R.C.A.F. organization in the North West, it had but three stations, in the Province of Manitoba. It opened another in Saskatchewan during his two years on the post. He was sent to England to Staff College at Andover in 1927, and on his return two years later was made Assistant Director of Civil Operations under Lindsay Gordon. In an atmosphere of peace, and retrenchment, the Air Force was employed in every part of Canada assisting the civil departments of government, on everything from customs preventive work to map making and dusting forests for disease and pests. All these jobs, says Johnson, kept together the nucleus of the force which he never doubted at the time would be needed again.

Johnson was shifted about and broadened his experience in the peace years. He served as Senior Air Officer, a post now called Chief of Staff, and in 1937 went to England again, to Imperial Staff College. When he got back in 1938 he was sent out to organize and command the Western Air Command with headquarters in Vancouver, and promoted to the rank of Air Commodore. This lasted until war broke out in 1939.

By November, 1940, Johnson was Deputy Chief of Staff in Ottawa, his duties covering the Air Force in all its aspects. Especially organization and furtherance of the Air Training Plan. In the spring of 1941 he was sent to England on a special mission, was attached to the Chief of Air Staff and associated with the Air Ministry for four months. The matter concerned was organization of Canadian liaison with the wider picture of the war as a whole, and proved an intensely interesting service. He returned to Ottawa in July to resume his post of D.C.A.S. and was made Air Vice Marshal that summer.

Due to Air Marshal Breadner's illness in 1942, Johnson was acting Chief of Air Staff during the Allied Training Conference and throughout the joint Canadian-U.S. Air Conference. He was also acting chief for the Conference on the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan that lasted for three months and was, he reflects, a very good show indeed.

In the summer of 1942, Johnson was sent to Toronto as Air Officer Commanding No. 1 Training Command. This gave him a chance to see the training side of our activities from another angle.

Johnson's first active command came in January of 1943 when he was made A.O.C. of Eastern Air Command, which is the chief operational command of the R.C.A.F. on this side of the Atlantic and covers the defence of eastern Canada. As everyone now knows, we maintain an air umbrella over half the North Atlantic to safeguard convoys from enemy attack, and patrol the eastern waters against Nazi submarines.

As A.O.C. in charge of the R.C.A.F. overseas, Johnson will command the forces in all theatres of war, from Iceland to Burma, be responsible for our large body of air personnel serving with the R.A.F., as well as all the R.C.A.F. units.

Johnson thinks it was time for him to move, anyway, as you get "bushed" if you stay too long in one key post, stifle the people below you, and gradually fail to see the faults of organization round you.

Air Vice Marshal Johnson won the M.C. and Croix de Guerre with palm in the war of 1914-18, and was made a C.B. in the Honors list of 1943.

• •

THE SENTIMENTALIST

OH, implacable stars,
Do you not hear me calling?
Imperturbable stars
Do you not see me falling,
Falling, falling?

Yours is the glow-serenity
That I would be:
The ordered flux,
The rhythmic flow of life,
Rich, full and even.

Do you not hear me, stars,
Here in the shadows below?
Oh, cold and cruel is your glitter,
No comfort there for me;
Where the devil's the camp-fire, now?
Ah! I see!

PAUL DUVAL

• •

FRAGMENT

SHE shook them out before our very eyes
And let the sun fall on them.
There were silks
Crimson and apricot and amber-dyed,
Brocades
Threaded with gold and silver....
"Have a care!" we cried,
And reached to stay her reckless fingers.
"Fold them away! The sun will dull their lustre
And fade the purple and the rich vermilion. . . "

Her laughter spilled like wine into her hands....
"See how the scarlet satin takes a gloss,
And sunlight tangles in the blue chiffon,
And beads of light
Edge the neat border of the braided lace!
Leave them to air
In the sweet morning! And what matter if
They lose a touch of color? Nothing keeps
Its loveliness forever! 'Tis the fool
Seals beauty in a bottle!
And he comes
To pour it out....and finds the phial empty...."

BLANCHE I. POWNALL

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Mr. Woodside's Views on Russia Bring Him Praise and Blame

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I HOPE you have not received too many adverse comments over Mr. Woodside's article of April 7 regarding Russia.

To me at least, you were merely giving public airing to what many of us are thinking privately. Last Sunday night in Windsor I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hallett Abend of *The New York Times*, who has acted as correspondent for that paper in the Orient and Russia for nearly twenty years. He was a quiet voiced, cultured gentleman who indulged in no histrionics, but whose views on the Russian situation apparently paralleled Mr. Woodside's.

SATURDAY NIGHT has, for many years, been my only means of keeping posted on Canadian affairs and views, and among other features, I have enjoyed your articles. Sometimes I think that one who lives in a foreign country, however friendly, has the viewpoint of a bystander, and sees things in a more strictly non-partisan light. One is never quite part of the scene.

Detroit, Mich. GERTRUDE DAY

Through Communist Glasses

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

BY what process of reasoning does Mr. Woodside label the governments of Poland, Finland, Bulgaria, Rumania and Yugoslavia as puppets of Soviet Russia, while presumably the governments of Belgium, Greece and Italy are classified as free, independent and democratic?

Some of us whose memories seem to be a little better than Mr. Woodside's, remember that it was only a few weeks ago that British tanks were rumbling through the streets of Brussels and Athens, to enforce the wishes of Downing Street. As for Italy, the hated Savoy monarchy would probably collapse overnight, were it not kept in power by Great Britain and America.

Let us be realists, there is a difference between Russia and the western allies. The Soviets wish to see Fascism destroyed not only in Germany but everywhere else, while the actions of the western plutocracies show plainly that they want to put the clock back, and by promises of U.N.R.R.A. soup and threats of force once again make the world safe for dividends and special privileges.

Toronto, Ont. T. B. G. BURCH

Answering Dr. Whitton

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I FIND Dr. Charlotte Whitton's heavily-phrased article of March 10 unconvincing and distasteful. Dr. Whitton labors the possible ill effects of the scheme on Dominion-Provincial financing. If the idea of readjusting the distribution of the national income in favor of child-raising people below the income tax level is a good one then the internal financing should not be unsurmountable.

Surely Dr. Whitton, as an experienced social welfare worker, would permit no scheme which she was sponsoring to fail on such grounds. If the scheme is good we can make the internal financing work; after all our financial set-up is, or should be, our servant, not our master.

The main theme of her article seems to be that each province will not get back as much as it puts in. What a hope that contains for Canadian nationhood! One great merit of the plan is that it tends to reduce the discrepancy in standards of living as between provinces. Dr. Whitton sounds like a parent who would say, "Johnny gets a new suit, but Willie had the mumps, so that makes them even in the family budget."

We already recognize, inadequately, that income-tax-paying parents are entitled to preferential treatment, on the grounds that they are making the greatest possible contribution to the nation in raising and educating its future citizens. Is this wrong? If it is right, then it should be extended to families below income-tax levels, where it is needed much worse. If wrong, then all persons should pay equal income tax regardless of their child responsibilities. There is no excuse for recognizing the one and not the other.

I think Dr. Whitton is just trying to make a case and that her objection is not on financial grounds at all. Whatever her real objection is, she should state it more frankly, and much more simply.

Ottawa, Ont. M. S. GLADMAN

A Girl Speaks Up

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT WAS with ironical amusement that I read Howland Gried's bachelor plaint which states that women placed in a position of equality refuse consistently to meet their fair financial obligations. This rather sweeping statement in the first paragraph of his letter shows that the little man simply does not know whereof he speaks. Records of credit companies will show that the so-called career woman rates high as an excellent risk. She meets her obligations promptly. The same thing cannot, I believe, be said of the average bachelor's carefree attitude toward his financial obligations.

It is when Mr. Gried describes the predicaments of his social life that he really amuses. He states he doesn't mind paying the expenses of social engagements when the girl is so charming that the man wants to pay, but objects to footing the bill for those who have "no conversation, no intelligence, no nothing." I am afraid, Mr. Gried, you are stuck with the bills that cause you so much agony as long as convention accords the gentleman the privilege of asking the lady for a date. If custom should accord us this privilege, I am sure the career girls will gladly pay the bills for their dates. And am I a meanie to wonder, Mr. Gried, if your charm is shattering enough to feminine susceptibilities to earn your telephone number a four-star rating in the well-thumbed little books your girls will carry then? Are *you* "attractive, intelligent, witty, amusing"?

In the meantime, why not remain away from those places where circumstances have forced you to open your purse in such anguish? Are you man or mouse?

As a matter of fact, Mr. Gried, methinks I hear a faint echo of the disappointed wolf throughout your letter.

Toronto, Ont. (MISS) BABS ARNOLD

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THE FRONT PAGE

No Other Death

NO CANADIAN who loved President Roosevelt could have wished for him any other death than that which has overtaken him. He lived just long enough to know that the cause to which he had devoted himself was securely victorious and not long enough to experience the rancorous reaction of hostility which an undisciplined democracy so often exhibits towards its greatest leaders when their work is done. At a single step he passes from the precarious heights of power and popularity to the secure calm of immortality.

His work was ended when the armies under Eisenhower began a few short weeks ago to cut through German resistance like a knife through cheese. It was the work of channeling and organizing and vitalizing the vast but amorphous force of the American people so that it would be effective in the world struggle for the rights of man. Nobody could have done that work better, nobody of our generation one quarter as well. The work now to be done is totally different and had Franklin Roosevelt been compelled to attempt it he would have been handicapped by the overwhelming jealousies and resentments which gather around any man who has by his personality alone kept an opposing party out of power for four Presidential terms. The task which now falls to President Truman is the immensely difficult one of leading the American people into a path of economic behavior as wise, as energetic and as serviceable to humanity as the path of military and diplomatic behavior on which Roosevelt set their feet with such infinite tact and patience. It may well be that it is a task for which a new man, provided he be the right man, will be better equipped. Truman will be much more leniently judged by the American people for whatever they do not like about the peace settlements—and inevitably there will be much that they do not like—than Roosevelt would have been because Truman obviously cannot speak with such weight in the councils of nations.

If we had felt any confidence that the American people would have continued to back Roosevelt during the three years which will follow the fall of Berlin we should be much more inclined to deplore his death on grounds of the world's need for his continued presence. But we have never had any such confidence and we are not without hope that his creeds and policies—of international good will and of faith in the common man and of hatred of tyranny and intolerance—will be more effectually advanced by his martyrdom than they could henceforth have been by his living voice. For he speaks today with the voice of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln and the Woodrow Wilson of the great era, a voice greater even than that of the fireside talks with which he once saved the soul of his nation.

A Great World Citizen

WHEN on an April morning, eighty years ago, Lincoln breathed his last, Stanton, his Secretary for War, was moved to an immortal utterance: "Now he belongs to the ages." Today those words are equally true of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. His death was attended by none of the tragic circumstances surrounding that of Lincoln. It was so peaceful that it seemed to symbolize the dream he cherished for the nations of the earth. In service for human liberty he was the equal of Lincoln and has also this in common with him; he was a man of resolute action, but never a creature of impulse.

Roosevelt was not merely a great American, but in a degree no former President has been, a great citizen of the world. In truth, he and Winston Churchill, his co-laborer in the battle for human freedom, have been citizens of the world in a sense no statesmen in the previous history of mankind have been. It was with a profound realization of this fact that the whole world received the news of the President's sudden death; news that girdled the globe with a speed that 20 years ago would have seemed incredible and is still miraculous. Modern communications have made world citizenship possible and real. Simultaneously with the people of the U.S.A., those of countless other nations were appalled by the tidings. For the name of the man is illustrious, and will be so long as history is written.

On the night of April 12th there was probably no man less happy than the new President, Hon. Harry Truman, — suddenly called to undertake tasks too arduous for the weakened body of his great chieftain. To him (until recently unknown outside his own land) fate has fortuitously extended opportunities for greatness; and he has already given evidence that the moral elevation, humanity and wisdom of Roosevelt will be his inspiration.

Poorer, Not Richer

THE White Paper on reconstruction tabled in the House of Commons last week by Mr. Howe seems to suggest that the war has somehow made it possible for Canadians to enjoy a higher standard of living after the war than they had before it. It's a good trick, if it can be done, but this paper would like to see more evidence than is presented in the White Paper itself.

Of course the world is really very much poorer because of the war, not richer. Destruction doesn't make riches. Europe, with its wrecked cities, wrecked channels of trade, and wrecked people, knows this all too well. We in Canada have the illusion that war has made us prosperous, because we have no unemployment and all our factories are busy.

But we are poorer too. Our real wealth does not consist of certificates of government indebtedness but of our homes and schools and factories and roads and, most of all, our people. Today our homes are run down, we have holes in our highways, our factory equipment needs replacement—and we have lost many of our best young men. No, we are not richer.

And the countries which bought our products so largely in the pre-war years are, most of them, much less able to buy now. Our Government proposes to help them, with financial credits and in some cases with free gifts of goods. This appears to be a reasonable and constructive policy in the situation in which we find ourselves, but it is scarcely a basis for expectations of higher standards of living.

Is the White Paper ascribable to the coming general election? If so, it's a pity; the country's postwar economic position is too serious for such a political play.

The Twin Election

EVER since last August a matter of political importance has been just what advantage Mr. King would be able to make of Mr. Drew's opposition to Family Allowances. Mr. Drew's August outbreak presented Mr. King with a ready weapon, but in view of the peculiar divorce which found the Ottawa Conservative members (with the exception of Dr. Bruce) supporting the Allowances measure it has been obvious that some extraordinary strategy would have to be evolved if the full weight, or any effective weight, could be turned against the Progressive Conservatives at large. Mr. King apparently has found the required strategy.

Presumably if the Dominion and Ontario election campaigns had been run separately it would have been the Progressive Conservative plan in the Dominion contest, as it was in Grey North, to have Mr. Drew stay out of the fray. This would have meant that the Party could have avoided any great controversy on the Family Allowances question, except in Ontario (where it would be calculated to do least harm if not most good). But with a dual campaign, with national and provincial issues inextricably inter-mixed, inevitably Mr. Drew will be forced into the Dominion campaign and anything that he will say, and particularly anything that will be said against him, will have national prominence. And it will undoubtedly be so manoeuvred by the Liberals that there will be much to be so prominent.

One other strong factor in Mr. King's rather startling election decision is the reassurance which it is bound to give to his followers. The Liberals to an exceptional degree base their confidence on Mr. King's political wisdom and imagination. In recent months the necessities of war have meant that there could be few demonstrations of his abilities along this line. A stroke such as this election strategy, however, is undoubtedly a strong injection to bolster any flagging spirits at the start of the campaign. Its psychological influence will be strong.

Mr. Drew has done what he could to rescue the situation by advancing the date of the Ontario contest a week, but his effort is only a weak counter-move and might even better have been left undone. It will gain him some support among those who back him in his feud with Mr. King, but to the bulk of the Ontario electorate it will, we imagine, mainly look as though he has been outsmarted again. And it has got him off on the defensive which, of course, is not a recommended way to start a winning campaign.

Important to Scots

NOT a few readers must have noted that whenever a Canadian public man of Scottish ancestry makes a speech he usually manages in some pawky way to disclose his descent. His hearers may have already guessed it from his speech and countenance, but he thinks it well to clear up doubts on the subject. No people are more attached to their "home" land, though it is at least two centuries since they began to make the world their parish.

The great pundit, Dr. Samuel Johnson once said "The Irish are an honest people; they never speak well of each other." Some have assumed that he spoke with prejudice. The reverse is the case; he intended it as a compliment. He had been complaining of the habit of Scotsmen, who, in his day, were laying the foundations of their subsequent conquest of London, of habitually praising each other; scratching each other's backs. This seemed to him dishonest in comparison with the candor of the Irish.

In Canada we have long since learned to revere the Scots. Ever since the conquest of Quebec, when Sir James Murray took over on the death of Wolfe, Scotsmen have been playing an active part in public affairs, east and west.

Therefore it is good news to learn that there has just been established in Edinburgh, a "Scots Ancestry Research Council" through whose experts men of that race all over the world may ascertain the facts about their forebears.

The Council undertakes to trace the ancestry for many generations back of any person of Scots birth and descent. It is said that according to recent calculations there are scattered throughout the world at least twenty million people proud to claim Scottish ancestry. For years in Edinburgh and other cities, writers-to-the-signet, librarians, ministers and public officials have been receiving countless letters from Scottish exiles, or men whose grandfathers and greatgrandfathers were exiles, asking for help in tracing the annals, simple or sanguinary, of their ancestors. The Council's activities therefore will fill a long felt want.

ROOSEVELT

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Scores of men in each of the two-score States
Had more skill than he in the lore of Things;
Astral physics, or bio-chemistry,
Catalysis, vitamins, cosmic rays,
Chromosomes and the arch of the Heaviside
  layer
Or atom-chains, the toys of the over-learned.

His was the abler skill of making friends,
Not by the courtier-scheme of flattering lies
But by a mystical, understanding heart,
Feeling his neighbors' pain and unreasoned
  fear,
Bearing anodyne for the noxious weed of
  doubt
And its evil miasma tainting the Lord's good
  air.

Once a prophet, brave in that ancient day,
Sat by the river Chebar and spake no word,
Seven days he sat with the exiles there,
Saw their unstrung harps on the willow trees,
Grief having barred their song. And only then
Did he break the silence and speak of a better
  world.

So our Good Neighbor ventured to prophesy
Seeing beyond the reek and clamor of war
Freedom from want and fear, freedom of
  speech,
Freedom to worship as the heart compels.
—Here is a vision braver than all the dreams
Of the over-learned immured in their ivory
  towers.

The Passing Show

A CANADIAN war correspondent, in a recent broadcast from Germany, said that he encountered chaos everywhere with not the slightest indication of Nazi government control. The most optimistic among us did not expect conditions in the Reich to improve so rapidly.

•

The latest appeal from Berlin declares that "our German nation is in the final realization of the Nazi Socialist doctrine". In spite of this assurance, we still think that the San Francisco conference should not take any chances.

•

From an order of the day addressed to the Old Guard of the Stormtroopers by the German Chief of Staff: "Our people will follow the example you are setting". They are going to be out of breath if they do.

•

GERMAN MARK IN MADRID
OFFERED AT LESS THAN A
NICKEL

—Headline *Wall Street Journal.*

Looks as if Franco is still using his influence to flatter the Reich.

•

The Luxembourg radio has reported the assassination of Goering by mistake in a plot directed against Goebbels. No one will object to the mistake being rectified at the earliest possible moment.

•

With regard to Mr. King's announcement that only volunteers will be used in the war against Japan, it should be stated that any resemblance it may have to any other announcement at any other time is purely coincidental.

•

It is more than likely that the Allied capture of one billion dollars worth of gold in a German salt mine will encourage our friendly broker to sprinkle more salt in his gold mine prospectuses.

•

An American flyer, describing the attack which sank the 45,000 ton battleship Yamato said: "The Japanese threw up everything they had." In fact, they couldn't get to the ship's rail fast enough.

•

Spring Thoughts of a Golfer

FROM cellar where in dark and dust
  You've lain through months of ice and
    snow,
I drag you, to remove what rust
  May since have dimmed your metal's glow.
    O precious clubs,
    I, worst of dubs
Yet known to worship at golf's shrine,
How proud I am to call you mine!

How proud I am, O driver, putter,
  Despite your oft-provoking ways,
To have the privilege to utter
  These few encomiums in your praise.
    Of irons, I vow,
    I treasure now
The finest set which man could covet
On earth, below it, or above it.

But soon will come the time to languish
  Beneath the sunshine's blistering ray,
To suffer daily pangs of anguish
  Lest there be no time left to play,
    When, loosed from toil,
    I'll fuss and boil
To be on links while there's still light there,
And not the falling shades of night there.

J. O. PLUMMER

•

Britain's war-time baby nurseries are costing more than $10,000,000 a year. Surprising how little tots mount up.

•

A millinery expert in a fashion magazine writes: "If a woman will only have the courage to wear the new designs in hats, she won't know herself." In the event of doubt, she can always check up on her national registration card.

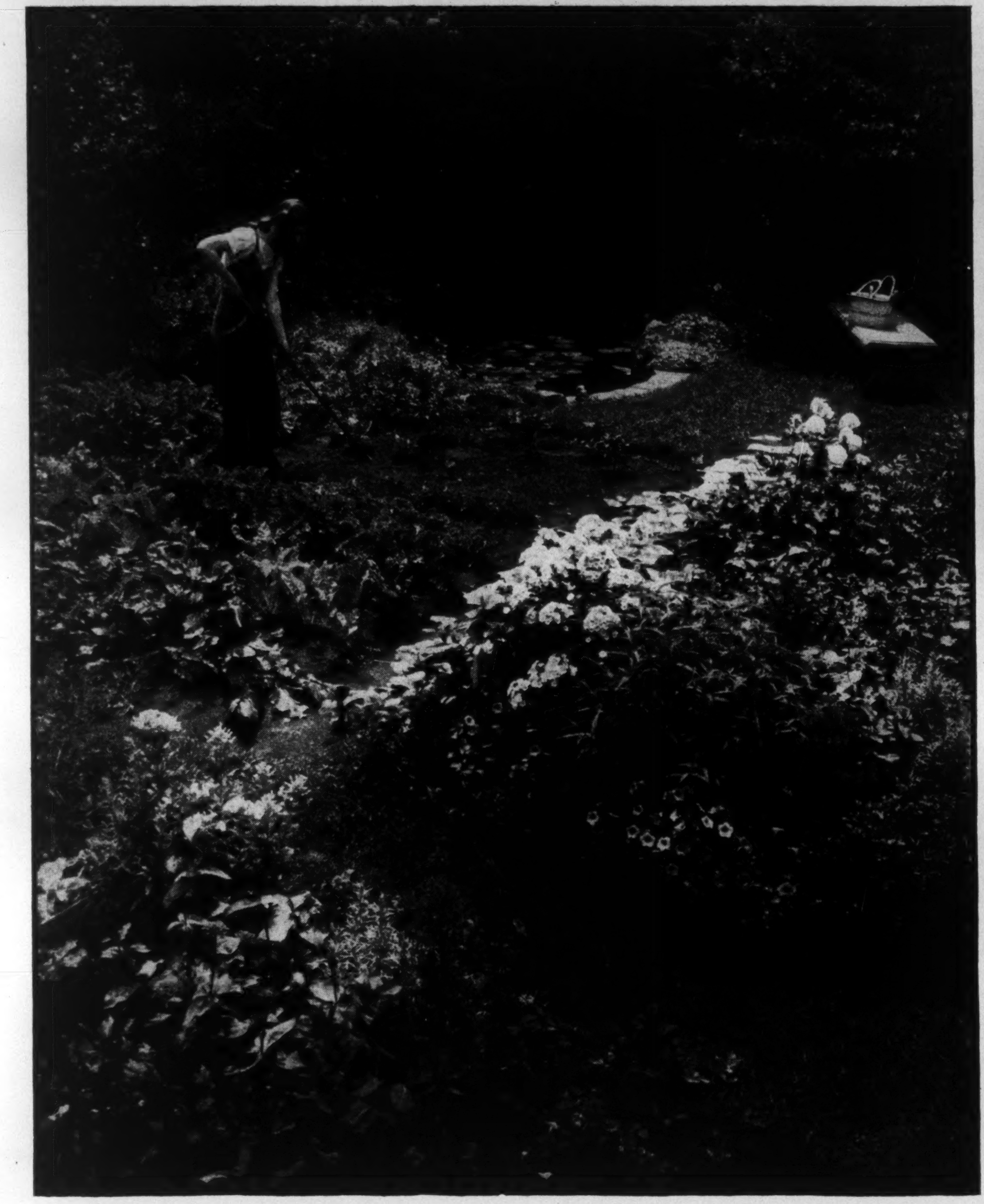
•

The president of the American Iron and Steel institute prophesies that, after the war, stainless steel hosiery will compete with nylons. And so, as the piping times of peace return, the girls will still have an opportunity to show their metal.

•

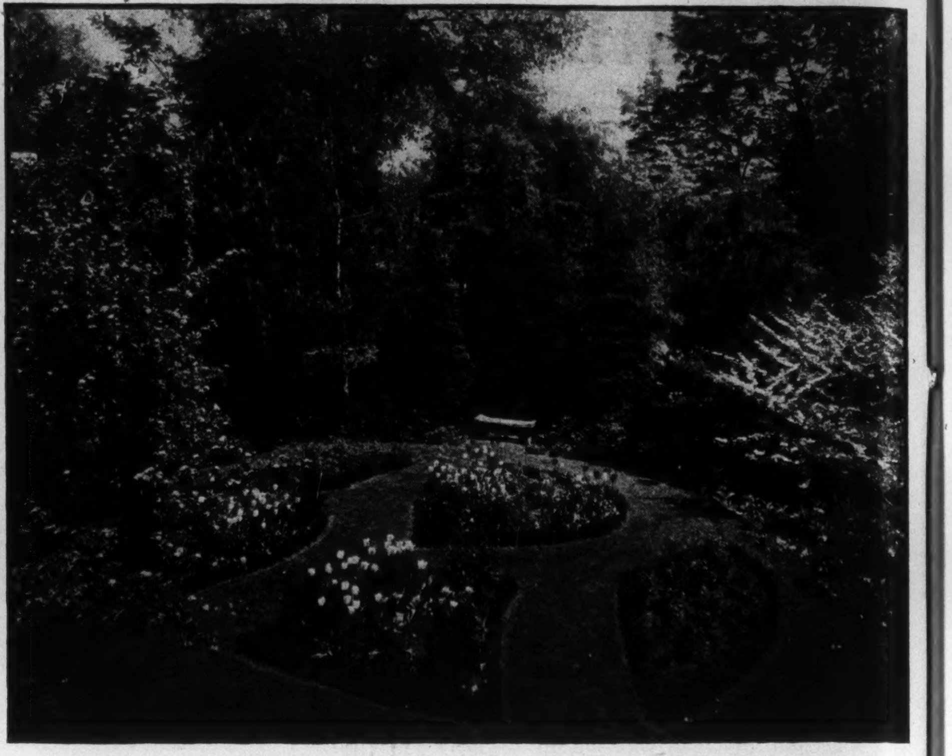
From the States comes news of a tram conductor sent for 30 years to penitentiary for bigamy, having married twelve of his lady friends. Being a superstitious fellow he didn't want to take a chance on number 13 in case it changed his luck.

Golden Opportunities for Both Work and Play



Vegetables grow thriftily in day-long sunshine in beds where flowers once reigned alone.

A tall, vine-cloaked wall forms a background for this garden of perennials and annuals.

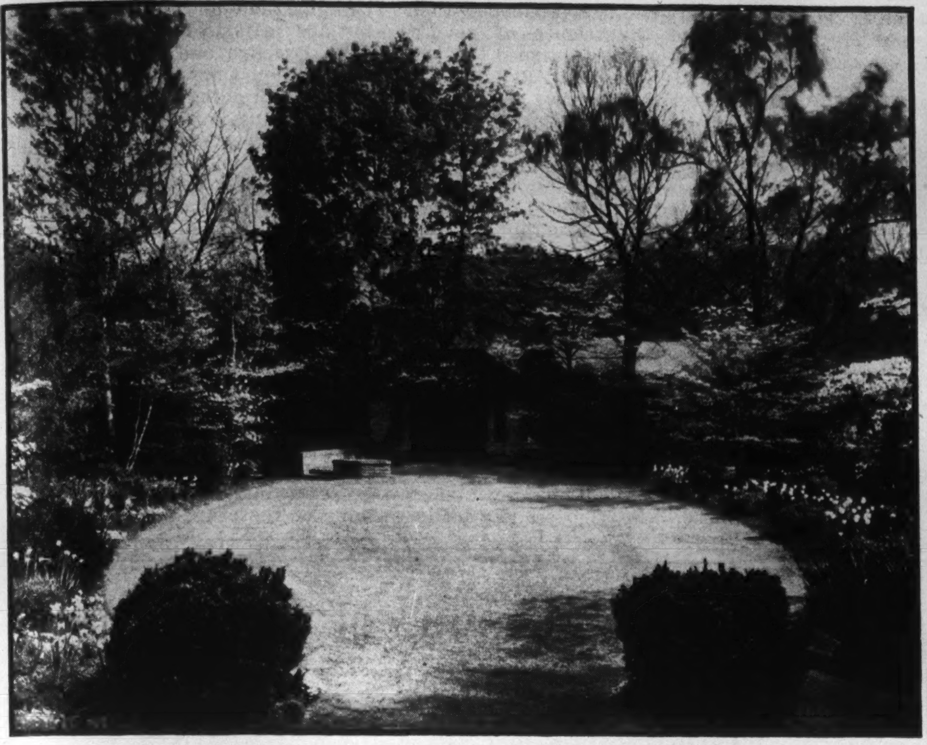


Formality prevails in this tree-bordered garden created by Mary Deputy Lamson.

In this garden by Mary Deputy Lamson a circular walk focuses on a walled bench.

Walls can be an asset—here they are a foil for vines and foreground planting.

Can Be Found in Today's Well Ordered Gardens



L. Lundquist uses a tea house as a point of interest in this garden.

Flowers in gay profusion along the public highway give pleasure to passersby.

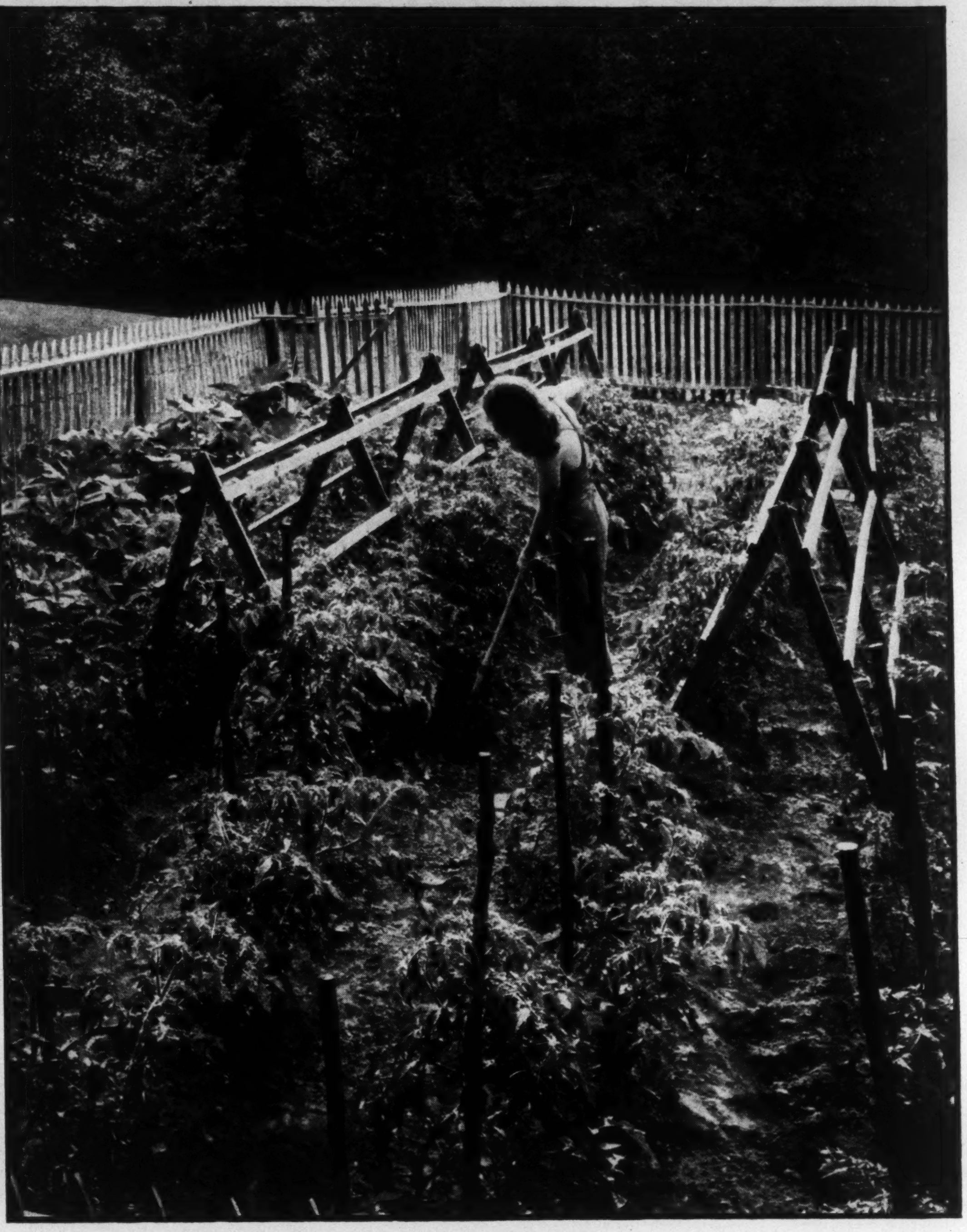
By Collier Stevenson

IN every garden there is ample opportunity for work. Opportunity, perhaps, is not altogether the right word, as for proper upkeep a garden actually demands a lot of work on the part of the owner, his family or such help as he may find available in this period of labor scarcity. Whether this essential garden care be viewed as work or play naturally depends a great deal on the attitude of mind of those engaging in it. Anyone's mental attitude, however, can change almost unbelievably. Many garden-owners, for instance, who were appalled at the prospect of having to work in their gardens during the early years of the war now are so thoroughly garden-minded that they look forward with keen zest to the opening of each spring gardening season.

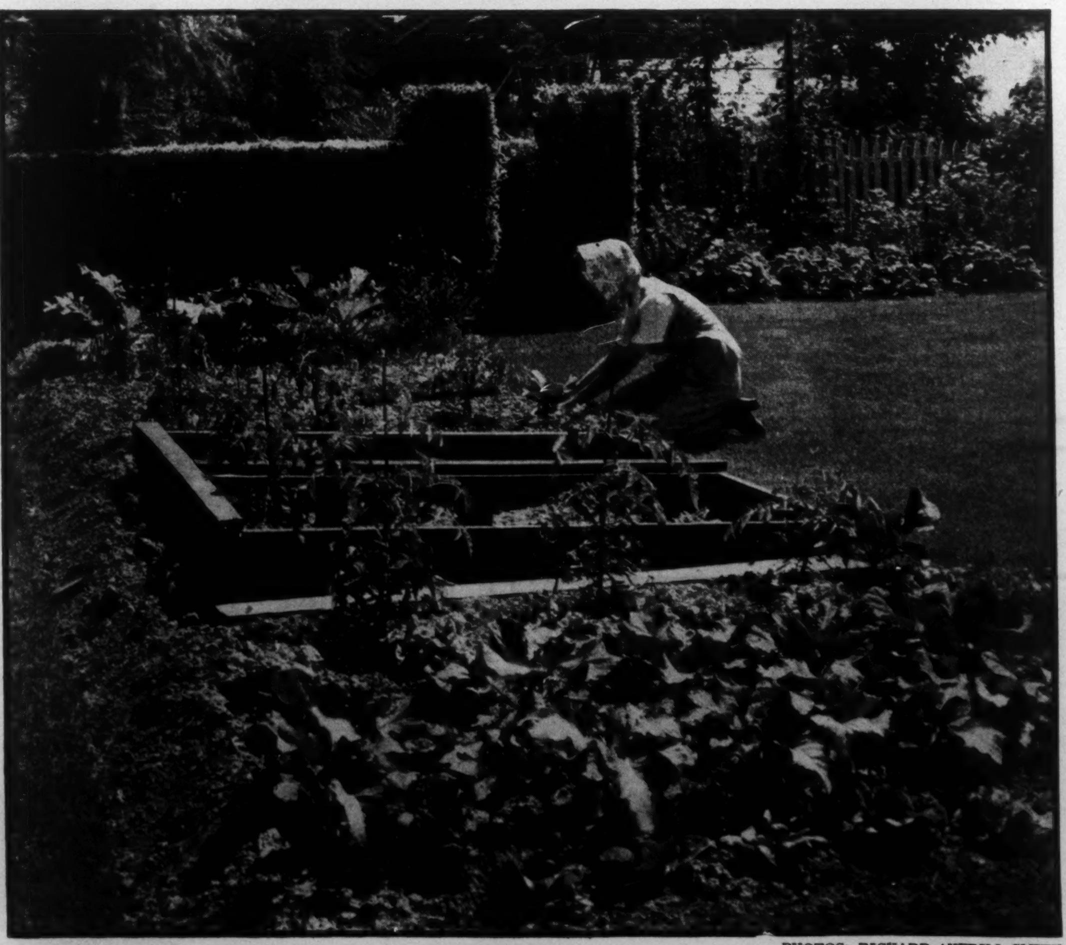
Amateur gardeners, indeed, have learned that work can be play in the sense that it supplies health-building exercise in sun-filled air amid pleasant surroundings. Victory gardens, if they had made no other contribution to Canada, would be worthy of high praise as having built up a new appreciation of gardening as a source of healthful outdoor activity. Of course, they have gone much further: the fruit and vegetables produced in Victory gardens have helped swell Canadian food supplies appreciably, while giving to many a family for the first time the luxury of really "garden fresh" products.

Apart from opportunities for work, in every garden that has sufficient space there should be facilities for play in the ordinary sense of that word — for tennis, say, or badminton; perhaps for croquet, which has been resurrected from its long Victorian interment. Certainly, so long as gasoline is rationed, one feature welcome to young and old alike would be a barbecue to help banish the nostalgic memories of picnics in remote beauty spots. And, in homes blessed by young offspring, the gardens obviously would not be complete without a section being set aside very definitely for sand-boxes, Kelly slides, teeter-totters, swings and other outdoor playtime equipment of never-failing appeal to youngsters the country over. Nor need this corner for children detract from the charm of the garden as a whole, as it can be screened effectively by a hardy hedge or a fence of decorative design.

By adding water to a garden scheme various sources of entertainment at once present themselves. A shallow wading pool, for example, would give endless pleasure to the very young members of the household and to their contemporaries, while a full-fledged swimming pool would provide both young and old with a grand rallying spot season after season for fun and exercise. And, if a barbecue were built beside the swimming pool and flood-lighting facilities for night use installed, the combination would come pretty close to being ideal. Anyway, it is a very nice idea!



In a Victory garden protected by a picket-fence long racks are used to support tomatoes.



PHOTOS: RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

Many experienced Victory vegetable growers advance their crops by the use of cold frames.

Should Mr. King Lead Anti-C.C.F. Front?

By R.C. WOOD

Mr. Wood, who has for many years been a prominent Conservative writer and speaker in this analysis of the pre-election situation sees little hope for the old parties. The Conservatives, he believes, are finished. Mr. King has lost the country's confidence and is doomed to defeat unless he is included in a National Government.

The writer would like to see a coalition of Liberal, Progressive Conservative and Social Credit Parties against the C.C.F. to remove the possibility of Mr. Coldwell's party winning so many minority seats it will form the government.

A DOMINION election is set for June 11. What will happen on polling day? Much that will be written, commenting on this event will be the result of wishful thinking, and be like the whistling boy walking through the church-yard at night.

This writer has been a close observer of the Federal and Provincial political fields for 25 years and the following incidents noted by him during that period tell a fairly clear story. Here they are:—

1. The trend of political thought and philosophies.
2. The rise and fall of immature and ill-led theorists.
3. The general advance in political consciousness of the "common man".
4. The adoption of the ideology of Social Security by all parties.
5. The birth of new groups.
6. The great change in political thought west of Ontario and the experiments made there.
7. The decline of the two old-time parties in that area.
8. The growth of "doing their own thinking" on the part of the Dominion electorate.
9. The anti-King rebellion in Quebec Province, a most far-reaching and important situation.
10. The birth, power and growth of the C.C.F. all within 12 years.
11. Federal bye-elections.

Careful interpretation of the foregoing will reveal an abundance of evidence from which deductions can be made with some degree of accuracy as to what will happen on election day.

Political history is both repetitious and revealing and its analysis is deeply interesting. The following is how this writer interprets these events of recent years and their influence on what will occur in the near future.

1943-44 Influence

The political kaleidoscope changed overnight when Ontario was cracked wide open by the C.C.F. in August 1943, giving *Office* without *Power* to the Progressive Conservatives, oblivion to the Liberals, and a powerful Opposition in the C.C.F.

Such a cataclysm is without precedent in Ontario's history. Then came Saskatchewan on June 15, 1944, with its staggering rebuff to the two old-time parties. If Ontario was "bad", Saskatchewan was "awful", with 47 C.C.F. seats, the Liberals 5 and the P.C.s zero. Adding further ignominy to the old-time parties was the result of the Alberta election of August 8th, 1944, without either a Liberal or Progressive Conservative being elected.

The political state of Canada was never before fraught with such imminent possible constitutional changes; and why?

A cloud, the size of a man's hand, was seen at Calgary in August 1932 when the C.C.F. was born, the result of a vision of a few men and women who were animated by a desire for a better order of society.

In this atmosphere the C.C.F. was born.

In the intervening 12½ years that cloud has covered the sky from coast to coast, with intermittent showers over different areas. The floodgates from heaven, however, have yet to open.

The growth of the Co-Operative Commonwealth Federation has been steady but sure, and many leaders of both major parties and the partisan press are fearful that a political deluge may take place at the forthcoming Federal election, and carry the C.C.F. either to power or, as the Opposition at Ottawa, on the crest of the seething waters of discontent.

C.C.F. Growth?

The question is frequently asked "Why did the C.C.F. grow and thrive?" The usual answer is that the Liberals and Conservatives alike had failed to improve the lot of the common man, and to rise to the emergency during the great depression. Too often it was said by those down and out "that it needed another bloody war to provide work". Many admitted their party's shortcomings, but not the leaders, and so the soil of men's hearts proved fruitful ground for the message of hope given by the preachers of this new party. In desperation, men and women embraced the new faith as a trust for the future for themselves and for their children.

Previous to the Ontario election, the C.C.F. moguls were anticipating being His Majesty's loyal Opposition, but because of what happened in Ontario, the picture changed completely.

The Regina Conference of the C.C.F. was not to ratify prepared plans for their work in Opposition at Ottawa, but to ratify carefully prepared plans for the possibility of taking office at Parliament Hill. Saskatchewan's election endorsed this.

In spite of a Press unfavorable to the doctrines espoused by the Apostles of the New Thought, the movement still grows. Take the Ontario election as an example—with no press other than its own sheet, in many ridings even without an organization and nothing but a candidate and scant election funds, the C.C.F. nominee was elected.

The situation, too, in Quebec appears to be disastrous for the Liberal Party, for the Bloc Populaire, being anti-King, has caught the imagination of the habitant at the expense of Mackenzie King. The solid phalanx of 65 Liberal seats is completely gone.

In this writer's considered opinion, the disposition of Quebec seats at the next Federal election will be as follows:—anti-King 38, Liberals 20, C.C.F. 5, Progressive Labor 2; a result unprecedented in Quebec's history.

The Progressive Conservatives will remain without representation.

To get a true picture of the present political position, the standing of the parties as shown in the following tables is illuminating.

TABLE ONE—FEDERAL

	Prog. Cons.	Lib.	C.C.F.	Soc. Cr. Lab. Ind. others	Total
B.C.	4	10	1	1	16
ALTA. ..	0	7	0	10	17
SASK. ..	2	11	6	2	21
MAN. ...	1	13	2	1	17
ONT.	25	54	1	2	82
QUE.	0	56	0	9	65
N.S.	1	10	1	0	12
N.B.	5	5	0	0	10
P.E.I. ...	0	4	0	0	4
YUKON .	1	0	0	0	1
TOTAL ..	39	170	11	25	245

In 7 Provinces out of 9 there are only 8 Progressive Conservatives elected.

Now examine the set-up of the 9 provincial legislatures which must be studied in conjunction with the above Federal table.

TABLE TWO—PROVINCIAL

	Prog. Cons.	Lib.	C.C.F.	Soc. Cr. Lab. Ind. others	Total
B.C.	11	19	15	3	48
ALTA. ...	0	0	2	57	59
SASK. ...	0	5	47	0	52
MAN. ...	14	22	5	14	55
ONT. ...	38	16	32	4	90
QUE. ...	0	37	1	53	91
N.S.	4	23	3	0	30
N.B.	19	27	0	2	48
P.E.I.	10	20	0	0	30
TOTAL ..	96	169	105	133	503

The Provincial table shows that in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Quebec, with 197 seats, there is not a single elected Progressive Conservative, and Alberta is without a Liberal representative. Also the Liberals and C.C.F. each have larger representations than the Progressive Conservatives.

A C.C.F. Government in Saskatchewan and the C.C.F. the official Opposition both in B.C. and Ontario, is abundant evidence of the strength and phenomenal growth of the new party.

Soldier Vote

The votes of the armed forces will, too, be an important factor. Ontario's and Saskatchewan's elections showed that there was a decided preference for the C.C.F. by those in uniform.

The experience gained in England, Italy and elsewhere by Canadian fighting forces has broadened their concept of the science of government. They have learned of the power and influence of Britain's Labor Party. Many have fought side by side with the Anzacs and have heard of the Labor Governments in Australia and New Zealand and what they have done for the people. These experiences will have taught them to do their own thinking and the service votes as already shown are expected to be a true reflection of their votes en masse.

A summary of the foregoing tables reveals these striking facts:—There are 105 C.C.F. members in the 9 legislatures. These provincial seats represent approximately 73 federal ridings; practically all sure seats to commence with. In addition to these "certainties" Mr. Coldwell can expect at least 6 additional seats west of Ontario, 5 in Quebec and 8 in the Maritimes, besides possibly improving his position in Ontario.

Tabulating these findings "as is" reveals a possible stalemate, the figures being C.C.F. 92, anti-King, Bloc Populaire, Independents, Social Credit, Labor and others 53, leaving but 100 seats to be *divided* between John Bracken and Mackenzie King, a condition unprecedented in Canada's history, the anti-King vote in Quebec being largely responsible for this. This would be comparable only to the Dominion election of 1921, when the Progressives from the West, under Crerar, went to Ottawa as a solid bloc of 68. This group made administration of the government in Canada during the ensuing four years "a political hell," as Mackenzie King himself called it.

Because no one party had a majority it became another instance of a minority government attempting to administer the affairs of Canada.

In the Western Provinces, the Liberals and Progressive Conservatives hold 48 seats out of 71, in Ontario 79 seats out of 92, totalling 127. Some of these are already lost pro-

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vincially and it is reasonable to expect that federally they will follow the provincial lead. In the event of a C.C.F. landslide there are a sufficient number of ridings unaffected by recent provincial elections that Mr. Coldwell might well be able to garner in to his fold sufficient additional seats to give him a majority (a possible, but not very probable event) of the 245 seats in the federal house, thus avoiding a stalemate. Mr. Coldwell would then be asked by the Governor-General to form an administration by virtue of his party being the largest, and would likely accept the call, but he would decline to form part of a national government embracing all parties, or a coalition with one other party. He has made his position quite clear on these points. Should Mr. Coldwell refuse the call, or not even be called, then the way would be paved for King, Bracken and Blackmore to get together with possibly Tim Buck's assistance, to form a minority coalition government, as His Majesty's business must be carried on, the Quebec anti-King group of 38 remaining independent and free and very powerful.

A Solution?

The pending Federal election will be the last opportunity which Prime Minister Mackenzie King may ever again have to form a National Government. Now is the psychological moment for him to bring about this coup and go to the country supported by Bracken and Blackmore, showing a united front of the parties (anti-King Liberals excepted) against the C.C.F. To wait until *after* the election would be disastrous, when the old-time parties would have fought each other and allowed many C.C.F. candidates to win seats by minority votes. The time has come for unity in fighting the "common foe".

Political history clearly shows that the longer the delay of the appeal to Vox Populi, the more violent is the verdict. Ontario and Saskatchewan are recent proofs. Mackenzie King has lost the confidence of the country, Quebec included, and knows it. He is doomed to defeat and will be able to retire from politics to complete his memoirs, unless he is included in a National Government.

Tories to Disappear?

But what of the Progressive Conservative Party? In spite of its many changes of name and its acquisition of a hybrid leader, it is finished. The bringing in of Borden, McTague and Macdonnell, able men as they are, will be of no avail. They represent the big interests and the "man in the street" is conscious of it.

The last two Federal elections gave the Conservatives under 40 seats. The coming election will see little or no improvement. They are to Canada what the Liberal Party is to Great Britain, viz: a party that has completed its course.

Indeed it would not be at all surprising if the Progressive Conservative Party in Canada disappeared altogether after the coming election, just as the old Unionist Party (Conservative) did in England under the late Arthur Balfour. It has been superseded by another and more advanced school of political philosophy. Only the remnants remain. The old-time leaders and the "board of strategy" saw the handwriting on the wall 10 years ago. R. B. (now Lord) Bennett left his famous social security broadcasts as a guide, warning and legacy to his party. He knew that the future held nothing for old-time Conservatives. The efforts of the "party of reaction" in the past decade to avoid the chasm of oblivion ahead of it, is pitiful reading, as is their errors of management of the party organization. To mention but a few:—

1. Ferguson's Winnipeg speech of about 10 years ago (criticizing Meighen).
2. Dr. J. M. Robb's appointment as organizer (a sinecure only).
3. Dr. Manion's gift of the leadership (Quebec's hoped-for sop).
4. Changing the Party's name 3 times within 5 years.
5. The opening of the minority seat of South York for Meighen (won by the C.C.F.)
6. John Bracken's absence from Parliament.

But why go on? It is as true now as it ever was, and as stated recently by a well-known Canadian statesman, that, once a party becomes denuded of its great leaders and outstanding men, it falls into the hands of mediocrities and sinks to oblivion, as has now happened to the once great Conservative Party of Canada.

The younger school of thought also saw what was ahead. Brilliant, keen and honest minds like Dana Porter and the Frosts and others realized they were to pay the price of their elders' folly and that their talents were to be lost to the service of the state unless something was done.

These young men gathered others about them with similar ideals and aspirations at Port Hope, leaving all leaders outside the tiled doors. They enunciated what to their party seemed leftist and revolutionary principles. Actually this group were rebels, their meeting was a cabal, it was heresy, but they obtained results of a kind.

Their elders accepted their advice and findings and later at Winnipeg chose as a leader a man from outside the Party, John Bracken to wit, to lead them back to prosperity and power, under a new cognomen.

There was just one little error made.

Port Hope was 10 years late.

The C. C. F. had arrived and crowded the field.

As this writer sees it, the Federal election will give one of four results:—

1. The C. C. F. with the largest party would likely form a minority government.
2. A minority National Government take over the administration headed by Bracken and King.
3. The C. C. F. become the official Opposition.
4. A C. C. F. landslide with Coldwell as Prime Minister.

And in that order of possibility; the Quebec anti-King group holding aloof from all other parties.

We must wait and see.

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1944	298	230	301	588	96

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THE availability of such sources of information enabled the Company, particularly during its development stage, to concentrate its research activities on the product and process modifications necessary to adapt scientific principles to the unique features of the Canadian market. The stage of industrial development now being reached in Canada justifies the undertaking of more extensive research and an expanded programme is being planned by the Company for the post-war period.

A copy of the 1944 Shareholders' Report will be mailed on request to
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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Mr. King Got His Usual Surprise And Perhaps a Minor Set-Back

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY

CIRCUMSTANCES leading up to the calling of the election lent themselves to an unusual display of the little manoeuvres in which politicians delight but which have little relation to the issues before the country or the merits of individuals and parties.

In the highly tense atmosphere of the capital during pre-election months these little jockeyings seem very important, however trivial they may look to the voters more removed from parliament hill. Up here, however, men will be arguing until the next election after this rolls around about the strategy displayed by Prime Minister Mackenzie King in calling this election for the same day as the Ontario election and so soon after the probable end of the San Francisco Conference.

On the record it would seem that Mr. King likes to have an element of surprise about his elections. In 1930 he sprung the decision in the middle of the budget debate. In 1940 he called Parliament together, apparently for another session and immediately dissolved it. This time there was less opportunity for surprise because Parliament's constitutional term was running out and he was committed not to seek an extension. Within the limits under which he labored he did achieve surprise for what it may be worth by allowing an impression to grow up that the election would be later and then calling it sooner. There was much talk of avoiding a clash between the election campaign and the victory loan, between the campaign and the conference, of the desirability of allowing time for a proper presentation of issues after those two events were over. There was a build-up for a July election until Premier Drew fixed his date and the next day Mr. King popped his announcement.

Benefit to Conservatives

Mr. Drew's move, then, of advancing the date of his election, while it was a temporary withdrawal to a defensive position is not without its possible benefits to the Progressive Conservatives.

There are solid reasons why the holding of the Ontario election ahead of the Dominion might be distasteful to Mr. King. In the event of a Drew victory Liberal prestige, already jolted by Grey North, would suffer more. In the event of a Hepburn victory or substantial Hepburn gains the party prestige would not suffer but Mr. King and the federal Liberals cannot relish a set of events which would suggest that any part of whatever success they achieve in the federal contest is due to the former party trouble-maker. If Mr. King comes back to office he wants to have a Dominion-Provincial Conference which will meet with more success than the last when the Ontario government under Mr. Hepburn was distinctly embarrassing. By staking the Liberal party's chances in the federal field on the same day as the provincial test the danger of a new clash with Mr. Hepburn was lessened.

"Mr. King's hostages at San Francisco" is what some people are calling Mr. Gordon Graydon and Mr. M. J. Coldwell. Those who look for strategic motives in every move by the Prime Minister think he chose the early election date partly with a view to immobilizing two of his opponents. Both accepted the invitation to join the Canadian delegation without reservation but their parties can spare them less from the campaign than can the Liberal Party spare Mr. King.

As a speaker whether in parliament or on the hustings Mr. Coldwell has few equals and except for Premier Douglas of Saskatchewan he has no equals in the C.C.F. party. His sound judgment, based on his parliamentary experience, makes his presence in the campaign of almost vital importance to a party which, except for himself is largely composed of comparative newcomers to public life.

By taking Mr. Graydon away, Mr. King breaks up the Graydon-Bracken team which has been the balance wheel of the Progressive-Conservative party since its formation. Mr. Bracken will be free to campaign to his heart's content and will be supported by able speakers. But Mr. Graydon's judgment and conciliating ability will be missed.

The Government's real problem in the election is the defence of its record and for that purpose the cabinet ministers are well qualified to function. The Liberal party has a more formidable reserve of speaking power than any other. Since its problem is defence rather than attack, the direction of the campaign need not call for as quick and accurate judgments as will the direction of the campaign of the opposition and, in any case, among the ministers are seasoned campaigners whose judgment has been ripened by experience.

End of An Era

This 1945 election probably marks the end of an era in Canadian history. Certainly from the point of view of leading personalities it does. Even before the votes are counted the obvious turnover in the membership in the House of Commons is unusually large. It is estimated that some 70 of the present members will not seek re-election. The decision of the electors can be counted upon to retire at least another 100.

Win or lose, it is likely to be the last time Mr. King whose personality has dominated the Liberal party for 25 years will appear in a general election. For Mr. Bracken it will mark the beginning of a new phase in a distinguished public career or an exit to private life. If he wins he is established in the federal political field and if he does not win, well, the party he leads is not noted for toleration of losing chieftains. The election may also decide whether all three of the parties which can now claim to be national in appeal are to retain that status or whether one or other is doomed to disappear.

Except for matters of emphasis, as the campaign begins, there is little essential difference between the policies of these three parties, Liberal, Progressive-Conservatives and the C.C.F. in most matters. There is a clear line of division beween the Progressive-Conservatives and the government on conscription and a clear line between the C.C.F. and the other two on economic organization. On foreign policy, Commonwealth relations, tariffs, social security and agriculture differences are mainly in emphasis rather than in principle. The localized parties, Quebec's Bloc Populaire and Alberta's Social Credit, are much more distinctive in their doctrines.

The White Paper

As a source of material for speeches on reconstruction policy the white paper tabled in the House by Reconstruction Minister Howe last week under the title of "Employment and Income" is likely to prove highly useful in the campaign.

The planners of the initial period of reconstruction which is to begin with the end of the German war find the Japanese war a rather convenient circumstance. Upon its continuance for some period after the end of the German war they hang a whole series of plans. This Japanese war is treated as a cushion to absorb the shocks and ease the national economy more gently than would otherwise be possible into peacetime conditions. The necessity of using ships in the Pacific will slow up the repatriation of troops from Europe and so avoid a congestion in demobilization and reestablishment. It will keep war industry busy at a pace which will provide continued employment while permitting a gradual resumption of production of civilian goods.

More important than anything else, however, it will postpone the day when the application of economic controls need be done away with. The retention of these controls, particularly some measure of price and wage stabilization, is considered necessary. Legally the controls operate in fields which are under provincial jurisdiction except for the state of war. So long as a state of war actually lasts no constitutional issue can arise. Once actual hostilities cease it will lie in the discretion of the Dominion Government to proclaim an end to the state of war, at which time the War Measures Act under which most of the controls have applied will cease to have effect. The longer that proclamation is delayed after all hostilities have ended the more vulnerable will the federal authorities become to criticism on the score of arbitrary action, interference with provincial rights and legislation by order-in-council.

If election promises become popular during the campaign there may easily develop an auction between party leaders in assurances of speed in removing controls. Mr. Coldwell can not be expected to go as far as Mr. Bracken and Mr. King in offering to lift restrictions from free enterprise but he will have scope for attacking regimentation of labor, limitations on wage increases, and ceiling prices on certain farm products.

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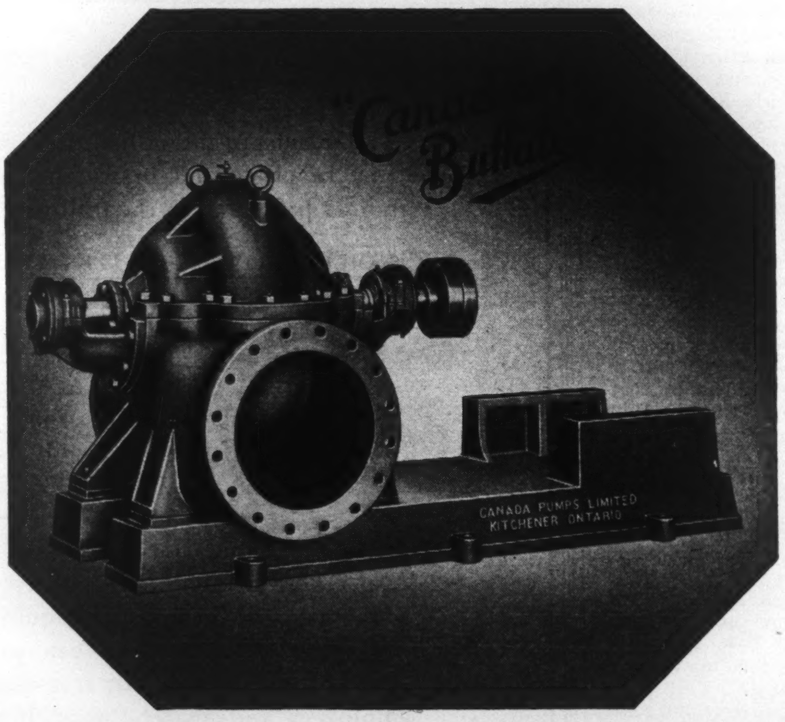

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German Youth Will Be Difficult to Handle

By MONTAGUE LACEY

It is hard to really appreciate the true hold that Nazi principles have taken on German youth. Mr. Lacey takes a typical Nazi youth, a prisoner-of-war, to show how difficult it will be to re-educate the class as a whole.

The son of a former Communist who swung to Nazism when Hitler came to power, this boy was brought up in the Hitler Youth and under Nazi schooling, with regular classes in race, geography and National Socialism, lectures on politics based on the life of Hitler, and 36 months of infantry and glider training.

Germany.

TAKE a look with me into the ideals of Heinz F——, 18-year-old German soldier, son of a Catholic locksmith, and we shall see just how difficult this job of re-educating German youth is going to be.

Heinz, since his boyhood, has been fired with strange ideas, and he is typical of those we are now meeting as we sweep into Germany. Psychological warfare experts have had him on the dissecting table, they have taken a look into his addled and bemuddled brain.

But, first, let us see how Heinz became a prisoner. He was one of the paratroopers dropped early on Sunday morning, December 17, in the Eupen area. He was captured a few hours later. Before being captured he killed an American soldier. I have good cause to remember Heinz and his companions, for that Sunday morning I was driving in my jeep past the little forest where Heinz was hiding, and he was taken just after I arrived on the scene.

Heinz and his pals had been taking pot shots at those of us who came within their gun sights.

On the night of December 16-17 he was loaded into a troopcarrier with 12 others without any brief. They all thought it was to be merely a trial jump, for they were to receive instructions after being dropped. Each was armed with an automatic pistol, and there were two machine guns for the 13 men.

No Revolt

Heinz, when ordered to jump, was surprised to learn that he had been landed well in front of the German lines and behind ours, near the former Germanic town of Eupen. Out of the thirteen who started nine found each other; the leader was missing.

Heinz, the youngest, but a corporal, took charge.

After walking two hours they finally found a German officer with twenty more paratroopers in the forest.

He was spotted by a military policeman when he changed positions in the hedgerow. Heinz shot one of the M.P.s before he surrendered, then somehow lost his gun. He says: "The American behind me put his gun away, came up to me and hit me in the jaw. I lost consciousness and woke up in a truck."

Heinz spoke honestly of his emotions and attitudes for over two hours when he came to. He had had little sleep or food for two days. Outside the tears over his brother-paratroopers and his shame at having surrendered, he never smiled or relaxed for a moment.

A dark-complexioned, handsome youth, he reflected the three years of indoctrination he went through at the Wehrmacht non-com. school. He considered that Germany would win this war because it "must win." He said: "It is all over for us if we don't win—sooner go down completely than be conquered.

"If we lost I don't know what I would do. But we will win. When? When the new weapons are brought in. No, not V weapons, but something like an atom smasher, a bomb that will split into millions of molecules and destroy all the soldiers in front of us."

The Early Years

Let us delve back a bit into the earlier years of this young Hun. When he was 14 his brother came home from leave in Russia and urged him to join up. His father agreed and Heinz went to a military school.

Heinz said his father had been a Communist because he thought it would help him to find work. Then he saw that Hitler had the interests of the workers at heart and he supported Hitler. His father told him that Communism and National Socialism were the same, but Communism was international while Nazism was "for the Reich and for the German people."

After Hitler came into power Heinz's family lived well and the father was never out of a job. After a while the father became independent and went into business on his own. All of Heinz's family went out of the Church when the boy was 15, except the mother. They had been Catholic.

Paratrooper Heinz has pleasant memories of the Hitler Youth. "For kids it was a lot of fun. We lived in tents and sang songs at night around the campfires."

A quiet but subtle beginning of the build-up for Nazism. He had heard that "there are many boys who do not think like me," and he told of a butcher's apprentice in Cologne who killed a Hitler Youth with a knife. He says: "We should convince these people by example, and show how they are splitting the people and how we must stick together in a time like this. We all want peace, but not that way, only with victory."

At school there were 1,000 boys, mostly 14 and 15 years old. They got up at six and went to bed at nine. Three times a week they had morning classes in race, geography and National Socialism.

He had 36 months of infantry and glider training. The first lectures on politics were about Hitler—"How he had to fight his way up to help the German people, what a simple man he was, how if he hadn't come we would have gone down in misery and Bolshevism would have come to power, and then there would have been nothing to eat and people would behave like animals."

Heinz justified the hard life at the school as necessary for German youth to become good soldiers.

He says, "German soldiers must be treated harshly like that. We must be made hard and tough to be good fighters. I think a boy must be raised with iron discipline."

Pressed to speculate a bit on the consequence of a German defeat Heinz said he would feel lost and that without any leadership there would be no point in fighting individually, but they must try to re-create Germany so that one could live in freedom.

On the question of political activity, illegal or otherwise, he said that "if a party or group or leadership comes up that has the genuine goal of rebuilding the Fatherland, then I would fight with it to the last."

Heinz says the Jews started the war because Germany was their enemy. "England and France declared war on Germany, and that was something that Germany could not help."

On America he is puzzled: "They told us (the Nazis) America was fighting us to make money—the big munitions trusts and such like. That must be the reason; I can't understand it otherwise." Heinz said he has no fear of the British or the Americans, because they "fight humanely and are civilized."

He has some curious race ideas and claims that the English are Germanic, saying: "No, my God no, I would not marry a French girl—she is not Germanic. I would marry an English girl, because that would not be a mixture. An American girl? Well, I would marry her only if she were of German origin. The Japanese, they keep their blood pure. They are retreating now, but they will win."

He says that as a German soldier, if he was given the order, it was his duty to shoot defenceless women and children.

There will be many thousands like Heinz who will one day return again to Germany with these ideas that seem to be the most natural in the world for a German to hold.

Clip this and mail it overseas—airmail today.

A Message from
GEORGE DREW
to all with Relatives and Friends Overseas

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the Ontario Government for members of all the Armed Services overseas to vote in the coming Ontario election by placing a ballot in a ballot box for the candidate of their own choice. The arrangements which have been completed for the Ontario vote are the best which have yet been made for any Active Service vote. The Government, however, can only make the arrangements for taking the vote. What is equally important is that those who are overseas know the name of the candidates, the party they are supporting and have a sufficiently clear picture of the issues to decide how they should vote. That can only be done if those at home supply them with information. May I strongly urge every wife, mother, father, sister, brother or friend of those overseas to write and tell them all they can about the coming Ontario election. By clippings from newspapers, by editorial comment, and by personal explanation, a clear understanding can be given of what is really at stake in this Ontario election.

One of the things which will cause the greatest difficulty in the minds of those overseas, particularly those who live in large cities, is to determine which Riding they live in. Maps will be available, but even the best map sometimes leaves doubt when the voter has been away from home for a long time, or as is true in so many cases has never voted before. This difficulty will be increased because of the difference between the boundaries of Dominion and Provincial Ridings.

I would suggest that you write *immediately, by airmail,* to all with whom you are in communication and tell them the Riding in which they live and give them what information you can about the party and the candidate in the Riding where they are entitled to vote.

I should mention that every member of the Armed Forces overseas of any age is entitled to vote. They, above all others have the right to vote. They have preserved for us that free system of Government which depends upon the choice of our own representatives. Our job here at home is not only to make sure that they have the chance to vote but also to do everything possible to make sure that they are able to vote with knowledge of the real issues in the election.

For the sake of convenience, I am suggesting that you simply cut out this message and address it to someone overseas giving the information required. Each one of us here at home has a responsibility to help them to choose the Government which will have so much to do with their future in the years of peace. May I again urge you to write at once, by airmail, not only to those closest to you but to as many as you know in any of the services outside of Canada. Tell them what *Provincial* Riding they reside in at home—then the name of the candidate and any further information you can supply.

Yours sincerely,

George A. Drew

Your Provincial Riding is ____________________

Your Candidate is ____________________

PUBLISHED BY THE PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE PARTY OF ONTARIO

THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Case of the Alcoholic Cat and the Incompatible Tenant

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

MRS. APPS had been very glad to rent her upper furnished duplex to Mr. Beasley. He was a quiet middle-aged bachelor, a former high-school teacher of languages. He was expecting a wartime position in the Capitol as a translator, he told Mrs. Apps; and he suggested that it might be better to take the apartment on a monthly rental basis rather than a lease.

Mrs. Apps had agreed. She was very favorably impressed by Mr. Beasley, who reminded her a little of Oscar Homalka. "He should be an ideal tenant," she said to Mr. Apps, "He's obviously the cultivated type. I think perhaps some evening I'll invite him down to dinner."

She postponed the invitation however, and it was perhaps just as well she did. For one afternoon she came home to discover Mr. Beasley crawling up the stairs to his apartment on his hands and knees. "Why Mr. Beasley, are you ill?" she cried from the doorway.

Mr. Beasley turned, steadying himself by the handrail. "Only drunk, Mrs. Apps," he said. His eye was glassy, but his manner was as bland and courteous as ever. He appeared to reflect a moment over his condition. "Stinking," he amended, and turning continued his strange progress up the stairs.

Mrs. Apps, who felt very strongly on the subject of alcohol, went straight to her own apartment and sitting down at her desk, gave Mr. Beasley his notice. "Because of the unfortunate episode this afternoon," she wrote, "I think it would be better if you were to vacate the apartment at the end of the month."

"But you can't do that," Mr. Apps said when she told him the story that evening, "Under the rental control ruling he's entitled to six months' notice."

"Well, maybe he hasn't heard about it," Mrs. Apps said, and added, "There's Leonard rattling the front door handle. Let him in."

Mr. Apps opened the door, and Leonard, a large orange Persian who had been out for his evening airing, entered the room, his stately tail aloft.

"Well, Leonard," Mrs. Apps said fondly, "Were you a good boy?"

Leonard brushed purringly against her chair, then against Mr. Apps'. He then curled up in his own chair and went to sleep.

"He'll have heard about it," Mr. Apps said. "You won't get rid of him that easy."

As it turned out Mr. Apps was right. Mr. Beasley paid no attention to Mrs. Apps' notice. A week later she sent him a second note. "Dear Mr. Beasley: Will you kindly see that your garbage is *covered* when put out for collection. In its present state it creates a very bad impression in the neighborhood. . ."

MR. BEASLEY paid no attention to that note either. His garbage, which appeared to consist of nothing but empty bottles, remained uncovered. And three times during the next fortnight Mrs. Apps caught a glimpse of him crawling up-stairs on all fours, like some monstrous cat.

Mr. and Mrs. Apps did what they could. They gave their tenant six months' notice. They lowered the heat in the upper duplex and curtailed the hot water supply. Mr. Beasley paid no attention. His cheques, written in a small scholarly hand, continued to appear regularly on the first of every month.

Then one day Leonard disappeared.

Leonard, who had been neutered in kittenhood, was strictly a stay-at-home cat, and his disappearance made Mrs. Apps uneasy. He vanished shortly after breakfast and by nightfall he was still absent. Then just as Mr. and Mrs. Apps were going to bed the familiar rattle came at the front door handle.

Mr. Apps hurried to open the door, and a strangely changed Leonard burst into the room, his eyes blazing, his tail twitching. When he reached the centre of the floor he lay down suddenly on his back and began waving his paws. "Leonard!" Mrs. Apps cried.

Leonard staggered to his feet and stood swaying and blinking in the light. "Whatever is the matter with you?" Mrs. Apps said.

"Hup!" Leonard said.

Mr. and Mrs. Apps stared at each other aghast. "Good heavens!" Mr. Apps said. "He's as high as a kite!"

THEY sat up till after midnight discussing the new turn the problem had taken. Mrs. Apps felt the whole matter should be carried to the Court of Rental Appeal, but Mr. Apps demurred. "You can't get a tenant evicted on the ground that he gets your cat drunk," he said, "They'd simply think you were crazy."

He was a good deal worried however. He had read somewhere in a magazine that it was comparatively easy to induce alcoholism in cats. "You'll just have to keep an eye on him," he said, "that's all we can do."

It was no easy matter however to keep an eye on Leonard. "When he asks to go out," Mrs. Apps said distractedly a few days later, "How am I to tell what he wants to go out *for*?" As it turned out, what Leonard wanted to go out for, nine times out of ten, was a quick one upstairs with Mr. Beasley. Already he had formed a Taste, and there was no ingenuity that could circumvent him. Mrs. Apps soon came to recognize all the stages and manifestations of alcoholism. Sometimes Leonard would come in radiating hilarity to the tips of his whiskers. Sometimes he was sullen and morose. Sometimes he sang. And his excesses were invariably followed by depression and remorse. At times Mrs. Apps was ready to call the Humane Society and have him taken away. But the dreadful truth was that the more degraded Leonard became the more human he appeared, so that putting him out of the way was simply out of the question.

One afternoon she was entertaining Mrs. Topping the rector's wife, when the familiar rattle came at the door-handle. Mrs. Apps ignored it, but the rattling continued. "There seems to be someone at the door," Mrs. Topping said.

Mrs. Apps got up reluctantly and opened the door to admit Leonard, who came in roaring drunk and fell flat on his face. He got up waveringly and staggered over to a chair where he leaned with one paw over his eye.

"Why, how clever!" Mrs. Topping said. "Did you teach him that?"

"He's a rather unusual cat," Mrs. Apps said nervously; and then, just as she had feared, Leonard began to sing. "Why poor pussy," Mrs. Topping said, "He seems to be in distress."

Mrs. Apps picked him up. There was no point, she thought, in telling Mrs. Topping he was having the time of his life. She carried him off to the bathroom, with a dreadful feeling all the time that he was leering odiously at Mrs. Topping over his shoulder. After a little the yodellings subsided. Mrs. Apps knew that sign too. Leonard was probably being sick in the bathroom.

That evening she sat down and wrote a last note to Mr. Beasley. "Since it is impossible to interest you in vacating my apartment," she wrote, "I am carrying the case to the Court of Rental Appeal for reasons you will doubtless understand. . ."

THE next afternoon Mr. Beasley knocked at Mrs. Apps' front door. Neat, smiling and sober he came in and laid his key on the livingroom table.

"I am leaving for Ottawa tomorrow," he said.

"Indeed," Mrs. Apps said.

"I believe it is customary for the vacating tenant to give a month's notice," Mr. Beasley said, "but in this case—"

"In this case," Mrs. Apps said icily, "I'm only too glad to waive the rules."

Mr. Beasley turned to go out. Then he caught sight of Leonard lying stretched out on his chair, and going over he tickled him gently under the chin. Leonard who was recovering from a bad hangover, reared feebly and swore.

"He's been drinking," Mrs. Apps said sweetly.

"You don't say!" said Mr. Beasley. He studied Leonard indulgently. "Oh, well, a little alcohol never does any harm."

He was obviously expressing his personal philosophy. "There's no such thing as a little alcohol," Mrs. Apps said, expressing hers.

Mr. Beasley retreated to the door. "Just taper him off," he said. "Five per cent alcohol in his milk tomorrow, four per cent the next day, and so on. He'll be all right." He paused a moment watching Leonard who opened one eye, then wearily closed it again. "Well s'long Pal," Mr. Beasley said sadly, and disappeared.

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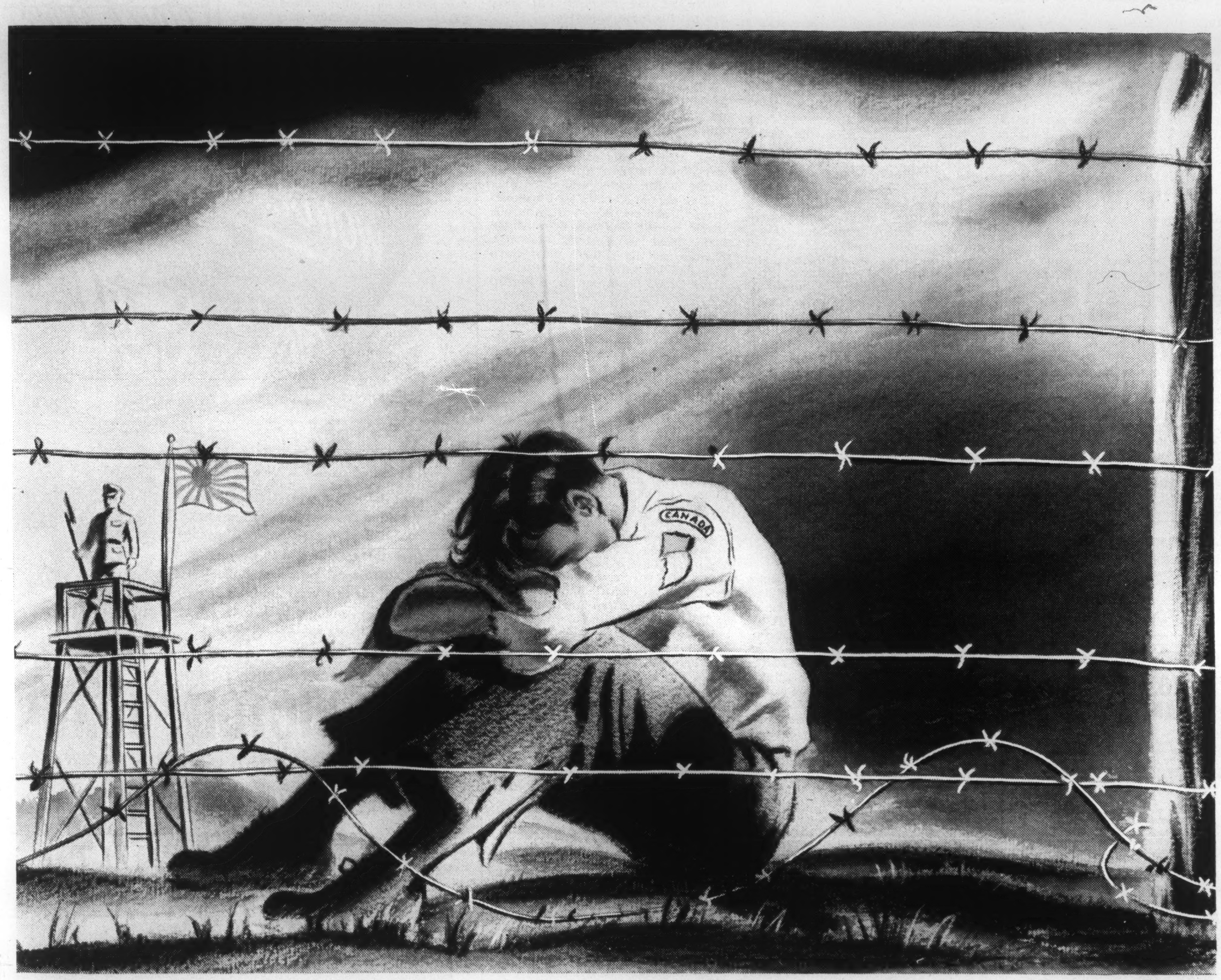

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THE HITLER WAR

No Premature V-Day Declaration The Duality of Soviet Policy

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

WITH the gathering evidence that considerable numbers of Germans are going to make a stand, in numerous pockets and "fortresses", the idea of declaring the German War "over" on the day that we joined forces with the Red Army, and then reading in our papers next day of continued heavy fighting here and there, had a decidedly synthetic air.

General Eisenhower has now made an end to this. Victory will only be declared when it is victory, and the celebration will not take place until Germany is almost wholly occupied and all main German forces cleaned up.

Towards this goal we made immense progress during the past week. The two small set-backs, the loss of a Ninth Army bridgehead over the Elbe and the withdrawal of a spearhead at Crailsheim, in Wuertemberg, only accented our great success elsewhere. The whole centre of our front extending into the heart of Germany was advanced by an average of some 60 miles, and much more than this on the two vital sectors pointing north and south of Berlin to a junction with the Soviets.

The clean-up of the important Ruhr pocket was in its way almost as encouraging, for it may be a preview of what will happen with other isolated German stands. Here was a powerful force of over 200,000 troops (nearly twice the original Supreme Headquarters estimate, of 105,000 men, from 21 divisions), holding a strong position, and disposing of large supply dumps and even arms factories.

Their position, with the broad Rhine on the West, the line of rubbled Ruhr cities in the north, and difficult hill country in the East and South, appeared favorable to a prolonged defence. Yet in just two weeks after their encirclement 176,000 prisoners had been taken, and the pocket compressed to a small area backing on Cologne and Duesseldorf.

It may be hoped that, when attacked vigorously, other pockets such as those along the French Atlantic coast, at Dunkirk, in Holland and in Norway, will lose heart and quit too. The crushing of the main German armies, now going on between our armies and the Russian must have a strong effect on these trapped Germans, asked to give their lives in a lost cause.

Yet a number of other factors will operate, notably the fanaticism of the individual commanders and of SS and Hitler Youth fighters, and the terrorism which they may be able to maintain over the less spirited.

Strong on Flanks

Balancing the collapse of the Ruhr pocket we must take note of the very strong resistance being maintained all along the North Sea flank against Dempsey's assault, and the similar resistance on either flank of the "National Redoubt" in the south, against the French and the American Seventh Armies on the one flank, against Malinovsky's advance from Vienna on the other, and against our push from the south, up through Italy.

These German forces, it is evident, are still inspired by the belief that there is something to be gained by prolonged resistance. What that is, has been made amply clear by the Nazi propaganda. "Our unnaturally allied enemies are bound to fall out over the division of Europe. They are already falling out over Poland, the Balkans, the Dardanelles and the Baltic."

"If we can maintain a strong stand in our mountain redoubt for half a year or so, and at the same time so destroy Europe that it will be unmanageable by them, we may yet pull something out of our defeat. And in any case, what is there to lose (especially for you SS men and Gestapo), since if you surrender you will only be packed off to slave labor and eventual extermination in Russia."

In this plan it seems that the North Sea pocket shaping up around Bremen, Hamburg and Luebeck, with Denmark and Norway behind it, is intended to gain time for the southern and main stand, in the mountains. This would be a logical development of the German Baltic strategy which has often been outlined in these articles: the use of flanking pockets to delay the application of the enemy's full force against his main objective.

Although pockets still hold out along the Baltic, the largest in Latvia, a considerable German force holding the Samland Peninsula west of Koenigsberg, and another force at the mouth of the Vistula, just east of Danzig, they no longer impose much distraction on the Soviets. The latter have now been able to move a large part of Rokossovsky's 2nd White Russian Army Group up to the Stettin sector, and to regroup a large part of Konev's 1st Ukrainian Army Group on the Goerlitz-Cottbus sector, on the southern wing of the main front in Eastern Germany. Zhukov, in the centre, must have long had his full 1st White Russian Army Group deployed facing Berlin.

Zhukov's Strength

All this immense power has now been unleashed, perhaps 125 divisions between Stettin and the Sudeten Hills. Zhukov's eight armies could hardly number fewer than 60-70 divisions, and there must be as many more on either flank, all under his operational control. Air Marshal Tedder is at his headquarters, to handle the air liaison, and doubtless high British and American military figures to handle the junction of the Allied and Soviet armies.

The main objectives will be to crush, if possible, or at least bottle up, the large German forces covering Berlin on the east; and to slice across the still continuous German front, probably both north and south of Berlin. The first junction looms up in the Dresden area. With Patton sweeping up to this only remaining important communications link between Berlin and the south, Konev has concentrated his opening assault on the Neisse River sector just north of Goerlitz.

Another junction is promised north of Berlin by the expected Soviet crossing of the Oder at Schwedt, and the shifting of Ninth Army pressure to the Elbe bend opposite Havelberg.

In disturbing contrast to the jubilation which our press has always shown over Red Army successes, the Soviet press ran a spate of articles last mid-week, notably one by Ehrenbourg, belittling our success, saying that the Germans who might have opposed us had all been killed in Russia, that our policy was so soft towards the Germans (even urging Russian laborers to stay and plant German crops) that they were encouraged to surrender to us; and even that this surrender looked suspiciously like a German policy, to hold the east and open the gates in the West.

Ehrenbourg Reproved

Happily this diatribe of Ehrenbourg's was denounced in *Pravda* by his propaganda superior, over the weekend, as not being in line with the facts, and aiding the German scheme for dividing the Allies and the Soviets. The answers to Ehrenbourg, some of which were given in Alexandrov's disavowal, are that the Germans did not open any gates to us in Normandy, in Italy, at the Siegfried Line, or at the Rhine; but on the contrary exerted themselves to the utmost and even launched their last important counter-offensive of the war against us, in the Ardennes.

The stuff about making foreign slave laborers stay and put in crops for German farmers is utter nonsense. As to being "soft", we are the ones who have year in and year out insisted on unconditional surrender by the Germans, with all its extra cost, because we believed in its salutary effect on their future thinking and teaching.

The true facts about our success are that we have smashed the German forces which faced us, while never pretending that they represented much over a third of the total German strength, with brilliant strategy, great mobilization of material resources, and energetic exploitation. And the mighty hammer-blows of our strategic air power against German arms production and fuel resources have aided the Soviets equally with ourselves.

It would be foolish indeed to begin to quarrel already over "who won the war." I believe we have al-

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ways given full credit and praise to the Russian share — whatever has been said about their political policies, and it is well that this attempt to deny us the same has been officially disavowed.

Can it be that the death of President Roosevelt has inspired in the Soviets, as it has in America and throughout the Western world, an urge to pull together? The decision to send Molotov to the San Francisco Conference is a gesture which has been much appreciated as a mark of cooperation.

Soviet Policy Conflict

Undeniably there are important figures and influences in Russia which are anxious to put over the project for world organization, the Bretton Woods plan for freeing world credit and stabilizing currencies, and to encourage the United States in measures, still being discussed in Congress, for sending Soviet Russia large quantities of reconstruction material and machinery, under a six billion dollar credit asked for by Molotov a year ago.

But there are also isolationist tendencies in Russia. Her attitude, as a new world power, towards joining whole-heartedly in a world organization, is indeed somewhat similar to that of the United States after the last war. There is the confident feeling that one can look after one's own interests better, and the strong urge to do so. This prompts the extension of Russia's boundaries, and the establishment of control over a wide belt of buffer states beyond that.

But at the same time, after her experience of isolation after the last war, Soviet Russia is extremely sensitive about being "left out of things." Its people enjoy immensely the spectacle of their leaders taking part in conferences with other world leaders—and not less because these other leaders come to them. So the tussle goes on, and so one must recognize that Soviet Russia is not, by any means, so fully in tune with the ideal of world organization as the western nations, who have largely resolved this policy conflict—in the United States due in great part to the efforts of President Roosevelt.

The test of whether Soviet Russia can work within a world organization with other great and small powers will be the success of the project of "joint action" in Europe laid down at Yalta. If the Great Powers cannot collaborate successfully outside the Security Council, they will not collaborate successfully inside it.

Depends on Good-will

For it cannot be too often emphasized that this Dumbarton Oaks set-up depends entirely on the good-will of the Great Powers. They maintain their sovereignty in the extreme. They cannot be compelled to submit a majority decision, or even a unanimous decision, of the others. It is frankly accepted that if it comes to the point of coercing one of the Big Powers, the peace is lost.

On the eve of San Francisco, and even with all the stimulus to good-will which spread from the bier of Roosevelt, the *New York Times* finds in an extensive review from Washington that there has been no real joint action by the Big Three since Yalta, in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Roumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria or Turkey. We have been refused facilities for getting news of the true situation in these countries, and our diplomats are confined to the capitals.

Though enough to fill half a dozen articles has been going on in the other countries mentioned—developments which will come as a shock to most when their attention is freed from the victory news—the failure in Poland has been most striking. The Ambassadors' Council, meeting Moscow, has been stalemated from the beginning by Soviet insistence that the Lublin group have the power of veto over all personalities taken into the government, and that the whole matter is merely one of enlarging the present Lublin set-up of Soviet appointees.

Polish Deadlock

Neither a joint note sent weeks ago by the British and American Governments, nor a more recent personal letter from Roosevelt to Stalin have been able to put the negotiations on the plane laid out in the Yalta Communiqué, which expressly states that a "new" government of National Unity should be formed, fully representative of Polish opinion, and secured in its free operation by the Yalta guarantees.

There are many Poles who are anxious to try to work out a solution of the tragic state of their nation, if they can be really assured of the conditions laid down at Yalta for full popular representation, free electioneering by all democratic parties, and secret ballot. Mikolajcyzk, the peasant leader has come out unequivocably for the Yalta solution, this week. Stancyzk, the Polish miners' leader, came out for it some time ago. But so far the Lublinites have only abused these men as not being "democratic" enough.

The members of the underground half of the Polish Government identified themselves to Red Army officials, hoping to be allowed to go to Moscow to take part in the negotiations for forming a new government, but have disappeared.

The famous old peasant leader Wincenty Witos has also been seized by the Soviet political police, who have full control over "liberated" Poland; while the odious German concentration camps denounced with so much feeling in the Soviet press have been filled with tens of thousands of Polish patriots of the Home Army, who fought the Germans longer and more unflinchingly than any other group on the Allied side, even after the mysterious and crushing tragedy of Warsaw.

Conflict or Cooperation?

The San Francisco Conference is not for the settlement of the Polish problem, or any other like problems. It is for the setting up of a world organization which, when it is ratified by all of the participating governments, will then be empowered to work for the settlement of such political problems which might threaten the peace.

But the Polish problem will be discussed by Eden, Molotov and Stettinius, and by Molotov and Truman, before the conference. And if a fair solution is not reached at the last moment, its ghost will haunt the conference. Because, plainly, if this problem, on which such an immense amount of work and study has been put, and for which an agreed program of settlement is laid out in the Yalta communiqué, cannot be resolved by the Big Three outside the world organization, there is bound to be serious questioning whether it would be any different inside the organization.

It represents, not so much a test of Soviet honesty of purpose, pledged publicly by Churchill, as a *conflict* of purpose which has not yet been resolved inside the Soviet ruling circle. Shall they confide their future security mainly to this untried World Organization; or shall they look after it themselves, by securing a wide belt of buffer territory in Europe and control of egress from the Black Sea, the Adriatic and the Baltic, and equally broad aims in the Far East, by whatever means are necessary? Do they still believe in a fundamental conflict between Soviet Russia and the free society of the West; or are they prepared to co-operate with the West?

Technical details such as who shall get how many votes, may be widely and warmly discussed at San Francisco, but unless this duality in Soviet policy can be resolved, as the conflict in American policy has been in recent years, the conference cannot produce a real success.

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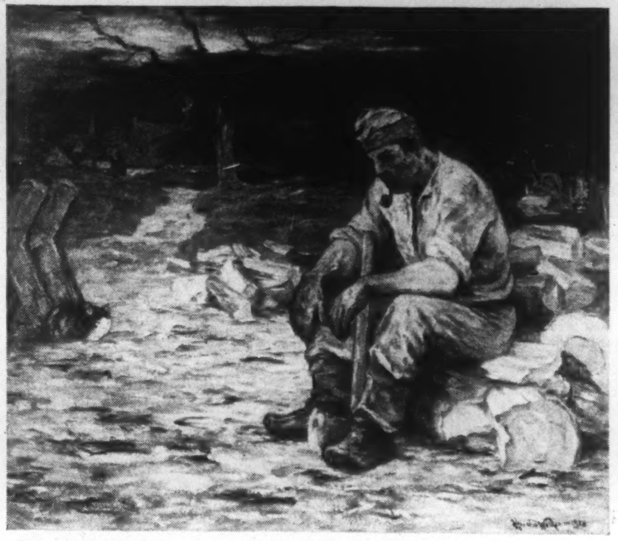

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CABLED FROM RUSSIA

Many Sides in Austria to Clash Before Future Road is Clear

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Moscow.

AT one time it was thought that perhaps Vienna might be saved the fate of Budapest. But the German command was not willing to abandon its next-to-the-last occupied-capital and now the city of Beethoven, Mozart, Heiden and Strauss has been tortured in the fires of war.

What will happen to Austria now? It will be remembered that Austria was the subject of special discussion at the Moscow Conference. Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union promised to reconstruct Austrian democracy and execution of this promise in its own way will be another test of the solidity of the great alliance against Fascism. The beginnings are auspicious.

On reaching Vienna on April 6 the Soviet Union's Tolbukhin issued an appeal to the residents of the city, then still occupied by the Germans. "Inhabitants of Vienna", this appeal read, "the Red Army which is destroying the German Fascist troops is approaching Vienna. The Red Army entered Austria not with the aim of taking Austrian territory but wholly with the aim of destroying German troops and liberating Austria from German servitude.

"The Red Army stands behind the Moscow declaration of the Allies concerning Austrian independence and will assist in re-establishing the order which existed in Austria before 1938, before the German invasion.

"The Red Army fights with the German occupants and not with the inhabitants of Austria who may go on about their peaceful affairs. Rumors, which are lies, are spread by Hitlerites who claim that the Red Army supposedly exterminates all members of the National Socialist Party. The National Socialist Party will be dissolved, but rank and file members won't be molested if they demonstrate their loyalty to the Soviet troops."

At the same time the Soviet Government in Moscow issued a similar statement to the world. "The Soviet Government", this statement read, "will collaborate in the liquidation of the regime of the German Fascist occupants and will help to re-establish in Austria democratic institutions and a democratic regime."

Reaction in Austria

All of this is very well. But how are the people of Austria reacting? And how have they acted during the whole recent period of Allied offensives?

Reports in Moscow indicate that the approach of the Red Army to the Austrian frontiers called forth an intensive wave of struggle inside the country. From the end of January to the beginning of March of this year when the Germans staged their suicidal attempt to break through the Danube in the direction of Budapest, Vienna was the scene of strikes and riots between Austrian citizens and S.S. troops.

Back in 1943 encouraged by German defeats Partisan groups began working in the Austrian mountains in the region of the Slovakia border. The Partisans worked in small groups and according to the German press managed to penetrate quite deeply into the country.

Even so far back as then the Kernter *Zeitung*, a prominent Nazi newspaper, reported that numerous Partisan groups were hiding underground and organizing frequent attacks against German soldiers. And the paper complained that the Partisans were being supported by the population.

Many Austrian patriots escaped to Slovenia and there, together with Austrian deserters from the German Army formed special Austrian battalions as part of the Yugoslav army. These, indeed, were the first foundations of the future Austrian democratic army which is now in process of formation.

One of the gravest problems in the Austrian struggle against Nazism was the absence of unity among the various anti-German groups. This lack of unity, of course, also meant a lack of centralized leadership. The struggle in the factories and the villages, and in the mountains, was carried on by quite separate groups. Nevertheless their existence indicated that there was a basis for unity in the desire of all to free Austria. And in 1942 this was crystallized in the so-called "Austrian Freedom Front" which was created at a mountain conference. This Front played an important part in the formation of the Austrian battalions in the Yugoslav army and of some Partisan detachments. The Freedom Front, however, is a weaker movement than similar movements in any of the other countries which have now been liberated.

In formulating an attitude towards Austria the Soviet press has recently directed attention towards certain Austrian groups of which Russian writers obviously disapprove. Thus in *Pravda* P. Kiselev recently wrote, "In Austria there are circles who, though they have advertised in words their neutral position towards German Fascist overlordship, have in reality supported the German terror regime. To them in the first place belong those Catholic circles which orientate on Vatican policies. They are led ideologically by Cardinal Innitzer who some time ago led the German-organized provocational campaign against the Soviet-Ukraine. When Hitler entered Austria Innitzer called upon 'all faithful and clergy to support the great German state and its Fuehrer without opposition', since, 'the struggle against Bolshevism and the broadening power of the German Empire clearly encounter divine blessing'. Probably the Russians won't agree to the participation of such individuals as Innitzer and those influenced by him in Austrian administration."

Similar criticism was offered by Kiselev of the Social Democratic exiles in London and New York. "These people announced that the occupation of Austria by German bandits was 'historic progress' ". Kiselev charges that at the same time "they tried to brand the development of the national struggle against Germany as reactionary."

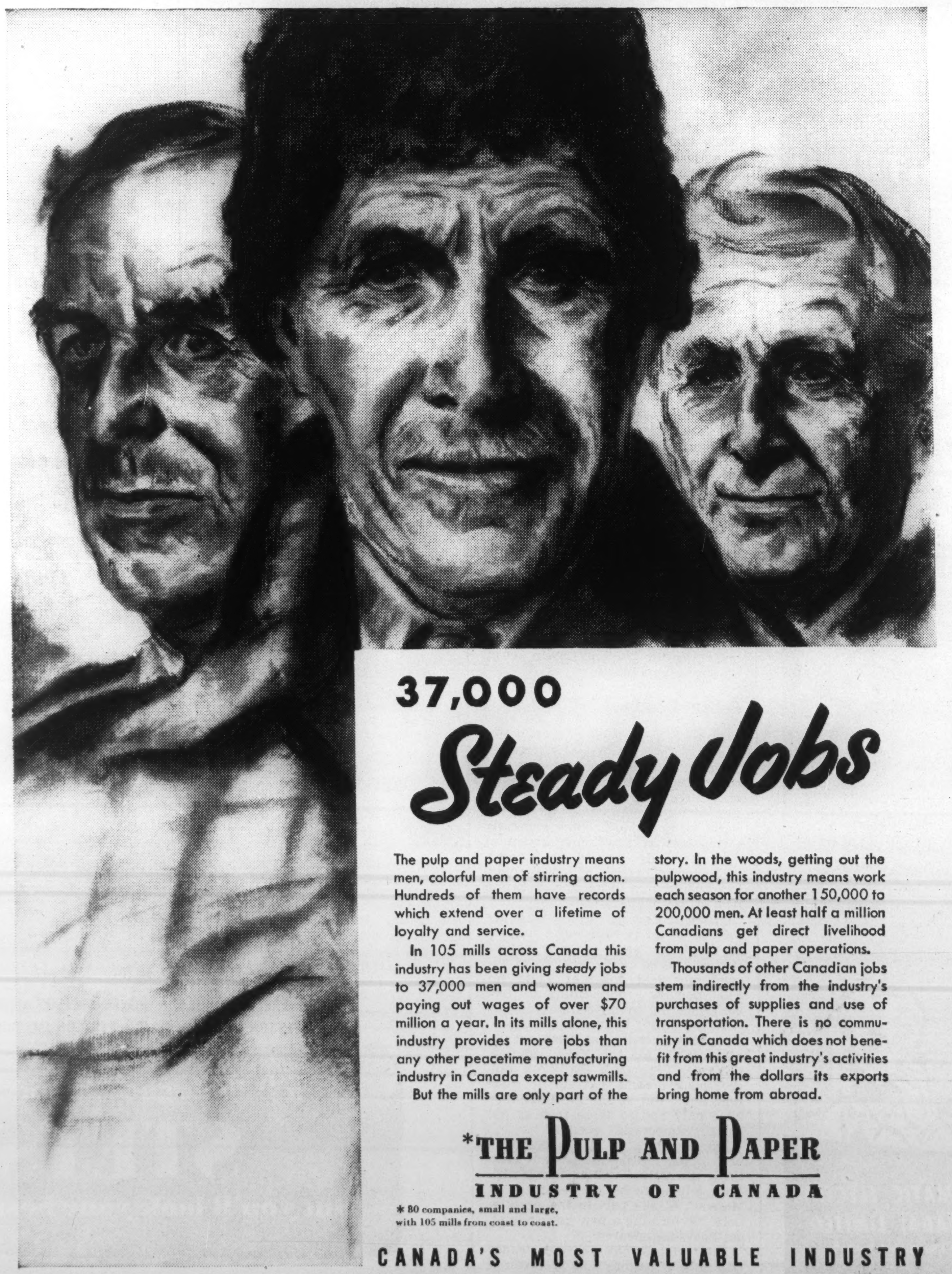
Censures Emigrants

Kiselev reserves special censure for those emigrant groups which announce freely that they will try to utilize the liberation of Austria to win back their old privileges. "Some London Social Democrats", he reports, "are already offering their services in the struggle for the suppression of 'Russian influence' ".

Finally Kiselev attacks Monarchists "in whose camp rule the oldest and most reactionary businessmen and politicians of old Austria". These, he says, include Prince Starhemberg, Baron Bergnervon Waldneg, the international arms merchant Mandel and others.

From Kiselev's words one can easily discern the kind of government Austria won't have in the immediate future. "The Monarchists," he says, "wish to re-establish the Hapsburgs who in the past orientated themselves with Germany and specialized in suppressing Slavic peoples. They wish to create a monarchy into which, along with Austria, would enter Hungary, and parts of Italy and Yugoslavia. Another project, the origin of which can be sought in the Vatican, envisages the creation of a Catholic state, composed of Austria, Bavaria and other regions. This state not only would not be a barrier against German aggression but on the contrary would be a bridge towards Germany."

Most of these plans are purely theoretical since it cannot be foreseen whether or not and when Austria will have a government composed of local resistance leaders plus whatever anti-Fascist leaders that can be found who have continued working against Germany abroad. Experience shows that for some time the struggle to remove all vestiges of fascism will occupy the Austrian people and that this struggle will be sharp and that internal peace may not come for a long time.



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Strong Commonwealth Essential to Peace

By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR G. LeQ. MARTEL

General Martel believes that any weakening of the British Commonwealth would endanger future world peace, basing his belief on the theory that the great nations must retain the necessary power to enforce the peace agreements.

He would solve the problem of Commonwealth military force by having a Commonwealth military staff, with each of the Dominions directly responsible for the maintenance of certain bases, forces and communications.

The opinions expressed herein are, we believe, most interesting as representative of an unofficial, but still highly responsible, British viewpoint on Commonwealth relations.

London.

IN considering the San Francisco Conference it is apparent that peace cannot be secured unless the great nations come to some agreement and retain the necessary military forces to uphold the terms af that agreement.

What part is the British Commonwealth to play in this connection?

Our Commonwealth is entirely a voluntary association. There is full discussion and communication between us on all important issues, but the final decision in each case tests with the Dominion concerned.

Let us see how our military relations with each other have been developed during this war. In London we have three Chiefs of Staff who direct the activities of our three fighting services. But as the United Kingdom forces are so much greater than those of any Dominion, we find a second duty imposed on these three officers: coordination of the military activities of the various parts of the Commonwealth. They also assist in coordinating the military operations of the United Nations.

The duty of directing the cooperation of the forces provided by the various Dominions should clearly be carried out by a staff which includes officers from these Dominions. This has not always been the case. In the early days of the war the Dominions were reluctant to spare their best officers for this important work.

Since then the position has improved, and we are now all agreed that in peace and war we must have a Commonwealth staff to discuss all Service matters.

One Military Voice?

Some consider our Commonwealth should talk with one voice in connection with military commitments. This proposition seems simple and sound, but it ignores the complications. In Canada, for instance, with your close association with the United States you are anxious to retain your position in the Commonwealth but would be averse to any action which would estrange your position with America.

Then Australia has seen that she must inevitably be closely connected with America as no other nation was able during this war to secure her vital sea communications in the Pacific. At the same time, Australia is equally anxious to retain her Commonwealth association.

Some think this type of cooperation between parts of our Commonwealth with other nations spells the end of the Empire. Others feel that such associations will strengthen our position as a whole by bringing those nations along to think more on the same lines as the Commonwealth.

As far as military forces are concerned, and the use of such forces, there is, fortunately, a simple solution which will give us the best of both worlds.

The whole existence of the nations of the British Commonwealth depends on our retention of our sea and air communications. Our military defence is entirely dependent on our ability to use these communications so that any threatened portion can be reinforced or relieved; and to be able to concentrate our main forces at the decisive point against the enemy.

We hold a unique position in this direction. We possess the necessary naval and air bases throughout the Eastern Hemisphere; we must rebuild our merchant fleet and establish our air lines to regain our dominant position.

This should cause no cleavage of views with other great nations. In fact, to secure world peace, cooperation over the security of sea communications is necessary, the United States of America taking the main responsibility for the waters of the Western Hemisphere, while we accept the larger share for the remainder of the world.

It will be a bad day for all nations of the Commonwealth when we feel we cannot ourselves secure those vital communications which link us together. The importance of this point will no doubt be stressed and accepted as a common aim for our Empire at the Conference.

After this the position becomes more difficult. One Dominion may not be prepared to say now what action it will take in case of a future threat to some portion of the Commonwealth. We can suggest a simple solution which might well be accepted.

We are all agreed that we must have a Commonwealth staff acting in an advisory capacity in peace time to study all military problems. The Chief of this Imperial General Staff might come from any Dominion.

This combined staff will come to an agreement that certain forces, bases and communications should be maintained by certain Dominions to meet the more probable military problems that might arise. In due course this will no doubt be approved by the Dominions concerned and the forces with the necessary bases built up and established.

At some future date a state of tension will arise. The Dominions will have complete freedom of choice. The necessary Commonwealth forces will be there. Any Dominion can decide to enter with her forces in being by that date, or she may abstain from fighting. If, however, she had not accepted the first proposal to raise these forces she would have had no choice in the final commitment; she would have to stand out of the battle because she would have no forces and plans prepared for war.

Surely this is a proposal that could be accepted by every part of the Commonwealth. In the event of another World War, America and ourselves will have to cooperate because neither of us alone can secure the maritime communications.

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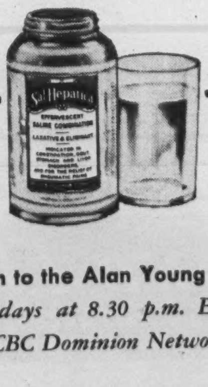

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Is Truman's Fate To Be "Little" and Great?

By D. P. O'HEARN

The predominant opinion about the new President of the United States, says Mr. O'Hearn, is that he is honest, courageous, understanding and humble. He does not appear to have the particular qualities that made Mr. Roosevelt great, but the feeling in the United States is that with the nation on the eve of a distinct new period in its life, he may have qualifications particularly suited to the times. His path to greatness would seem to lie along the road of the "little man's" President.

A SOMEWHAT amazing thing has happened to the hundred million people odd of the United States in the past few days. Since a week ago Thursday they have discovered that their new President is an honest man. Hundreds of thousands of words, perhaps millions, have been written about President Harry Truman since he was elevated to the Presidency in such tragic circumstances. Practically every writer in the United States with any claim at all to a political background, and practically every writer with any claim at all to knowledge of Mr. Truman's background has, it seems, taken at least one crack at sizing up the new President for the reading public, most of them quite frankly for the first time. And it is strikingly true that the thing they have incessantly pounded home, quite often with wide-eyed words, is that the new incumbent of the White House is a man of integrity.

In so doing they are apparently, however, intent on doing more than explaining away Mr. Truman's long connection with the ill-famed Kansas City Pendergast machine. Honesty, it seems, is Mr. Truman's greatest trait.

Missouri Record

I think that Irving Brant, a former St. Louis newspaper editor, expresses this, and explains the dubious contradiction of the Pendergast tie-up as well as any. Writing in *PM*, he says:

"Truman, when a County Commissioner, ran his part of government, in an environment of profitable and apparently safe corruption, with complete honesty. This does not alter the fact that he was an organization man in a bad organization. It *does* establish his character as a man who will carry his personal honesty into every governmental responsibility entrusted to him.

"Sen. Truman went to Washington in 1934 under the cloud of Pendergast support and was cast further in the shade by the publicity-genic figure of Sen. Bennett Champ Clark. Missouri people discounted his talents without inquiring into them. I had been two years in Washington when he came up for re-election in 1940. A report which I sent back to the St. Louis newspaper of which I had formerly been editor was received not merely with incredulity but with total disbelief. It was that Sen. Truman was a man of outstanding ability of the highest integrity, though with a blind spot where machine recommendations to minor offices were concerned, and that he was a supporter of New Deal legislation through conviction and not mere loyalty to the Roosevelt Administration.

"Since that time I have come in contact with the new President of the U. S. on numerous occasions. Every item of the 1940 appraisal still holds, with these additions to it:

"Harry S. Truman has tremendous capacity for working without evident strain.

Friendly to Labor

"He has a genuine understanding of economic problems facing the country, and looks at them from the point of view of the people at large. This includes a friendly attitude towards organized labor.

"He has a fighting repugnance to monopolists and businessmen who cheat the government.

"He is courageous and stubborn, but a team worker."

Mr. Brant's opinion seems pretty general among those who profess to have any real knowledge of the new President.

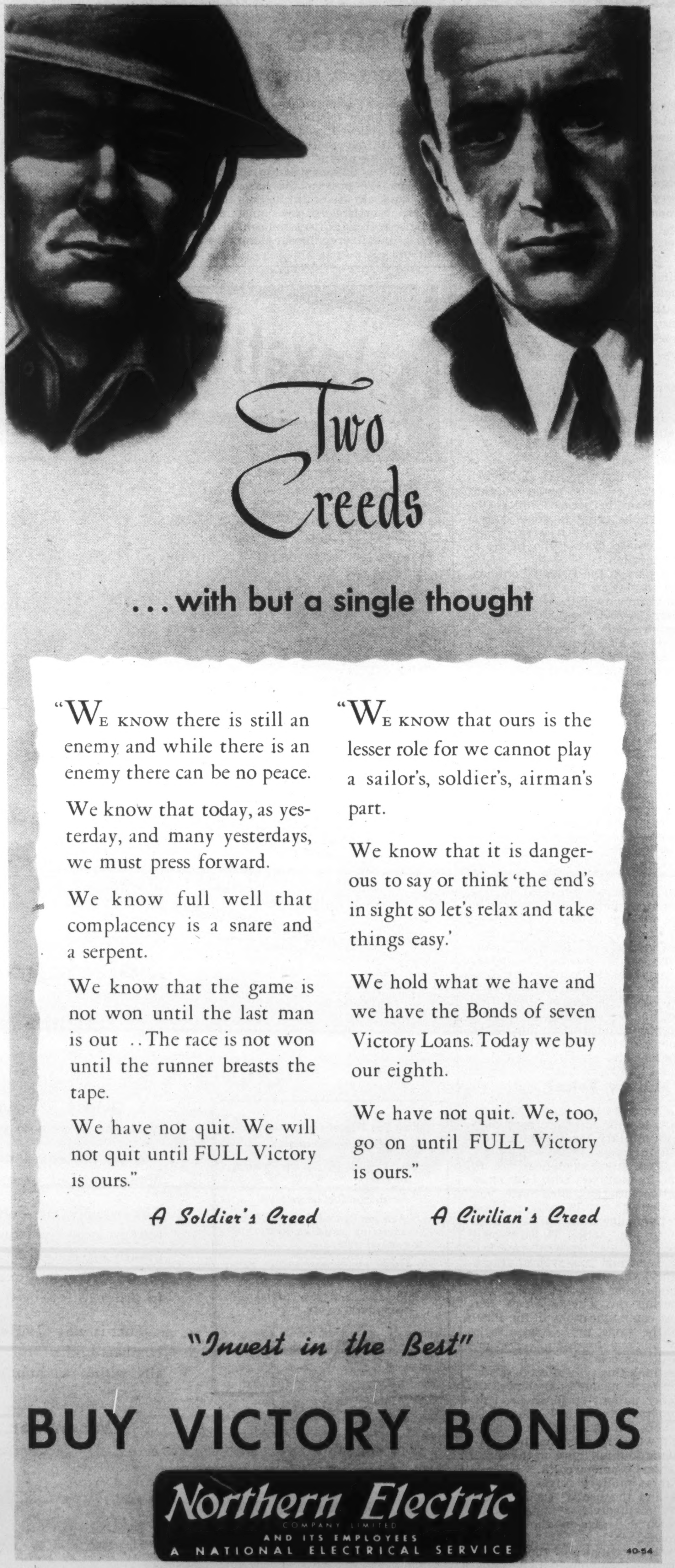
But the apparent fact is that very few have any real knowledge of Mr. Truman. And while great understanding has been shown for him in his difficult position, and while there has been a remarkable demonstration of united support, there has also been a great deal of searching and researching to find out just what kind of President he is liable to be. And the conclusions drawn are very broad indeed.

Your ordinary man in public life has dozens of outstanding facets for which you can condemn or praise him, and on which you can form some general estimate of what he's apt to do in such and such a case and when. But out of President Truman's life there are currently only three things commonly bruited. One is his term of office as a county official. The second is his connection with the War Investigating Committee, as sponsor and chairman. The third is his duel with Maurice M. Milligan, U. S. District Attorney at Kansas City, the man who sent Pendergast to jail.

Excellent Administrator

The county-official phase most pundits see as indication that the United States is in for excellent administration. They agree with Mr. Brant, and in addition that Truman's record financially was remarkable, and that economy, if any one thing, was his outstanding point. His administration was also definitely progressive. He was strongly interested in better government, and he showed a quick

There's no man-power shortage in the Far East, these fliers stationed in Burma note, as they watch native labor busily thatching a new roof.



Two Creeds

. . . with but a single thought

"We know there is still an enemy and while there is an enemy there can be no peace.

We know that today, as yesterday, and many yesterdays, we must press forward.

We know full well that complacency is a snare and a serpent.

We know that the game is not won until the last man is out . . The race is not won until the runner breasts the tape.

We have not quit. We will not quit until FULL Victory is ours."

A Soldier's Creed

"We know that ours is the lesser role for we cannot play a sailor's, soldier's, airman's part.

We know that it is dangerous to say or think 'the end's in sight so let's relax and take things easy.'

We hold what we have and we have the Bonds of seven Victory Loans. Today we buy our eighth.

We have not quit. We, too, go on until FULL Victory is ours."

A Civilian's Creed

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Photo by Karsh

President of the U.S.

grasp of new problems and that he wouldn't take action until this grasp was firm.

The War Investigating Committee accented his ability as an administrator. It also showed that he could work with other men and deputize authority. He gave other committeemen much responsibility and a free rein up to the final decision, when he showed he had the power of ready verdict, and the courage to face it.

The Milligan incident is the cause of most of what questioning there is at present. It dates from 1938. In that year, as a member of the Senate, Mr. Truman waged a bitter but unsuccessful fight to prevent the reappointment of Mr. Milligan as District Attorney. After he became Vice-President, and six years after Pendergast went to jail, he came out in opposition again to another term for Milligan.

Most today, however, dismiss this, and quite sincerely it seems, as an act founded on a strong loyalty to a former benefactor and involving only a minor issue. They can't see it as a form of loyalty which would ever influence a major decision, no matter who or what the benefactor.

Missing Qualities

Two qualities that Mr. Truman has never shown which Mr. Roosevelt possessed to a great degree are imagination and lack of fear.

Lack of imagination for a President of the U.S. a few years ago would have been an unhappy failing, but now it is being hailed as perhaps not too bad a thing. To lead the United States out of the depression and break down the traditions and hypocrisies involved, then to rally it to war, carry it at last into world affairs and force through the ideal of a broader world called for the greatest of imagination. But now, it is thought, perhaps the country hasn't the need for imagination so much as a steady, but sympathetic, hand at the wheel which can guide the ship without straining it.

Similarly for fear. Not that President Truman has shown any lack of courage. Mr. Brant only echoes a universal tribute when he points out that he has great quantities of it. But he has not the almost complete lack of fear which distinguished Mr. Roosevelt. And this also is looked on as perhaps a good thing. The thought is that so long as the goal is firmly known, it may be just as well that possible shoals be avoided and speed sacrificed for the less strenuous course.

Mr. Truman, aside from his honesty, his courage and his caution, has two other outstanding characteristics. They would look to be the two which will stamp his personality as President. One is great humility, and the other is strong understanding. Like Mr. Roosevelt's imagination and lack of fear they run together and form a dominant trait.

The new President will never be a patrician. One look at him, colorless, plain but exceedingly, and very pleasantly, trim, and you know it. If he reaches greatness it will be as the little man's man. The farm boy, small shop-keeper, county politician who knows the small man's problems and fears, and who though he has risen above them will never be completely apart. And there is a potential path to greatness there—particularly, it would seem, at the present time.

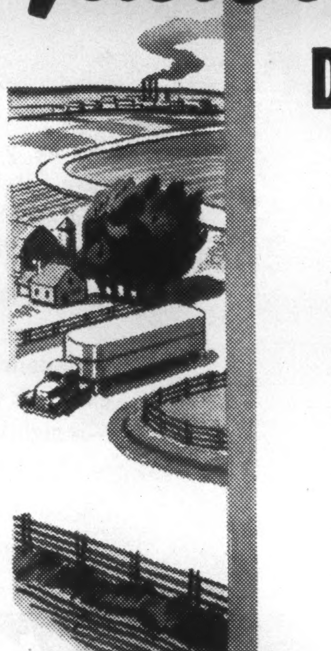
Two distinct turning-points in the life of the United States have marked the advent of the last two presidents. Mr. Roosevelt came in when the economic plight and morale of the country were at their lowest low. It had to be cheered and led through very dark days, and had to be comforted when it found that the oyster of the world was not all meat but had a great deal of hard shell. It has been led through that period, and learned at least some of the lessons coming from it. Now the nation is starting another period. It has already been popularly forecast as the period of the "common man". And perhaps it is a period that calls for a "common man" at the helm. At least this is the viewpoint of the optimists.

Two Guides

Essentially, they say, Mr. Roosevelt took over the United States when it was badly lost in the woods—in critical condition. Now, it is still in the woods, but in better shape, much better shape. Its new guide won't take the chances of the old. He won't be so prone to try new avenues of escape. He won't crash through so defiantly, and he won't want to lead the way himself up each new path. He will take the advice of his fellow guides, and listen to the counsel of anyone who has knowledge of the lay of the land. When he is on solid ground which he knows well he will act surely and swiftly. When he comes to bodies of water and other unknown barriers he will call on all counsel available, and make his decision only after consideration of all elements. And he will go ahead only in the way that is best for *all* in the band that he is leading. If there is water ahead and there are boats available for safe passage he will take them. But if there are only precarious rafts he will choose to go around. And if, on the way, one group, labor, capital, farm or other section of the band lags through weariness of the pace he will be more inclined to slow down the whole for a while rather than have the stragglers strain at high speed to catch up.

This seems to be the popular estimate.

It leaves some unanswered question. Particularly what the new guide will do when he comes to the great body of water which foreign policy represents. This may be a trying job with others waiting on the far side to be rescued and will call for sacrifices. At least the new leader understands that the band he is leading has been on rescue work for the past few years and that now this is part of its main goal. Undoubtedly he will not, however, be willing to demand the popular sacrifices that leader Roosevelt did. Just how far he will go is something for the future to tell.



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Venereal Diseases Are Of Economic Origin

By GORDON BATES

The Venereal Diseases have been attacked in the past as largely a medical problem. In spite of advances in medical science which have made their cure easier they have increased in seriousness. They have their origin in human conduct — in breaches of the moral code.

Economic and social equality as between the sexes is essential, if Venereal Diseases are to be controlled—an analysis of some of the points raised by Mr. Dyson Carter in his new book "Sin and Science".

Dr. Bates is General Director of the Health League of Canada, Director of the Special Treatment Clinic of the Toronto General Hospital, and Editor of "Health" Magazine.

IT has been generally considered that the use of the term, Social Disease, has been an artful device to hide the nasty connotation of the franker term, and perhaps most people have looked upon this great international disease problem, sometimes called the third great plague, as a medical matter to be looked after by the doctors. Few have given thought to the real and far-reaching implications of the word Social.

It was natural that doctors should be first to call the question of venereal disease to public attention. On the surface it is a medical problem like any other disease problem but of a peculiarly serious character. Sir William Osler, then Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, with Sir Clifford Albutt and a group of distinguished British physicians were early leaders in the fight. Back in 1913 they disturbed the equanimity of a placid British public by writing a letter to a London newspaper and actually using the word syphilis.

This letter called for governmental action against a disease which caused widespread disabililty and death in the British Isles. It precipitated the appointment by the Asquith Government of the Sydenham Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases. This Commission brought in a devastating report in 1916 which among other things stated that no less than 10% of the people living in cities in Great Britain were infected with syphilis and that gonorrhea was still more prevalent.

Osler shortly afterwards in an address before the London Society of Medicine recalled that some years previously he had paraphrased John Bunyan's Mr. Badman in labelling tuberculosis "The Captain of the Men of Death". He stated that syphilis, with 63,000 deaths to its credit in the United Kingdom, and not tuberculosis, which in the year in question killed 58,000, deserved the title. Syphilis was easily the greatest killer among all of the infections. But in addition the venereal diseases were great causes of disability, filling the beds of hospitals, insane asylums and institutions for the care of the blind and defective with its victims. If it were true, as Sidney and Beatrice Webb had said, that "sickness was the greatest cause of poverty," then indeed it was appropriate that these maladies should be called the Social Diseases. Their cost to society in terms of lives and money alone justified the title.

More Than Medicine Needed

Not only was it logical that physicians should be the first to call attention to the ravages of disease but it was also natural that the first attack on the problem should be medical; and in all civilized countries since the last war governments have established clinics and passed laws to the end that the venereal diseases should be searched out—after they had developed—and treated. This was a logical means of saving life and preventing the spread of infection.

Syphilis is frequently a hidden disease. There are said to be between two hundred thousand and three hundred thousand persons infected in Canada and of these over half are unaware of their infection. This is another argument for the periodic examination before marriage, because syphilis is the one disease which may be passed on from generation to generation. The object of such examination is, of course, the detection of existing disease so it may be treated. So far very largely efforts to control have been in this direction—diagnosis and treatment—with occasional attacks on vice and sporadic attempts at sex education.

Yet all of the medical efforts to deal with the problem have been relatively futile and again during the present war the venereal diseases have increased everywhere. In Canada one province reports 50,000 cases since the beginning of the War. The armed forces report 35,000 cases between January 1940 and June 1943 at a cost of 697,259 hospital days and training days lost. Hospitals report a steadily increasing number of primary cases of syphilis and even in the percentage of cases discovered by the use of routine blood examination of patients apparently suffering from other infections. And in other countries the tale is the same. Medical means alone have not controlled the venereal diseases.

This increased incidence of the venereal diseases has been in spite of advances in medical science which have made their cure easier year by year. Since venereal diseases are spread by sexual contact and since venereal disease is one of the deterrents, in the absence of social and moral controls it is more than likely that venereal disease instead of decreasing as an international menace may actually increase in volume. This possibility has long been in the minds of many close to the problem.

This and other factors make the little book "Sin and Science" by Dyson Carter, which has just been published, of great significance. Mr. Carter accurately describes the venereal diseases as the medical results of mistakes in social organization and, in what is virtually a series of brilliant little essays, reaches the conclusion that neither medical effort alone nor attacks on vice districts will do more than scratch the surface of an age-long problem.

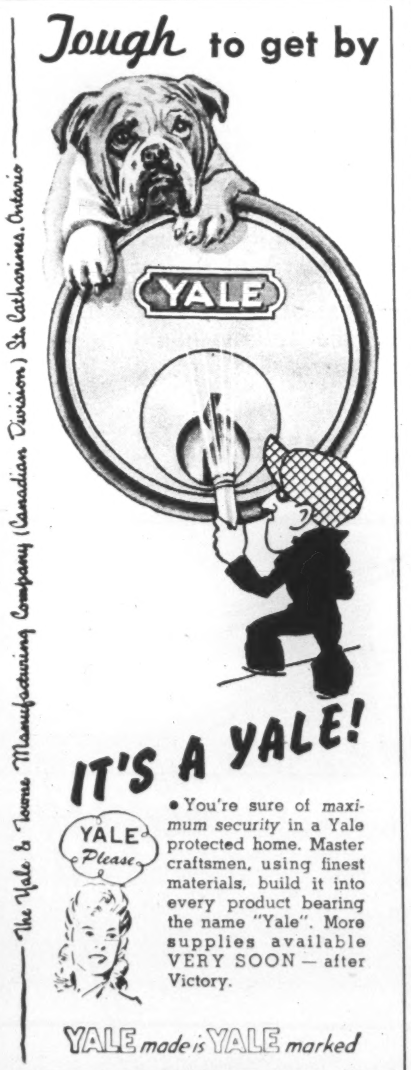
Mr. Carter is not the first person to reach this conclusion. The late Archbishop of Canterbury stated, for example, that if venereal diseases have increased in Great Britain it is because the authorities have insisted on treating a social and moral problem as though it were purely a medical problem. Dr. James McIntosh, lately chief Officer of Health for Scotland, has made a similar statement—to quote only two opinions among many, but Mr. Carter has gone much further in that he has undertaken an analysis of social causes and suggested concrete social remedies.

Equality But Not Fair Play

To the complaint that insufficient attention has been paid to the moral aspects of the problem, Mr. Carter submits that when one discusses morality more than mere sex morality is involved. The matter of fair play as between the sexes should be considered. In spite of the fact that woman has the vote in many countries her economic position is still vastly inferior to that of men. One observes in this connection that even in progressive Toronto women teachers find it necessary to put up a tremendous fight to establish the principle of equal pay for equal work—and the fight against the principle is, of course, led by a man.

In the field of commerce and industry all the important jobs are held by men. In normal times there is discrimination against women all along the line and in the countries where women's position is worst—in Germany for instance where the Kaiser decreed that "Kinder, Kirche and Küchen" were women's sphere, the problem of prostitution and venereal disease were the most serious. It is significant then even in Canadian Quebec, the last province to give women the vote, a province in which educational and economic standards have been low, the prostitution problem is believed to be most serious and the venereal disease rate is high.

Mr. Carter quotes the experience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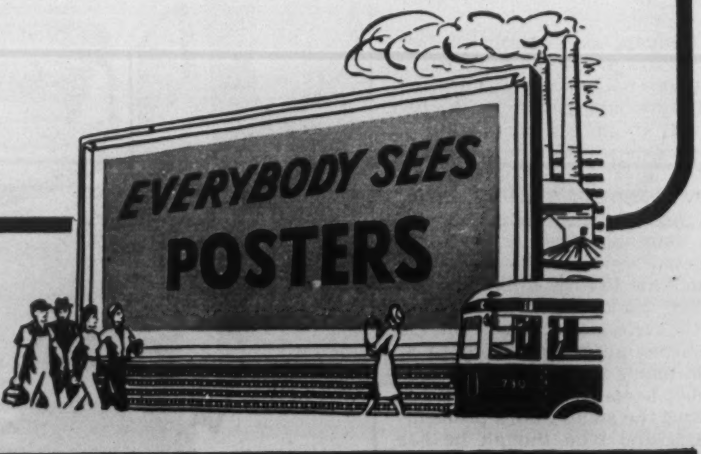

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of Russia in the control of venereal disease. He describes a moral delinquency related to the problem which, previous to the revolution, was perhaps the worst in the world. Out of it grew an organized system of prostitution supported by the Czarist State. Women were forced into this terrible life because of a social and economic system which was basically unsound. And not the least serious matter was the inferior economic status of women. No rational human being wants to be a prostitute. But lack of education and lack of the means to live have forced millions of women into this age-long profession.

It is not commonly understood that the double standard of morals has anything to do with the economic status of women. The anomalies resulting from its existence in the field of sex relations have scarcely been realized. Their results are as illogical as they are unfair. The immoral woman is labelled a prostitute, harried, persecuted and reformed. Her companion, of the noble male sex, is apparently guiltless in the eyes of society and the law.

Organized Vice Scourge

While there is not space to discuss the matter in detail here, all scientific investigations have made clear the fact that the greatest single immediate means for spreading venereal disease has been organized vice. This in spite of the specious plea by superficial observers that such a system with medical examination has the opposite result. Mr. Carter concludes that vice exists because there are great numbers of semi-destitute girls and because there are enormous profits reaped from the management of vice as a business. This would not be possible except for the economic inferiority of women.

Mr. Carter states that present-day Russia seems to have conquered venereal disease. He quotes Lord and Lady Passmore as stating: "In the remaking of the Russian people, Lenin and his followers began not with Adam but with Eve."

"They discovered that the Soviet leaders had never posed as 'emancipators' of women. They did not limit themselves to fighting for such trivial rights of women as to wear their hair and their skirts long or short, to smoke in public, to be equals before the law. They condemned as immoral any such right as the freedom of women to have relations with men in general—but only because they denounced any similar freedom for men. It is important to grasp the fact that in the Soviet Union there was laid down a program for the emancipation of women not 'for their own sake' but for the sake of all humanity."

Nazi Attitude

Carter finds it highly significant that the moralists of Hitlerite Germany mutually gloried in this inequality of modern women and suggests that some of our own reactionaries find themselves fascinated by the Nazi attitude.

"Many years before the sadistic, woman-hating Hitler elevated this outworn feudal ideal to the level of a pagan religion the Soviet authorities recognized it for what it was: the denial of woman's right to complete equality with men. Here, they said, was the key to the immorality of the modern world."

The significance of all of this and its relationship to the problem of disease was early realized by the Soviet authorities. Mr. Carter goes on to say: "In spite of a critical situation Soviet medical authorities resisted all temptation to follow the ineffective campaigns of other countries by concentrating their attack upon disease alone. They adhered to a sound decision: venereal disease would be eradicated only as and when prostitution, together with immorality in general, was conquered. They consider the moral issue to be basic. When it was solved, syphilis and gonorrhea could be attacked scientifically, as diseases pure and simple, free of social embarrassment and as part of a far broader campaign against tuberculosis, alcohol addiction, and so on."

A great many general statements have been made about the reduction of venereal disease in two countries—Russia and Sweden, and there are some Swedish statistics. Mr. Carter does not seem to present any actual Russian statistics in his book. There is no doubt, however, that fine programs which have attracted attention have been carried on in both countries. The Swedish approach seems to have been largely medical, although socialized medicine has played a part. The Russian program is both medical and social and is of such a radical character that carried to its logical conclusion one feels that it must succeed. Mr. Carter proves that it has accomplished a great deal already in dealing with the basic factors which cause the spread of disease.

Carter states in his preface: "We should settle now that this book is an impartial report of an experiment in social morality, carried out with extraordinary success on a vast scale, and presented here with no intrusion by any theories of my own. To my knowledge this information has not previously been made available to the general public. Those authorities who have been in possession of the facts have suppressed them, and have shown a singular unwillingness to present them even to the medical profession and to social workers.

"Allow me to repeat: This book deals with facts, and it details the proven, practical steps by which immorality can be banished from modern society as completely as the great plagues of the Middle Ages have been eliminated."

Mr. Carter suggests that there are those who while "willing to accept a scientific program for the conquest of venereal disease, nevertheless firmly maintain that only a spiritual approach is possible to those related problems which concern the sanctity of the family, divorce, moral relationship between the sexes, the destruction of human dignity by prostitution"; and that others believe that only medical research can solve these problems. They are each only partially correct. The problem is much larger than is recognized by either.

The impression one gets in reading this book is that the author has made an extremely important contribution to the solution of one of the most important problems with which society is confronted. In attacking a disease problem he proposes to use social methods, to set up a state in which there shall be no impediments to marriage for love. He argues that the abolition of venereal disease can never be accomplished unless the normal desires of men and women for love and monogamous marriage are made possible of achievement.

In other words the venereal diseases are an index of grave social ills. We have in the past largely occupied ourselves with attacking the index rather than the social evils themselves. When we concentrate on creating a world in which human happiness is a political objective, disease will rapidly disappear.

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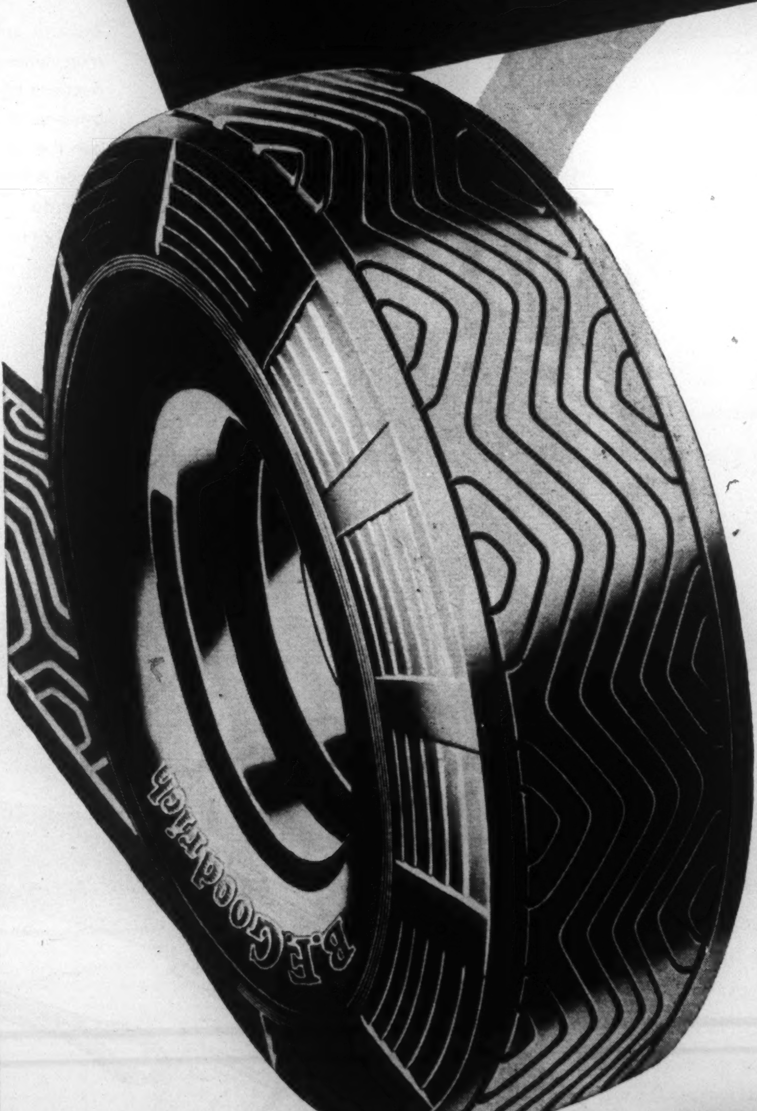

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Yes, I Really Do Hold Hate for the Germans

By JOHN WILLIAMS

The writer of this article, a Canadian, was a prisoner of war in Germany. After a year in captivity he discovered that he hated the Germans, and not only the Nazi leaders but the people at large. His reasons are interesting.

He was not treated brutally, as were the Russians, or with the tyranny that was inflicted on the first English prisoners. When he became a prisoner in 1943 the German attitude had changed. Yet he holds hate for his German captors. And his attitude towards the Germans is in contrast to that towards the Italians, for whom, while they treated him more brutally, he feels only contempt.

WHEN a naïve young Wehrmacht interrogator asked me during my first week of captivity, "Why do you hate the Germans?", I was at a loss for an answer.

I had been fighting against them for four years in the Navy, but I had never met one face to face—you seldom meet your enemies at sea, nor could I remember when I had last met a German in peacetime. The odds were I had never known a German well in all my life.

I hated the Nazi system, I told him; and I hated Hitler because he stood for it—but that was hating an idea, a different thing from hating individuals.

I looked round—at the three sad old German hospital orderlies, at the brisk, efficient German surgeon. "Give me time," I said, "and I'll tell you. I've hardly met any Germans yet."

A year later, in a German prison camp, I sat down and tried to formulate my answer, and was surprised to find that I, who had been fairly treated by the Germans, hated them, yet for Italian Fascists, from whom I had received worse treatment, I only felt contempt.

I began to add up chance remarks, types I had met, stray impressions, incidents, prisoners' tales from the six prison camps I had visited, from the three weeks of 1943 that I had spent in German trains.

The Joke in Common

The businesslike Nazi surgeon smiled when I pointed at the phial of blood he was transfusing into my arm and asked him, "Nazi?" "Nein", he apologized, reading the label, "Italianisch", and we both laughed. I realized it was the only joke we had in common.

I spent ten days, the only Canadian, in a trainload of 250 wounded panzer grenadiers. I got to know them well in the five-day wait when the partisans derailed our engine on the way from Yugoslavia.

They were happy soldiers, 25-year-old veterans of seven years' campaigning, and they crowded round my stretcher in boyish curiosity, offering me cigarettes. They showed me their medal ribbons proudly—Poland, Luxemburg, France, Russia, Italy, Yugoslavia, but always with the same refrain, "Russland—nicht gut."

They had marched 650 miles to Stalingrad, fighting most of the way, and they made their shoulder-blades and elbows crack for my benefit, to show the rheumatism in the joints from the month they lay in frozen mud, a grenade-throw from the Russians, too close to light a fire.

They asked me to teach them the English words of "Tipperary."

At that time I did not hate these men. They were professional soldiers, good at their trade and proud of it, descendants of the German mercenaries of medieval times.

Their pride in the efficiency of the Wehrmacht seemed hardly touched by Nazi ideology, and their discipline would clearly last until the organization let them down. . .

"Yes, sir," said a British C.S.M. at the great prisoner-of-war town among the Silesian pines, "there have been great changes for the better. Every month conditions improved. I remember when Jerry used to spit on the lads' potato issue before they were allowed to draw it, but look at them now—they seem to know which way the wind is blowing."

(It was a cold wind, blowing from the east.)

It was a fine thing to see the smartness and the spirit of our men. These were long-term prisoners, mainly from Dunkirk and they made the guards look shabby and dispirited by comparison.

One was tempted to pity these pathetic old Posten.

Starving Russians

Then I heard a story from two British medical officers. They had been sent to a Russian camp, and this is what they found:—

"In a 200-bed hospital we had 600 deaths in three months. Thirty deaths a week was normal. The Russians were walking about like ghosts or lying blown-out and helpless with starvation.

"They were eating filth and would sell anything for scraps of food, especially for salt, which would induce the symptoms of acute oedema and thus entitle them to a hospital bed and slightly better rations.

"The 'dead cart' accompanied every working party and seldom returned empty; we had deaths every week under the hot and cold showers.

"It was a regular practice for the Russians to hide the bodies of those who died in the night in order to continue drawing their rations. The rations were a few potatoes, mainly bad, soup made from the water the potatoes had been boiled in, and a little bread.

"The whole camp of several thousand men was slowly starving to death. We were never able to feel a pulse the whole time we were there. . ."

"War is war, but men are men," said the old *Posten* on the train to Sudetenland. "I am a little man; war is bad for little men. I only want that it should finish so that I can go home to my wife and family." How well I got to know the *Posten's* apologia!

Days and nights in crowded trains, meandering on rural by-lines across Germany.

Civilians ordered from their seats that we might sit; they shouted at the guards, who shouted back.

We sat and German women stood, but no odium seemed to attach to us for sitting—it was the rule. It seemed a country drained of hate.

Twice when we persuaded our guards to let us wait in German inns we bought watery beer openly with forbidden Reichsmarks and, when we left, were wished "Auf wiedersehen".

I thought of the starving Russians, of the absurdity of the scene, and of the impossibility of its duplication in a country pub in England.

Germans Above Labor

Always to be seen from the carriage windows were groups of prisoners—British, French, Polish, Italian, Russian—working in the fields, on the roads, on the railways, in the towns.

"The German does not do manual labor—he is a technician," explained the guard, looking over my shoulder, as if it were the most natural explanation in the world.

I was leaning from the train last September, looking out at the burned-out husk of central Hamburg. Here was damage on a scale that not even Coventry, Plymouth or London knew.

There were Russian prisoners in a small barbed-wire pen beside the line, the only sign of life in sight. I threw a packet of cigarettes so that it fell in the centre of the concrete yard in which several Russians were walking. They did not pick it up but made careful detours round it, staring.

Then I saw the reason—the fixed bayonet of a guard in the corner, a guard just as elderly and decrepit as my own, and I remembered a game the Germans used to play with the Russians.

They would throw a handful of rotten potatoes over the wire and laugh when the starving Russians fought for them.

The next day they would throw another handful, but this time, when the Russians scrambled, they would go in among them and beat them off with whips and revolver butts.

The next day they would throw some more potatoes and laugh when the hungry Russians dare not pick them up.

At a Baltic ferry port a squad of young Nazi sailors marched along the platform. At a word of command they broke into a staccato Nazi song.

I felt a tug at my elbow, and an elderly guard pointed at the squad, then tapped his forehead. "Tomorrow—a different song," he said. Then, beckoning me into the angle of the toilet where we could not be seen, "Deutschland kaput (finished)," he whispered. "Hitler—," suiting the word with an obscene gesture.

Those were the last words spoken to me by a German in Germany, and I knew exactly why I hated Germans.

It is true that the average German is home-loving, kindly, honest, industrious, given to maudlin sentiment—but the same German will commit unbelievable brutalities without a qualm if ordered to.

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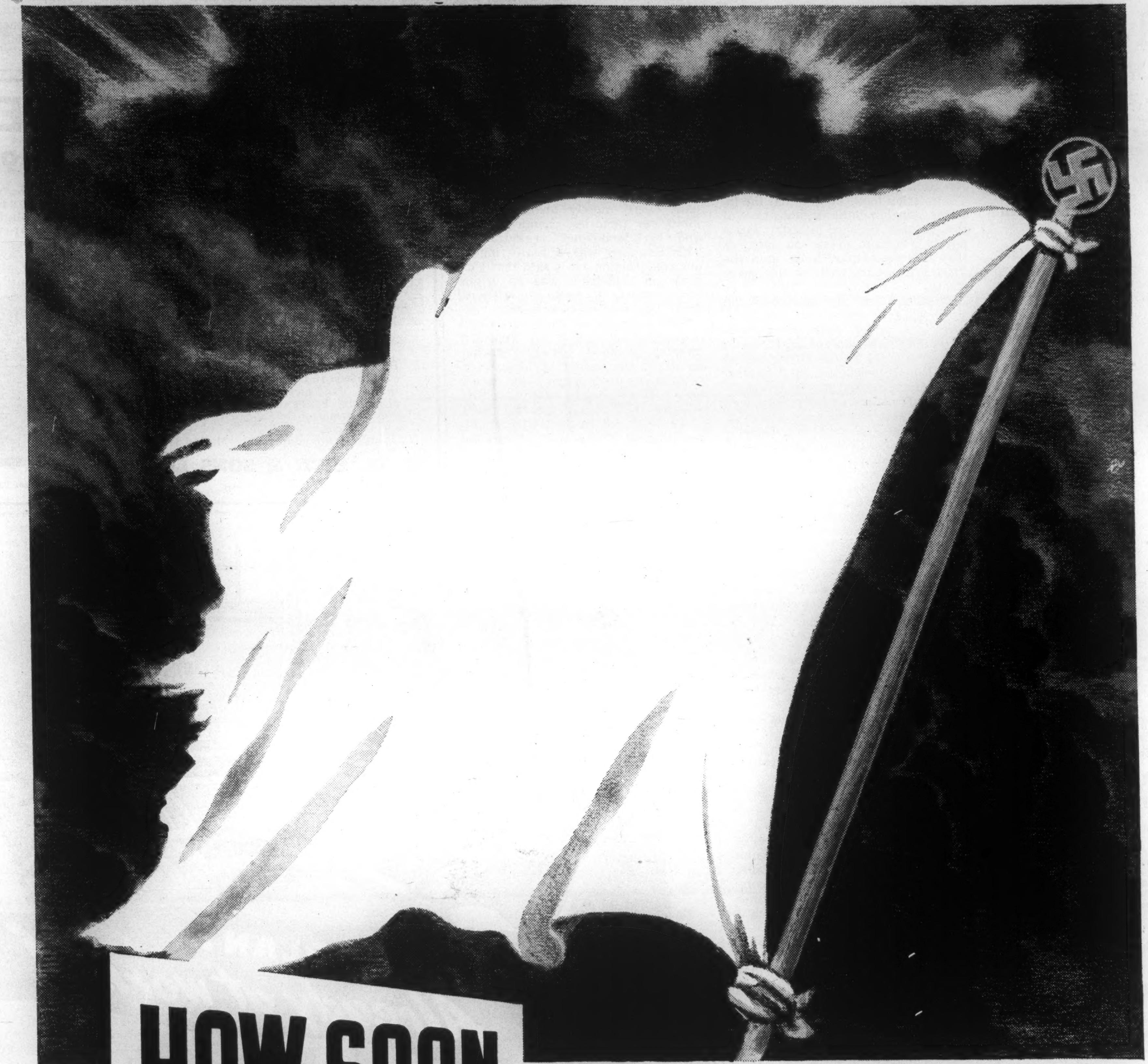

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German General Staff Will Take Watching

By WILSON POPHAM

One of the decisions reached at Yalta was to disband the German General Staff. But the same decision had been made in 1919 at Versailles. This article shows how the German General Staff tricked the Allies then and the lessons we must learn to forestall them today.

ONE of the tasks of the Inter-Allied Commission which controlled the disarmament of Germany at the end of the last war was to see that the clause in the peace treaty demanding the disbandment of the German General Staff was obeyed.

The commission failed in its purpose because it was systematically fooled and deceived. The General Staff was never disbanded; it was continuously enlarged.

The illegal General Staff was split up into dozens of separate organizations under manifold disguises. So, even if one of these organizations was unmasked and consequently dissolved—which actually never happened—the others could carry on.

First, there were two mysterious offices within the Reich Defence Ministry proper, the "General Troops Office" and the "Foreign Countries Department."

The Allied Control Commission had free access to all departments of this Ministry, which, after all, had only to deal with the small German Army of 100,000.

Nobody knew what these two departments were supposed to do, and the controlling officers of the Allied Commission took the line that the interior departmental organization of the German Defence Ministry was a purely German affair so long as they did not employ more than the 4,000 officers allowed by the peace treaty.

Therefore, nobody disturbed the quiet work of these two small departments, which were the nucleus of the German General Staff.

The "General Troops Office" acted as liaison between the legal Reichswehr Command and the numerous illegal staff officer organizations outside the army proper.

The "Foreign Countries Department," which officially arranged visits of German military missions to other nations and vice versa, had the unofficial and far more important task of keeping the German General Staff informed about military and technical developments in foreign countries.

The General Troops Offices, though the central organization of the German General Staff, was not its most important one, since it could not be enlarged without raising suspicion, if not from the Inter-Allied Commission, then from some distrustful democratic or socialist German M.P.s, who anxiously watched the Defence Ministry's yearly budget.

So the real staff work was done outside the Defence Ministry. The forms of disguise surpassed the most fanciful inventions of detective stories.

Just a Club

The most remarkable species of all was probably the Hirschmann Club, a loose association of cheerful, oldish gentlemen who—what a coincidence!—happened all to be former members of the Imperial General Staff.

Nobody suspected behind it anything but a harmless ex-officers' club. It was, however, unusual that its members travelled quite a lot, either in small or big groups.

For instance, when on a beautiful autumn day in 1924 the express train for East Prussia left Berlin, three first-class compartments were reserved for members of the Hirschmann Club who, dressed in sports clothes, entered the train with guns and dogs, obviously off for a gay shooting party.

Was it again a coincidence that in the same train foreign military attachés travelled to East Prussia to join the big autumn manoeuvres of the Reichswehr?

Once arrived in East Prussia these military attachés did not see any more of the Hirschmen; the German divisional commanders and Reichswehr generals who were responsible for the manoeuvres, however, did!

After sunset they were called to one of the royal Junker estates, where the members of the Hirschmann Club, in reality the highest military leaders of Germany, would criticize and discuss with them the day's military work.

In the beginning of the 'twenties close collaboration existed between the Hirschmann Club and the so-called "Büro Ludendorff" in Munich.

Here Germany's first strategist of the world war was "busy writing his memoirs." This was obviously so big a task that one typewriter and one secretary were not sufficient to handle it.

Notwithstanding his modest pension Ludendorff set up an office adequate to run the business of a fair sized factory.

Nobody, least of all the Inter-Allied Military Commission, would dispute the famous old general's right to choose from the "distressed" officer class his secretaries to write his eagerly expected memoirs.

Last there was the "German Military Policy and Military Science Company Ltd."

Officially this company was part publishing firm, part study group and part lecturing club, run on strict business lines, and therefore no formal concern of the Allies.

Financed by Industrialists

Its purpose was to publish books and studies on "military history." It was no coincidence, of course, that the firms which financed this company were mostly armament and motor-car factories, chemical works and big landowner organizations. This company was a really ingenious construction—it is said that General von Schleicher was its originator—because it made the General Staff financially independent.

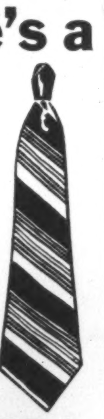
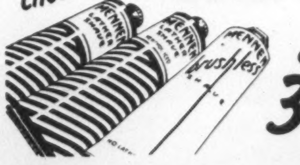
Such were the organizations which—working separately, but centrally directed—planned German rearmament and the second world war.

What are we taught by this experience? It will not be enough only to dissolve the German General Staff.

We have not to deal with an office, limited in size and purpose, but with a sort of secret society like Japan's infamous "Black Dragon."

In future, according to the Yalta communiqué, there will be no German Reichswehr left, and therefore the possibility of creating illegal offices within the Reichswehr administration will not exist.

But the German General Staff is a hydra; if one head is cut off, a dozen others will grow. This time we shall have to watch not only ex-officers' associations, but all the different "scientific" companies, publishing firms, sport clubs, institutes and lecture parties, and especially "decent old generals" who will write their memoirs.

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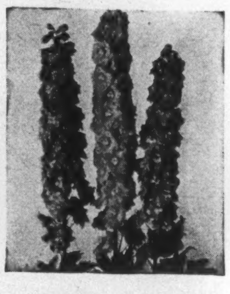

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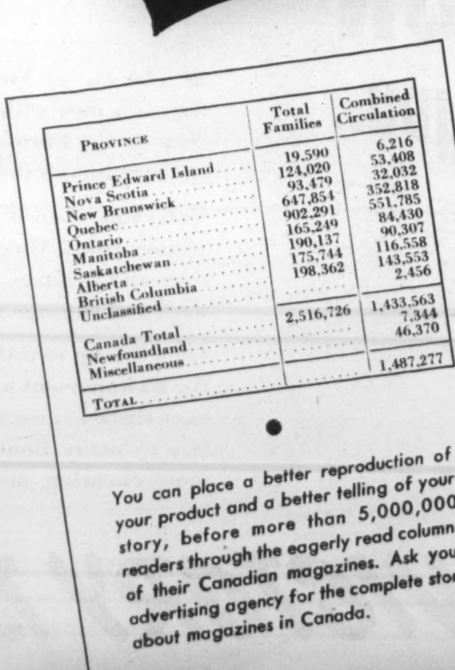

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Nova Scotia	124,020	53,408
New Brunswick	93,479	32,032
Quebec	647,854	352,818
Ontario	902,291	551,785
Manitoba	165,249	84,430
Saskatchewan	190,137	90,307
Alberta	175,744	116,558
British Columbia	198,362	143,553
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Canada Total	2,516,726	1,433,563
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GIVE ECONOMICAL NATION-WIDE COVERAGE

We Should Be Happy That We Have Humor

By THE VERY REV. W.R. INGE

Nobody has ever been able to explain satisfactorily the main essence of humor, Dean Inge says. Some base it on infirmity in others. Others say it is in the exposure of revered falsehood. Whatever it is, humor is a valuable asset.

Wallingford, England.

WHAT is the essence of the ludicrous? Philosophers have discussed the question with ponderous gravity, and most of them seem to think that one touch of ill nature makes the whole world kin. Aristotle defines the ludicrous as some blemish or defect which is not very harmful; Hobbes as "a sudden glory arising from the sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others."

Kant and Hegel think that people are funny when they fall short of their ideal, or when sensible form fails to express spiritual content. But who would go to a German for an explanation of humour?

Still less, I fear, would we go to the Jews. There is hardly a laugh in the Old Testament, except when someone is to be "laughed to scorn"; and Jewish humorists like Heine are rather grim. Nor is there much good fun in the Greek and Roman classics.

Homer's gods laugh consumedly at Hephaestus, because he is lame. The jokes in Aristophanes are rather school-boyish. Perhaps there is more humor in late antiquity. Lucian is as witty as Anatole France, in exactly the same way, though he is slightly less indecent.

I like Plutarch's joke (borrowed by Jeremy Taylor): "We ought to look at the bright side of things, like the man who when he threw a stone at a dog and hit his mother-in-law, said, 'That was not so bad.'"

The French have wit rather than humor. We say that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotsman's head; the Scots retort that our jokes are not at all funny.

Incongruity the Essence

Incongruity is perhaps the essence of the ludicrous. Any little accident to a dignified person, or at a solemn function, provokes mirth. Lord Frederic Hamilton describes a scene which he hopes was not reported to Queen Victoria. Alexander III was receiving the Order of the Garter and the attachés of our embassy marched in procession gingerly carrying the insignia on cushions. One of the princesses said, much too loud, "They are just like nurses carrying babies." The Tsar tried in vain to suppress a guffaw.

In the Middle Ages there was no harm in mixing a little fun with Divine service. At St. Paul's the boy bishop (one of the choristers) preached a sermon in Christmas week in which he might refer to "my brother of London," and "your worthy dean". "It does not seem long since I was one of you," a boy bishop said, turning to the choir-boys.

It is an interesting and I hope not profane question whether the Deity has a sense of humor. The lack of it is regarded as a defect in human character, a defect which it is very annoying to be charged with. Why, then, should it be derogatory to the Deity?

Are there not some human beings who, we cannot help suspecting, can only have been made for a joke? But without speculating on the personal thoughts of the Deity, of which we can know nothing, we are justified in believing that just as there is an aspect of reality which we call the Beautiful, which undoubtedly exists, though it has no obvious function in preserving life, so the contradictions in our experience, the clash of Yes and No in which, some philosophers say, "all things consist" are meant to amuse as well as to puzzle us.

The laughing philosopher Democritus has as much to say for himself as the weeping philosopher Heraclitus.

A member of the British House of Commons once said, "I hear a smile." On the other hand the exquisite Lord Shaftesbury thanked heaven that nobody had ever heard him laugh. To laugh gracefully is no doubt an accomplishment. To neigh, to cackle, to squeal, to roar, are unnecessary ways of expressing amusement.

I am inclined to think that no nation is so alive as the English to the comic side of life. Wise saws are not so infallible as those who quote them suppose. We are pleased to be told that punctuality is the thief of time, and that what is worth doing at all is worth doing badly.

Aphorisms are a dry vintage; the best French makers of epigrams, like La Rochefoucauld, leave a bitter taste in the mouth; not so our Bacon and Samuel Johnson, who smile gravely and not unkindly.

"Revenge is a kind of wild justice."

"Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle-age, and old men's nurses."

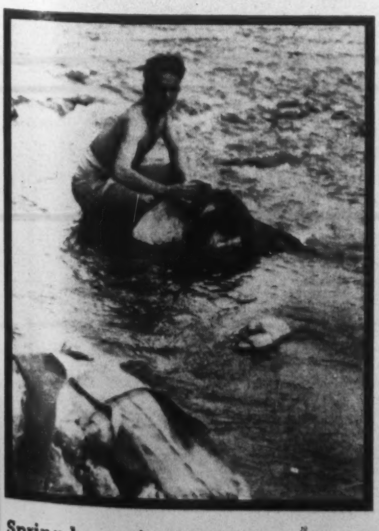
"I always treat fools ond coxcombs with great ceremony."

"If men were as unselfish as women, women would soon become more selfish than men."

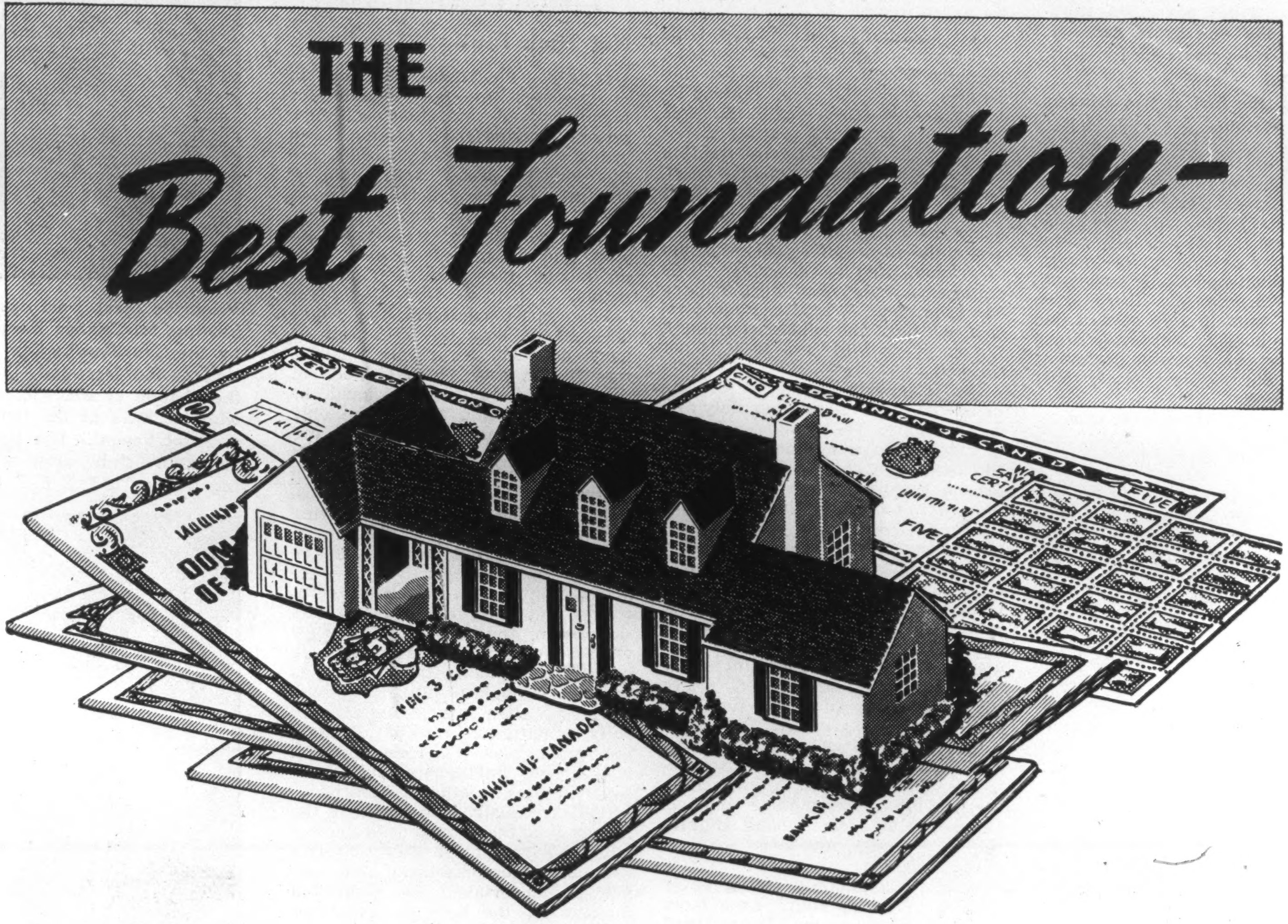
Mallock in his "New Republic" describes an old cynic who argues that we owe our sense of the ludicrous to Christianity, which has cunningly associated trivial matters with the most awful conceptions. "Humor is the detection of truth through revered and reigning falsehood."

I should say, on the contrary, that it is because we know that there are absolute values which must not be laughed at, that we can afford to smile at much which the philistine, whose characteristic is a dull and dry gravity, takes too seriously.

Our sense of humor is a very valuable asset.



Spring has arrived in Italy, and with it spring cleaning for this Allied soldier who welcomes the chance to wash his clothes in an Italian stream.



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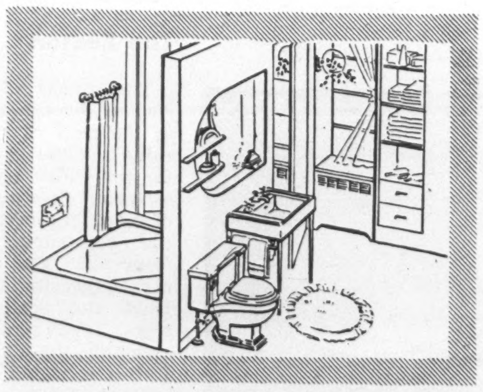

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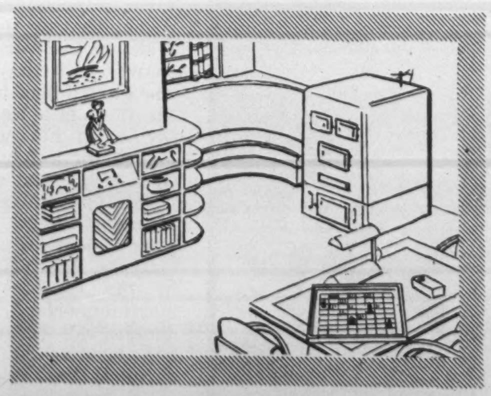

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We Need Real Postwar Plan for the Land

By STEWART C. EASTON

Wind and water erosion and unsuitable cropping are ruining the soil in many parts of rural Canada. We need more reports such as the joint Dominion and Ontario Government survey of the Ganaraska Watershed, and we need a policy for rehabilitation in rural Canada. The work is of absolutely first importance, and will require millions of man-hours in the postwar. If neglected, this writer says, we shall destroy the one great national heritage we possess that is self-renewing.

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Easton.

WHETHER the world we live in after the war be a Utopia, or much the same as the one we knew before, certain jobs will have to be done because they are socially useful. Whether they be paid for by governments or private enterprise or by public utility corporations, there is no doubt that some things need doing, and will be done. If our very country is to survive as a desirable portion of the earth, our physical assets must be maintained.

Our land is the most important asset we possess. It is our capital; but unlike monetary capital it cannot be replaced, because there is no source of supply to draw from. It is immovable, and it cannot be destroyed. But it can be rendered incapable of providing sustenance. A desert has not ceased to be land; but, as it cannot support human life, it is no longer an asset.

The Problem

The problem, in essence, is simple. To support vegetation land must contain certain substances near enough to the surface to be able to provide sustenance for plants. Different plants require different substances. A tree may grow where even grass would die. When a crop is consumed by man or animal some of these substances are taken from the earth. It becomes by just so much the poorer, unless similar substances are returned to it.

But it is not only cropping that destroys fertility. Constantly warring against the soil are wind and water. The wind blows loose soil from the land. It may alight somewhere else on dry land, perhaps a hundred miles away. But even then it is still loose soil, easily to be caught up by the next wind. It only finds a permanent resting place in water, which carries it to lakes or sea. It is then lost, and never again returns to the earth.

The extent of damage from shell fire can be judged from the wreckage of this German home. A British trooper pets a puppy rescued from the ruins.

Rain falling upon land which absorbs it is of permanent benefit, for without water plants cannot live. But rain falling in large quantities upon land, and flowing through small runnels until it reaches the rivers, carries away much of the soil with it. If man wishes to keep and use his land he must continually fight against wind and water erosion. And he must not overcrop it and take the vital substances from the soil, making it looser and poorer, a prey to the deadly force of wind and running water. It is not simply a matter of treating one's own land as a permanent asset, putting back into it what one takes out. It is a matter of constantly using one's ingenuity and labour to arrest the forces of erosion. Erosion is gradual, and works subtly. It is not always visible until much damage has been done. It is altogether a responsibility of the whole community, for everyone will lose if it is not checked.

Our Canadian farmers, for the most part, understand their duty and responsibility. The practice of summer fallowing is nothing but giving the earth the chance to rest for a season. Yet few farms anywhere in Canada fail to show the ravages of erosion. Drive along Highway 7, north-east from Toronto, in the naturally-favored province of Ontario, and observe the weeds and the uneven growth of grain. See how few farmers have fields where the growth appears to be lush, and, above all, even. See how in nearly every field there are patches where the growth is scanty, like tiny thin spots on a man's pate.

In nine cases out of ten the enemy is sheet erosion. On an absolutely level field, with proper cultivation, there will be very little damage. But so many farms have slightly rolling contours, and here there is always danger. In a countryside that is predominantly rolling, over 90% of the fields suffer from more or less serious erosion. And in such areas, in almost every case, there is serious flooding in the spring.

The Reason

The reason? The soil that is carried off by the rain tends to collect in the beds of rivers, raising them, rains are too great to be carried to the sea within its banks. The answer to spring flooding is not the building of more, and bigger and better dams, the construction of runoffs and reservoirs. The problem is not one of engineering, but of agriculture. Hold the water in by planting trees. Their roots will absorb water and bind the soil so that it will absorb the water. And keep the soil on the farms by selecting crops which strengthen it, and by ploughing in such a way that gullies do not form. A field with a slight gradient, if ploughed on the contour, will only erode in the worst rains; but even a shower will carry away much soil if the plough has built a smooth path for it. It is a less serious loss for a farmer if his land remains waterlogged for a few days in the spring than if his best soil is lost for ever.

The Ontario and Dominion Governments have recently issued a joint report on one selected area of Ontario, the Ganaraska Watershed in the counties of Durham and Northumberland. The area was chosen, not because it was unusual, but because it was typical. The survey* was undertaken primarily as a contribution to the study of post-war rehabilitation. I do not propose to go into details of the report nor its recommendations. The interesting thing about it is that it is the first survey of its kind to be carried out in Canada.

Port Hope, the largest town in the area, was more prosperous in the 60s of the last century and had a greater population than it has today. This is typical of many rural centres, whose inhabitants have migrated to industry in the big cities. Severe floods attack it in any year of abnormal rains. The town, having no control of the upper reaches of the river Ganaraska, can only undertake engineering projects, which, though they alleviate some of the symptoms, do nothing to remove the cause. Moreover they are relatively expensive. Again, the conditions in the upper part of the watershed, which are largely responsible for the floods at Port Hope, are not of a kind to encourage progressive farming, and erosion control. Hundreds of families live there with incomes insufficient to maintain anything but the very poorest standard of living.

Not Their Fault

It is not their fault. The soils in many cases are not suitable for farming at all, and almost all show serious damage from erosion. Crop yields, and consequently profits, are therefore far below what could be obtained in more fertile regions. There is no reason why a progressive farmer should choose such an area, and the present farmers have no money to spare for improvements.

The report considers the whole question of how the area can be made desirable, as it once was, before it had been cleared. Much of the land, it suggests, should be turned again into forest; the only crops it can produce profitably are wood products from the forest. It should never have been cultivated in the first place, and it is impossible to make it yield a fair living for its inhabitants by farming it. Other parts of the area can be improved by a proper selection of plants, improved methods of cultivation and careful control of erosion. Then, and then only, can they yield a living to the farmer. There is nothing haphazard about the business of making profits on a farm (as I shall show in a second article). It is a matter of careful planning, the proper use of resources and labour, and intelligence. In this it resembles every other enterprise.

It is continually emphasized in the Report that the proper utilization of land, and the control of erosion, is a communal responsibility, and cannot be undertaken by individual farmers. If the land is prosperous everyone in the area benefits, including the citizen of Port Hope who is able to rest securely in his house in the spring. The problems it poses offer us a great challenge. It tells us of the enormous amount of work that really needs to be done in a small area—not as a matter of relief for unemployment, though it may be this also, but as a matter of the immediate rehabilitation of the inhabitants and the preservation of the one great heritage we possess that need never be spent. When we have dug all the minerals out of our ground we cannot create new. But land, properly treated, is self-renewing.

Many Similar Areas

Throughout Canada there are thousands of areas similar to the Ganaraska Watershed, and presenting similar problems. Hundreds of millions of man hours can be spent in profitable work in these areas. The C.C.C. in U.S.A. during the thirties tackled the problem wholeheartedly and did a vast amount of good. We in Canada have not yet started, though the Report shows us the way. Let us have more reports like this from other areas, and let us somehow find the money for beginning work in earnest. It will pay for itself even in the short run by larger crops and profits for the farmers; socially it will be rebuilding both the lives of men, and the land which is the heritage of all of us. The profit from this is beyond measuring.

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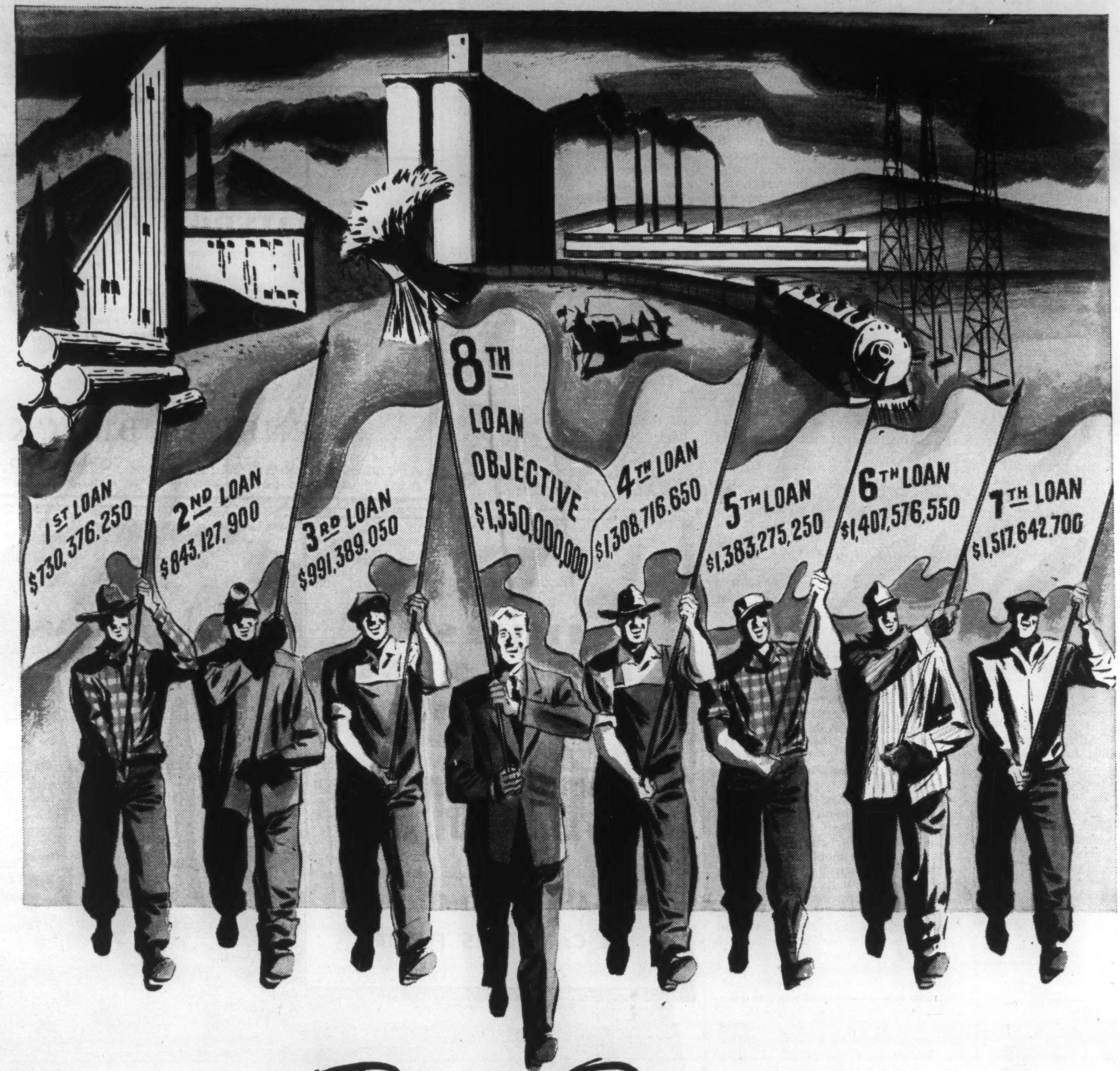
*The Ganaraska Watershed—a Study in Land Use with Recommendations for the Rehabilitation of the Area in the Postwar Period. Published jointly by the Governments of Canada and the Province of Ontario.

Calcutta is Mecca for Canadian Fliers in India

When on leave from operating bases in India, Canadian fliers make a bee-line for Canada House in Calcutta, popular leave centre sponsored by the Canadian Legion War Services Committee. Under the supervision of Sid Horwood, the genial boss of Canada House, it provides the change of atmosphere and bit of recreation needed by these lads who for most of the time are located in isolated stations in forward areas of Bengal. The first of a series of dances held at this popular Canadian "club" drew a large crowd. Foreground, with pretty dancing partner, is F/O E. F. Gilbert, Liberator pilot, of Windsor Mills, Que.

Sightseeing is always a popular pastime for Canadian fliers on leave, for the sights and sounds, not to mention smells, of a large city like Calcutta, are infinite in variety. Above: W/O J. F. Campbell, Carleton Place, Ont., and W/O J. L. Doyle, of Ottawa, watch how they saw lumber in India. As for Flt. Sgt. Paul Gingras, Quebec City, LAC Paul Dulude, and Sqdr. Ldr. Frank Seidel, of Montreal (below) whether they're going to buy from this fruit peddler in Old Delhi is beside the point. They're enjoying a good sales talk from him anyway.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8-55

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

Role of Employers as "Master" Is Ending

By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE

Acceptance by government of "high" employment as a responsibility means a new industrial revolution, says this British industrialist. With a continuing labor market of scarcity, authority based on ability to dismiss employees will disappear and the "master and servant" relationship between employer and worker will go with it. Every worker will have to be treated as a co-partner. Prosperity in industry will depend on close and cordial cooperation between management and workers.

Mr. Rowntree is an example of a type of businessman not uncommon in Britain but rare in this country, where the forces of social change have not been so strong. Chairman of Rowntree and Co. Ltd., he has been active in social work all his life and has written a number of works on industrial relationships.

IN the White Paper published in May 1944 it is stated that the British Government "accept as one of their primary aims and responsibilities the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment after the war."

If this aim is achieved it will revolutionize the status of the workers of Great Britain. In the past, save in wartime, the supply of labor has almost always exceeded the demand for it, and this has given a privileged position to those who could give or withhold jobs. But if a state of full employment is stabilized, authority based on the ability to dismiss employees will largely disappear.

In future shop discipline will only be secured with the willing co-operation of the workers, and to secure this the "master and servant" relationship between employer and employed must go. Every worker must be treated as a co-partner.

As a matter of fact, all those engaged in industry are *servants of the consumers*. It is consumers who give the orders and the greatest industrial magnate must obey them if he wants to stay in business. So the master and servant relationship within an industrial enterprise is unrealistic.

To speak of industry as service to the community may sound highbrow to a hard-boiled business man; some employers will resent the suggestion that they should regard themselves and all their employees as being fellow-servants, but that is their true relationship.

Under a state of full employment industrial management must inevitably become much more democratic, and employers who cannot adjust themselves to this change will sooner or later have to stand aside.

This does not mean that an industrial enterprise should be managed by mass meetings of the workers. There must be order givers and order takers. But the function of an order giver should not be that of a master ordering a servant about, but that of a man whose duty it is to interpret to a fellow worker the action called for by a given circumstance. His relationship to the order taker should be that of a railway conductor to the engineer of a train when he "orders" him to start his engine.

Democratization

Now what does the democratization of industrial management involve?

Under a democracy:

1. The people make their own laws.
2. They have a say (though often a very indirect one) in the appointment of those who administer the laws.
3. They are protected by impartial courts of justice against unfairness in their administration.
4. They are at liberty to express their views freely by word of mouth or in writing, and to criticize the Government.

Let us see how far these principles can be applied in industry. The "laws" which directly affect the workers in an industrial enterprise are the factory rules. These should be drawn up by the management and the workers jointly, and mutually agreed on before they are enforced.

With regard to the appointment of those whose duty it is to administer the laws the workers are chiefly concerned with the appointment of foremen and forewomen. It is these with whom they come into daily contact and who, more than anyone else, can render their lives agreeable or miserable. They should be appointed in consultation with a representative of the workers concerned. Usually this will be the shop steward.

Experience shows that it is not difficult to secure mutual agreement both with regard to the making of shop rules and the appointment of overlookers.

Right of Appeal

Now we come to the third principle of democracy—that workers should be protected against maladministration of the laws. In practice this means that if a worker is punished for a breach of factory rules he shall have the right of appeal to an impartial tribunal which might consist of, say, two members appointed by the workers, two by the management, with an agreed chairman who should have the right to vote. The decisions of this tribunal should be final.

Some employers may consider that to transfer the final decision on disciplinary matters from the management to a third party will undermine their authority. In practice this is not found to be so. After all, it is common justice that punishiment should be administered by an impartial body rather than by an aggrieved party, and in the long run authority depends on justice. Moreover, such a practice removes the chance of a strike occurring where the workers consider that a worker has been wrongfully punished.

Lastly we come to the right, under democracy, for people to express their views freely and to "criticize the Government" either by word of mouth or in writing. In a democratically conducted enterprise an opportunity should be afforded to the workers to do this.

Where there are as many as, say, 50 workers or more, there should be a Works Council, on which members of the administrative staff and representatives elected by the workers should serve.

It is important that both administrative officers and workers' representatives should be encouraged to express their views quite frankly, and there should be the least possible restriction regarding the matters which may be raised. Suppressed grievances are apt to fester!

For Real Cooperation

Periodically the management should inform the Council about the trading position of the enterprise, and about any other matters of interest that are occupying the attention of the management which can suitably be disclosed. The more the workers are told about these things the more will they feel that they are "part of the show"—and until they do feel this they will not give of their best.

It is by means such as I have described that the cooperation of the workers must be sought if the fear of dismissal for slack or careless work has been largely removed from their minds by the stabilization of full employment.

But the democratization of industry must be a reality. If the attitude of the management is to introduce as little democracy as they can get away with they won't get much co-operation, but if they seek to introduce as much as they can without sacrificing efficiency, and if the workers are assured that promotion, even to the highest posts, depends on personal qualifications alone and that no regard will be paid to class distinctions, they may confidently expect a good and a growing response from the workers.

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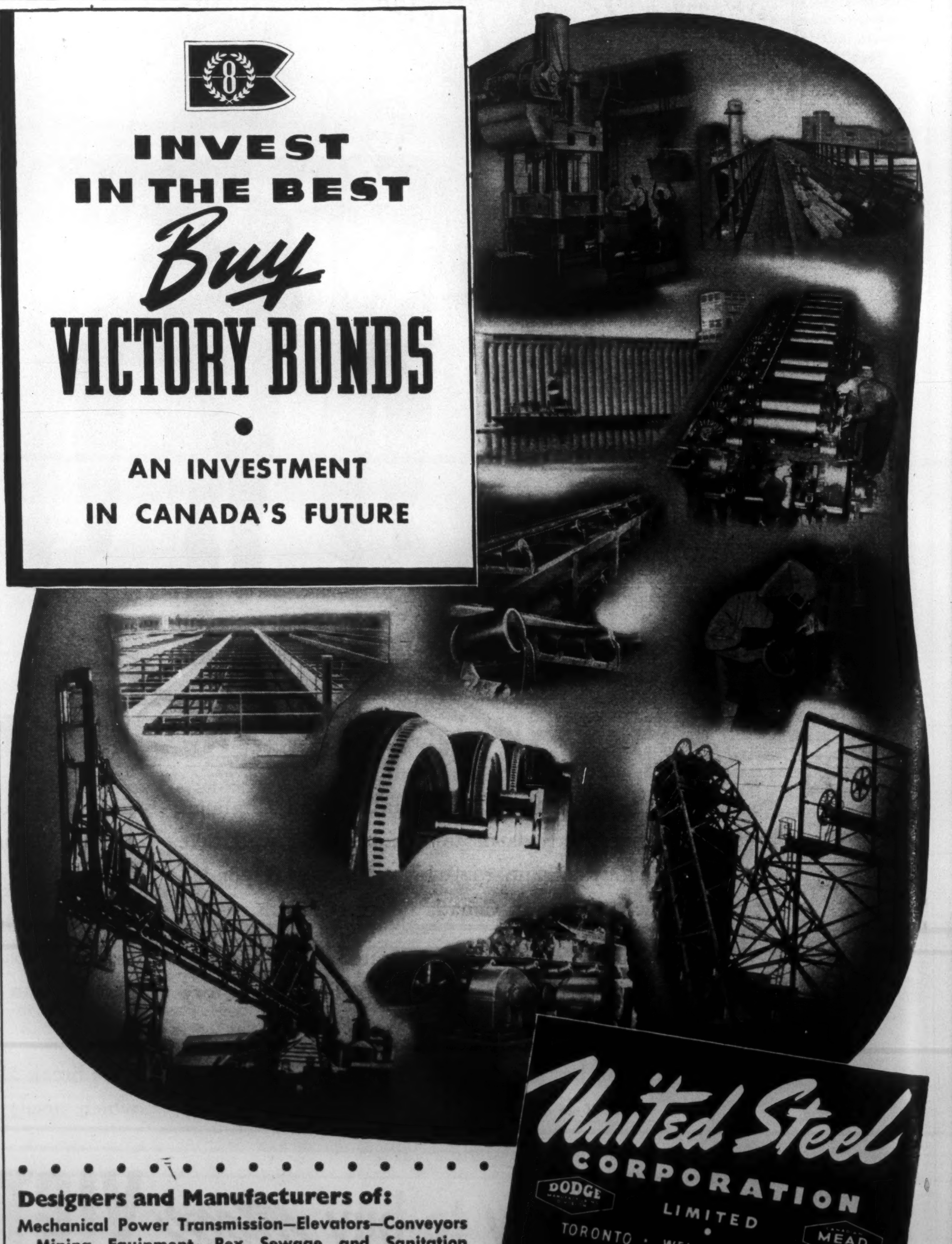

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Hitler's Great Dream Of a New Empire

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

Mr. Slocombe recalls one of the least known but most grandiose of Nazi plans. It was Hitler's dream to create a new western hemisphere by two huge dams across the Mediterranean which would have lowered the water level of the Mediterranean several hundred feet, would have created huge new areas of land and given to the Germans control of the greatest sources of hydro-electric power in the world.

AT this moment when all Hitler's dreams of being Dictator of the world are over, and Germany is on the edge of the abyss of ruin, it is interesting to recall one of the most grandiose, if least known, of Hitler's plans for the reconstruction of the world to suit the Master-Race and their slaves.

The project was nothing less than the creation of a new western hemisphere containing a great German continent to be formed out of Europe, Africa and the Middle East, and to extend from the North Cape to the Cape of Good Hope and from Gibraltar to India.

This mammoth continent was to be named Atlantropa. It was planned to give the German "Master-Race" control of the greatest sources of hydro-electric power, raw materials, and slave labor in the world.

Plans for this new world were first published by two of Hitler's arch-schemers, Doctor Wilhelm Harnisch, Reich Director of Mines, and the Reich Government architect, Hermann Sorgel, in March, 1942.

They appeared first in two highly serious technical organs, the German Mining Gazette *(Deutsche Bergwerkszeitung)* and the Scientific Review of Communications *(Wissenschaftliche Vereinigung fuer Verkehrswesen)*, and were subsequently widely discussed and developed in other Governmental or semi-official publications.

Briefly, the idea was a geographical union between Europe and Africa by means of two enormous dams.

The Mediterranean was to be bridged at two points.

A Vast Lake

One dam was to be built from Gibraltar to Tangier (a distance of roughly 22 miles). The Western Mediterranean would thus be converted into a vast lake, with a water level of 325 feet below that of the Atlantic.

A second great dam was to bridge the Mediterranean between Italy and Sicily and between Sicily and Tunisia, reducing the level of the Eastern Mediterranean by a further drop of 325 feet.

Malta would thus cease to be an island. The fall in the level of the Western Mediterranean would turn it into a rocky hill rising high above a large area of fertile soil.

The two dams would, according to the authors of the scheme, have furnished something like 50 million horse power of electrical energy. This energy it was estimated would suffice to drive electric trains and road trucks all the way from Berlin to Central Africa. Transformer stations were to have been erected along great arterial highways running southwards from the Mediterranean to the heart of Africa and even to Capetown.

The dam across the Straits of Gibraltar was intended to carry a railway. Similar railways were to be built on the central Mediterranean dam from Italy to Tunisia and on a third dam contemplated across the Dardanelles.

This last project when realized would have fulfilled the long enduring German dream of a Berlin-Bagdad railway.

Each of the dams was planned to contain a series of locks to provide for the passage of shipping from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and back. No British or American shipping was to be permitted entry. Other nations' shipping would, of course, pay dues to the German overlords.

The most audacious schemes of these Nazi master-builders dealt with the transformation of Africa from a "Dark" continent to a continent fit for white slaves to toil in.

Two New Inland Seas

The great inland lakes and rivers of central Africa were to be dammed and concentrated in two immense new inland seas — a Congo Sea and a Chad Sea. The Congo Sea was to serve as a reservoir for the supply of mammoth hydro-electric stations whose total output was estimated at not less than 300 million horse power of electrical energy. Its overflow was to be diverted across the Sahara Desert to create a second river Nile, flowing into the Mediterranean near Gabes in Tunisia.

A second overflow river was to run into the South Atlantic near Brazzaville, by means of a series of locks. Thus a ship leaving Hamburg could have travelled to the heart of the Congo, and perhaps eventually even to Capetown, by using the inland waterways of Africa.

The physical union of Europe and Africa would have increased the land space available to the Herrenvolk by a total of about two million square miles.

About 200,000 square miles of reclaimed land would have been available in the Mediterranean as a consequence of the fall in the water level of the eastern basin, lowered 650 feet below that of the Atlantic.

The Sahara, irrigated and fertilized by the new river Nile, would, it was estimated, have yielded just over two million square miles of wheat-growing lands, leaving Egypt to grow cotton alone.

This great new German empire was, of course, to be exploited by white slave labor from the conquered races of Europe.

The dream died with the defeat of Rommel.

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THE LONDON LETTER

Britain's Coal Problem Revives Scheme to Harness Severn Bore

By P. O'D.

NOW that the coal problem of this country is becoming so acute, the price going up and up and the output down and down, the question of alternative sources of heat and power assumes a new importance. This presumably is why the Government is once again going into the question of a dam across the Severn, which would harness to electric turbines the wild waters that come tumbling down from Plinlimmon among the mountains of Wales.

I say "once again" because more than a dozen years ago a commission was appointed to consider the practicability of such a scheme. The engineers decided that the scheme was practical enough. But coal in those happy days was selling at about 15 shillings a ton and plenty of it. Electricity could be produced from coal more cheaply than from the proposed water-power, and the scheme was shelved as economically unjustified.

Now with coal climbing up to 50 shillings a ton, the situation is a very different one—especially with coal supplies so much below the national need. It is possible, of course, that when the war is over coal will become cheaper and more plentiful, but only a dyed-in-the-wool optimist would gamble on that. On the contrary, coal seems likely to be in short and expensive supply for a good many years to come.

The new committee of engineers, which has just brought out its report on the Severn Barrage, as it is called, says that the scheme would cost in the neighborhood of £50,000,000, would take about eight years to complete, would save 1,000,000 tons of coal a year, and, with coal at the present price or thereabout, would pay. But £50,000,000 is a lot of money, and eight years is a long time to wait for any return on it.

There is more than a small likelihood that this report will be shelved like its predecessor. But it is at least encouraging to know that we have in this country a water-power capable of producing more than two billion kilowatt-hours annually. It would be something to fall back on if daddy should continue to show a disinclination to go down in the mine. The famous Severn Bore is the useful kind.

Kit-Cat Portraits to Nation

One of the most famous of London clubs was the Kit-Cat, founded in 1703 by Jacob Tonson, the publisher, though its members had for some years been meeting at the bakery and tavern of Christopher Katt, near Temple Bar. His surname is sometimes given as "Cat". In any case, it was the origin of the club's rather odd name.

We know a great deal about the meetings of Dr. Johnson's even more famous club, but unfortunately very little about the talk that went on around the flowing bowl at the Kit-Cat—and the mutton pies, for which Kit Cat himself was celebrated. Yet the talk at the Kit-Cat must have been equally good, or almost, for it had among its members Addison, Steele, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and such statesmen as Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Chancellor Somers.

The Kit-Cat had no Boswell to immortalize it in literature. As a compensation it had Sir Godfrey Kneller to immortalize it in paint. He did no less than 44 portraits of his fellow-members, and for more than two centuries this great collection has been kept together by the heirs of Jacob Tonson. It has now been acquired for the National Portrait Gallery, the most valuable single contribution ever made to it.

We are not told anything about the price, but it is safe to say that it is very small compared to what might have been obtained for the pictures if sold separately to collectors. This is a transaction that reflects the greatest credit on all concerned. By it a unique collection of famous portraits is secured for the nation for all time—so far as mortal man is entitled to speak of time with such assurance.

CAPTAIN EUSTACE A. BROCK, whose retirement from Active Naval Service is announced from Ottawa, will resume his interrupted association with The Great-West Life Assurance Company of Winnipeg. H. W. Manning, Vice-President and Managing Director, has made it known that Captain Brock has been appointed an Assistant General Manager of the Company. Captain Brock joined the Great-West Life in 1915 and was Secretary from 1927 until he went on Active Service. During the past five and a half years he has occupied a number of important naval posts both in Canada and overseas.

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Notable Collection to Victoria University

By M. K. ZIEMAN

OVER 600 Baxter prints, valued at more than $15,000, have been presented by Mrs. F. N. G. Starr to Victoria University, Toronto, to remain as a permanent collection in the college library. They represent 25-years' collection in all parts of the world on the part of the late Dr. and Mrs. Starr. Many of the prints are extremely unique and rare. From the points of view of comprehensiveness, quality and variety of prints this collection ranks as one of the finest on this continent.

Reproductions of Baxter prints are quite familiar to many people, though in many cases they are not recognized as such. In his faithful and accurate representation of personages, events and places, Baxter did for the early nineteenth century what modern photography accomplishes today. In many instances these prints constitute the only pictorial record of his times.

In recording with accurate and infinite detail such events as the coronation of Queen Victoria, in portraying places and buildings of historic interest, many of which have been greatly altered in the ensuing years, George Baxter (1804-1867) rendered immeasurable service to antiquarian research. Such records are all the more valuable, in that so many of the places depicted have since been destroyed by bombing. There is also every likelihood that this Canadian collection will grow in value, as doubtless many Baxter collections abroad have also suffered damage or destruction.

But Baxter was more than a recorder of the historical and factual—he was an artist and craftsman of superb gifts. His reproductions of famous paintings, chiefly religious, bear comparison with the originals. It would be difficult to find anything to equal his reproductions of the Raphael cartoons for the Sistine Chapel in Rome, seven of which appear in this collection. But Baxter, we must remember, was an artist in his own right. Many of his prints were made from his own originals, painted as in the case of the "Wreck of the Reliance" from descriptions by eye-witnesses, or reconstructed partly at least from imagination, as the prints of the Scott Antarctic expedition would lead one to believe.

But it is in the delicate and exquisite coloring (many of the prints were touched up by hand) of his romantic and genre prints that Baxter is supreme. These are the work of an experienced and sensitive craftsman, but they are more—they give us the very flavor and essence of Victorian England. Baxter's earliest color prints were made from wood blocks, later he used metal plates.

Canada is especially fortunate in possessing a collection of this calibre, which from time to time, is expected to be made available for inspection by the public.

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Ever notice this? . . . in practically every drug store, the biggest pile of papers is the pile of Star Weeklies. People buy The Star Weekly week after week because they want to read it.

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Roosevelt Had Radio's Greatest And Most Widely Heard Voice

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

MOST of all, this was a week of sorrow for the passing of the most familiar "voice" in the world. Franklin Delano Roosevelt's firm, intimate "My Friends", which so often sounded around the whole world in times of crises, will no longer be heard in actuality, although, thanks to modern science, his voice is preserved on wax and glass transcriptions. Future generations will hear reproductions of his "fireside chats" and come to know, as we have known, the strength of his personality.

Whenever Roosevelt spoke on the air he commanded a world audience. In figures, the people who listened to his talks were estimated anywhere from 50 to 70 million. No man in the world ever spoke to such large audiences at one time. He was one of the few men who understood the intimacy of the microphone technique. Even Churchill, with all his abilities as a speaker, sometimes forgets he is talking to ones and twos and threes in their own homes, and declaims as if he were addressing Parliament. Roosevelt never did this on the air. Canadians came to know him intimately through the medium of his voice. Few Canadians, comparatively, ever saw him, except in the news-reel and newspapers.

Radio, more than any other force, was responsible for his winning three terms in the White House. While the great majority of newspapers of the United States were opposed to him, and fought his liberal policies, his personality on the air overcame this opposition. "F.D.R." is missed by every Canadian.

PERCY FAITH has come from Chicago to help with every Victory Loan since Canada went to war. And as we write he is back again to compose special music for the five coast-to-coast Victory Loan broadcasts. He conducted the orchestra for the first of these concerts from Toronto on April 18.

With him on this program was another young Canadian who has attracted much favorable attention south of the border. She is Yvonne de Carlo, 20 years old and from Vancouver, chosen by Hollywood as the "World's Most Beautiful Girl". And to add to the variety, also appearing were Marjorie Lawrence, the lovely Australian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, Hollywood's Pat O'Brien, and the Danish-born concert pianist and comedy genius, Victor Borge.

Canadians will be pleased with the choice of native-born talent for the remaining broadcasts. Expected to appear are Raoul Jobin, French-speaking Canadian tenor of the Metropolitan, Beatrice Lillie, Portia White and Alan Young.

And don't be surprised if you hear five minutes of some of the most popular Canadian network programs at odd hours of the day and evening. We have it from the Victory Bond people that each of these programs will carry a hard-hitting bond selling message.

TWO days after the Victory Loan opens next Monday, the United Nations Conference gets under way at San Francisco. Right on the spot to give Canadian listeners a first-hand report of this historic happening will be SATURDAY NIGHT's foreign editor Willson Woodside, nightly commentator on the C.B.C. major network, and Elmore Philpott, as well as R. W. Bowman and Blair Fraser.

Rene Garneau, who is broadcasts supervisor for the C.B.C. international service, will broadcast to French listeners. He will also broadcast overseas by short-wave. Other Canadians, both newsmen and delegates, will also be heard over the Canadian networks and in some cases by short-wave to Europe.

An object lesson in Allied cooperation will be offered the Conference by the radio men. In the matter of material and facilities, the C.B.C. plans to work closely with the B.B.C. and the Australian Broadcasting Company, and in providing those of us at home with "on the spot" broadcasts, the C.B.C. will operate on an exchange basis with the American networks.

As I write I hear that Claire Wallace is going to San Francisco. She is probably the only Canadian woman broadcaster to have that honor.

TIME and again listeners have lauded the sponsors of "Singing Stars of Tomorrow" for their enterprise in undertaking such a thoroughly enjoyable program. And not without reason. In the present series, just drawing to the close, 44 talented young Canadians, chosen from among 800 candidates, have made a notable contribution to Sunday evening enjoyment, and have, as well, competed for substantial musical scholarships.

From among these 44, eight were invited to take part in the semi-finals. They are Miss Gwendolyn Smart, Ottawa, Miss Simone Filibotte, Rosemount, Que., Miss Muriel Niven, Calgary, Miss Joan Ryan, Montreal, Miss Kaye Connor, Vancouver, and three Toronto girls, Miss Alexandra Belugin, Miss Jane Harkness and Miss Evelyn Gould.

Judging from the public response to the sponsor's offer of free tickets to hear the finalists at Massey Hall in Toronto on April 29, the place will be filled to overflowing. The five judges with whom lies the decision of picking the three scholarship winners are Miss Florence Easton, and Dr. J. F. Staton, both of Montreal; Rhynd Jameson of Vancouver, and Toronto's Rex Battle and Hector Charlesworth.

RADIO polls appear to have caught the public fancy. A life assurance company recently made a survey of the listening habits of 100 or more of its head office employees. More people were interested in the goings-on of "Fibber McGee and Molly" than in the cast of any other program. Bob Hope and Charlie McCarthy ended up in second and third place respectively, with Jack Benny "definitely going to the cleaners". Frank Munn won hands down in the light concert music class section.

In the "strictly long-haired" class, the "Firestone Hour" and the New York Philharmonic were tied at the top of the list, with the Boston Symphony and the "Telephone Hour" next in line. Under "miscellaneous", top place went to "Information, Please". One of the male employees insisted his favorite program was "John's Other Wife." And to quote the story about this poll as we received it, "Two timid souls take the announcer seriously when he says, 'Uh-uh, don't touch that radio!' They are regular listeners to 'L' for Lanky," the Air Force documentary program.

IF CANADIAN women do not learn from their radios how to prevent soggy crusts and satisfy the emotional needs of their children, it will not be the fault of Elizabeth Long, energetic and capable director of women's interest broadcasts for the C.B.C. Under Miss Long's direction a series of new summer programs for women has just been announced covering everything from "Fish with Flavor" to "Toddlers and Bobby Socks."

Beginning May 7, Eustella Langdon will conduct a series of classes in cooking. "Mother's Business," a program discussing the practical techniques of building family life, will go on the air for the first time on May 3. Hazel Stevenson, a home sewing consultant, will relate ways and means of giving home sewing the professional touch in another new series beginning May 4.

Right in step with the needs of the day, Miss Long has prepared a vocational guidance program for girls and women who before long will have to decide on their peacetime profession. The first program on May 1 will be devoted to choosing one's job. After that, each program will entirely centre around one particular type of peacetime employment. All these broadcasts are heard at 4.18 in the afternoon, E.S.T.

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That is not all. When farmers get new equipment and improve their farms to make them more efficient, they will raise more foodstuffs. This means more work, jobs and wages for workers engaged in industry and transportation.

It means more goods for export, too... You see how the circles widen and widen until there are better markets for everybody. So everybody will benefit from these new loans which the banks are now empowered to make to farmers!

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Achieving Strong National Spirit Seems Difficult in Canada

A CANADIAN PEOPLE, by Dr. Lorne Pierce. (Ryerson, $1.00 paper, $1.50 cloth.)

THE SMOOTHNESS of a bottle does not guarantee the smoothness of the fluid ounces inside. In like manner the mellow and genial manner of a man may conceal some vigorous, if not corrosive, opinions. Dr. Pierce is a Canadian of the fourth generation and has been wondering for a long time what's the matter with Canada. In detail there's nothing the matter with it; a great country with diligent and kindly people, speaking some twenty or thirty languages; a "mosaic," as John Murray Gibbon called it. But where's the over-all national feeling?

He thinks it has been turned aside by small, local interests, blown-up by politicians for their own advantage. "There are certain elements in Canada who are resolved with a kind of blind madness to heap the fires of prejudice both racial and religious and let loose a conflagration." He intimates that each race, each separate block, each creed, has in it a flash of color which in combination with the rest would produce something superlative in national beauty, and he calls on all citizens of good-will to turn thumbs-down on all "the scarecrow prophets" who praise me-and-mine unduly. A good book, which deserves the widest circulation.

•

The Premier's Speeches

CANADA AND THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, by the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

AN alert and well-furnished mind, a decisive will and a diplomatic manner; these qualities are possessed in high degree by the Prime Minister of Canada. They account in large measure for his perpetual hold on the loyalty of the Liberal Party. The manager of men who seems to defer to the individuality of each member of the team sits long in the driver's seat; twenty-five years in Mr. King's case. He has been Prime Minister for the past ten years, and, with interruptions, for some years before that.

He is an orator in the modern manner; that is to say, he scorns oratory. In this collection of his speeches covering a period from September 1941 to May, 1944 practically no patches of florid ornament appear. Always he has something vital to say. He says it in plain, well-mannered English, and if he hammers home a point with a well-judged quotation, that quotation is not one to reveal the literary distinction of the speaker.

These addresses, whether in London or in Ottawa, "read" uncommonly well. They deal with themes of prime importance; the unity of Canada, the war effort, the role of Canada in international affairs. Some are controversial, as is to be expected.

There is a preface by Eric Estoric and an Introduction by B. K. Sandwell.

•

Asking Too Much

THE WIND ON THE MOON, by Eric Linklater. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

WHIMSY and fantasy are Mr. Linklater's native air. His small plays of diversified characters in elysium have brought him much popularity. Here he essays a tale for children which will please many adults. Witches are credible to children if they are once-upon-a-time figures, but scarcely so when "Mrs. Grimble" lives in a near-by wood today, and fantasy of here-and-now is not easy for literal juveniles to grasp.

But for imaginative grown-ups the humor is lively and pleasurable.

•

Brilliant Sketches

LOVE AND ADMIRATION, by Louise Field Cooper. (Collins, $2.75.)

HERE is a collection of homely sketches about the life and small embarrassments of the Findlay family, but they are told with charm and humor and technical finish. Almost all of them had first publication in the *New Yorker*. The portrait of the over-loving foreign wastrel, Jim Zinzinovitch, who adopted Mrs. Findlay as his mother *pro tem.* and depended upon her to get him out of jail, after bibulous passages, is an endearing one, and the complications arising out of the two Oxford refugees, aged 11 and 13, are most entertaining.

•

Virile Song

FAR FROM THE LAND and Other Poems, by James Monohan. (Macmillans, $1.25.)

A YOUNG Commando officer who once was a juvenile poet weaving neat rhythms for the magazines is a man now, having seen rivers of blood and sweat and experienced over-abundant toil. His poems have intensity and fire; they say something, and with vigor as well as with beauty. Of Ludgate Hill and its devastation, and St. Paul's, he writes:

> "Old roads that died. Yet (where that skeleton steel has, prayerless, raised its tortured arms to pray, and where, behind a centuries' pediment stars hide) there all the suppliant moon's fingers are shining to one towering comforter. . . Fear empties from the city. Transient war had never strength like this serenity."

The book has only 36 pages, but many more ideas.

•

The Poems of Hugo

OEUVRES POETIQUES COMPLETES par Victor Hugo. (Editions Valiquette, Montreal, $4.75.)

THE captain of the French Romanticists who was continually in battle array, on the chance of meeting a traditionalist, was perhaps the most diligent man of his age; as well as one of the most brilliant. To English folk he is best known by his novels, "Les Miserables," "Toilers of the Sea." But he won his reputation at home by his plays and poems, many of them breathing political satire, and during his exile in the Island of Guernsey his politics were more fervent than ever.

This collection of his poems is enormous; over 1,200 pages in double column and set in six-point type; the reading of a lifetime! Doubtless many of the poems fall short of the highest standard, but the strange thing, as one reads here and there at random, is to find how often one can be warmed by his passion and charmed by his grace. In the long poem on The Terrible Year (1870-1871) there is a poem on the burning of the Library which applies perfectly to Hitler and his comparatively recent book-burning festival. Here is a fragment of it:

"As-tu donc oublié que ton liberateur
C'est le livre? Le livre est là; sur la hauteur;
Il luit; parce qu'il brille et qu'il les illumine
Il détruit l'échaufaud, la guerre, la famine;
Il parle, plus d'esclave et plus de paria!"

In a word, books are your liberators. The light which shines from them destroys all the ills of man.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Peasant Rebellion in Ireland is The Theme of a Fierce Novel

BANSHEE HARVEST, a novel, by Jim Phelan. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

THE Irish habit of proceeding too quickly from argument to violence has wearied many governors and at this moment wearies De Valera. For there is ingrained hostility between farmers and ranchers, since the latter hold great acreage in pasture while the peasants yearn in vain for more land. This story, told with intensity and distinction, deals with civil war in a corner, when the peasants are embattled on a mountain against police and soldiers doing the will of Authority, and at the same time of the ranchers. There is a warm love story which ends in tragedy; in the usual Irish way. The author has been twice sentenced to death and has spent fourteen years in prison; a major distinction among his friends.

•

Three Above Average

By W. S. MILNE

THREE WHO LOVED, by Edita Morris. (Macmillan, $2.50.)

WILD ORCHARD, by Isabel Dick. (Oxford, $3.00.)

SON AND STRANGER, by Joan Charles. (Musson, $3.00.)

EDITA MORRIS is a much-travelled Swedish-born American writer of short stories, whose work frequently appears in the best anthologies. "Three Who Loved" contains three stories which are really all variations of the one theme: the radiant influence given off unconsciously by anyone completely and unselfishly in love. Only one of the three deals with love as between the sexes. "The Melody", the best of the three, tells in simple folk-tale fashion, how a whole village of ugly-natured people was transformed by the presence of a queerly beautiful little boy among them. All three stories are written with delicacy and a haunting sort of charm.

"Wild Orchard" is a straightforward novel of the settling of Tasmania in the 1840's. Jan Halifax brings his bride Harriat from England, and they camp on their land until a house is built. They have many adventures, but "the Halifaxes found happiness and satisfaction in the new land that love and courage had helped them conquer," which seems a fair enough statement of the scope of the story. It is well written, with considerably more meat in it than "The Building of Jalna", for instance, a novel that resembles it in theme only. It hasn't the scope or penetration of "Green Dolphin Street", but admirers of that best-seller will likely enjoy "Wild Orchard".

"Son and Stranger" is a brilliant and powerful study of matriarchal cannibalism. Not since I saw "The Silver Cord" on the stage have I been so excited by any writing on that threadbare theme. Miss Charles, without resorting to melodrama, builds up a picture of the possessive mother sucking away the very essence of her son's individuality in a manner that is as horrible as anything devised by Poe or Machen. Its horror is in the quiet sense of actuality that is always present. The minor sub-plot of the child's kidnapping weakens the main theme, and its purpose in the story might better be served in some other way. This is a thriller in the best sense of the word. I cannot imagine a more hateful villain than Jon's mother with her gentle and unscrupulous possessiveness.

•

Turkish Setting

THE TROUBLED MIDNIGHT, a novel, by John Gunther. (Musson, $3.00.)

ISTANBUL in neutrality is the scene of this tale and a theatrical scene it is; Germans intriguing for raw materials and trying to counter the efforts of Allied Intelligence officers; Turks following the main chance with earnest patience; refugees from all the Balkans plotting revenge; the Gestapo, practising secret murder even of their own nationals; the perfect setting for a common spy melodrama.

But John Gunther, aware of all secret strings managing a hundred puppets, is content to set up a background and let it alone while he unveils the love story of an American girl serving with the Lend-Lease Administration. She is a girl of experience, a sophisticated experience of the modern social type, but with sympathies and hatreds after the American manner. She attracts a young British diplomat and a German, the latter hot in pursuit of her. And despite her anti-Nazi spirit kindled by a year or so of pre-war life in Berlin, she encourages him. Indeed she gives the impression of one shopping-around for love, despite the fact that some time before she had deserted her husband for an American tycoon and had been his mistress in Washington. For these reasons Mrs. Leslie Corcoran is a heroine that leaves one reader a little weary.

But her activities present the author with a great opportunity to set forth the mad logic of Nazi doctrine and the reasons why Americans and other free peoples must fight it to a finish. The novel is crowded with memorable characters clearly limned, is strong in structure and beautifully written.

•

A Church Editor

LIFE IS LIKE THAT, by William Black Creighton. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

FOR thirty-seven years Dr. Creighton was Editor of a Church paper, perhaps one of the more weary posts in journalism, since such an Editor dances in fetters. There is the general Creed, an easy gyve. But more rigid ones, often chafing, are denominational and personal assumptions by various Churchmen *about* the Creed. After the first twenty years or so, if the Editor is a Personality, the critics begin to grow tired of the attempt to form him on their own pattern, realizing that he will "call the shots as he sees them" courteously declining to be "formed".

Such an Editor was Dr. Creighton, with The *Christian Guardian* and The *New Outlook*. Here is a collection of his editorials, calm, reasoned, and not infrequently touched with gentle satire. Perhaps the key to the editor's mind is found in this brief quotation, "A little bit of fine living is worth more than a great deal of fine preaching."

•

Montgomery Tales

KILMENY OF THE ORCHARD, THE Story Girl and The Golden Road, all by L. M. Montgomery. (Ryerson, $1.49 each.)

THESE new Canadian editions of a well-loved author's work are beautifully printed and will be a cherished ornament and treasure for any young girl's library.

•

Little Theatre Man

FARNUM BARTON, whose death was announced recently, was an amateur actor who had much to do with the beginnings of Little Theatre work in Toronto, although his work was not in the modern vein. He was rather too stately in voice and movement for straight parts, but for character roles he had a distinct talent. One remembers him particularly in the one-act play *Waterloo* by Conan Doyle which was long in the repertoire of Sir Henry Irving. When the earliest of the star-eyed groups of Toronto were playing Maeterlinck's *Interior, Kathleen ni Houlihan, Liliom* and such, Mr. Barton was always there, or thereabouts. He was an active business man who gave all his leisure to one of the best of hobbies.

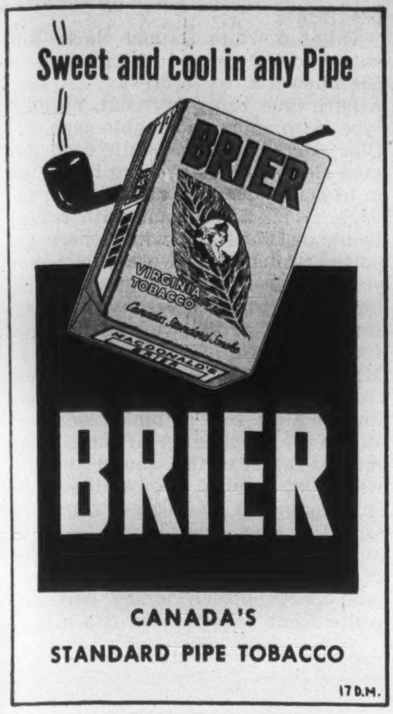
•

Fact Compendium

CANADA IN WORLD WAR II. (William S. Boas and Company, Montreal, n.p.)

AN IMMENSE book of over 600 quarto pages most of which are decorated with portraits and other illustrations undertakes to "tell all" about the Canadian war-effort together with the post-war possibilities in each of the Provinces. As it is the product of an advertisers' field day it contains an enormous amount of detailed information, and no doubt will be useful for reference purposes, but it is not recommended as bedside reading.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.



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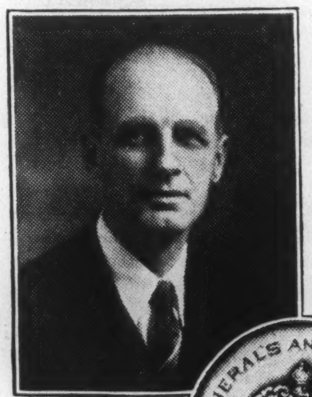

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WORLD OF WOMEN

New Outlook on the Springtime Decor of House Interiors

By BERNICE COFFEY

AT A TIME when those who buy have become conditioned to at best kindly condescension from those who sell, it is refreshing to find a group of people who sell and still love the public with the old fervor. This endearing trait seems to be shared by the interior decorators, bless 'em, whose democratic enthusiasm toward anything relating to decoration is balm to bruised feelings. Their interest appears to be as keen-edged—whether it is the problem of a bride's one-and-a-half room apartment and a budget that won't quite stretch to slip-covers unless she herself makes them; or the stem-to-stern re-decoration of the house of someone to whom Messrs. Dun & Bradstreet award the gold-encrusted accolade of Aa.

A point on which interior decorators agree for clients—whatever their credit rating—when furnishing a house from scratch, is that it is advisable to begin either with a few pieces of good furniture, or a lot of inexpensive amusing stuff that can be relegated to other rooms.

Simpson's "Inside Story" is a series of two-sided room settings rich in ideas to stimulate the imagination of anyone about to become involved with house painters and their allied tradesmen. In the first edition of the "Story" sectional furniture played a star role with great success. Chests, bookcases, chairs were juggled about in all sorts of combinations and arrangements to display the versatility of this good-looking furniture of clean, good-looking lines. It appeared in countless finishes—pickled, limed, stained and painted, according to the *décor* in which it appeared. In the second edition, now on view, there is a fresh, summer atmosphere and a number of ideas that might easily be used for summer houses from which the mice soon are to be banished.

Spring Tonic

Here are some spring tonics for the house lifted at random from the first and second "Inside Story". Some of them may be of a quasi-temporary nature, but they will do until the house is filled with the "good" furniture of the future.

Entrance hall—the three panel door opened with a decorative knob set spang in its middle instead of at the side, is given further importance by a frame of border wallpaper striped in grey and white accented by thin lines of maroon. The door is flanked by chests painted acid green and topped by a Chinese lamp and a Jerusalem cherry tree. Putty walls . . . green floor with putty-color border . . . banquettes covered with "leopard skin" that never roamed a jungle but emerges tamely from the dress goods department.

Play room—"barn red" painted walls and floor . . . sturdy Canadian Provincial limed pine furniture from Quebec . . . farm lanterns painted white and wired for electricity.

A girl's room—limed pine furniture against walls papered with grey, blue and white gingham paper . . . yellow, blue and grey gingham ruffle around the bunk bed and as a frame around the mirror over the vanity . . . yellow floor with blue border. And for the Man of Tomorrow's room—two studio couches covered with deep coral homespun set at right angles in a corner . . . wallpaper in which blue predominates with a repeat design of spyglass and clipper . . . two vigorous Dale Nichols paintings, one above the other... limed oak corner book case . . . a deep blue floor with crimson rug.

Notes for future reference: For an illusion of space in a narrow hall—a long double shelf attached to the wall at table height under a large unframed mirror. . . Sectional chest flanked by corner bookcases, painted *café au lait* with chartreuse lining, and used as a sideboard unit in a dining room. . . Large flower pots covered with pasted-on wallpaper—not of long term practicality perhaps, but effective while it lasts. And what more can anyone ask?

This Fashion Business

Fashion is not all glamor. It is Big Business, too, and has as great a contribution to make to the industrial life of Canada as mining, shipbuilding and other seemingly unrelated industries. It provides the bread and butter and perhaps a little cake of more thousands of Canadian people than many of us think. It contributes a sizeable share of taxes, has important effects on Dominion-wide employment, can bring greater prosperity to communities. Yes, the dress you buy for yourself or the suit you buy for your little boy is of far greater importance to many more people than you may think.

The other night we were at a dinner, along with several hundred other people, at which the opening guns were fired signalling Toronto's intention of becoming a Canadian fashion centre. Significantly, the city in the person of the Mayor and the province, in the person of the Minister of Labor, were represented at the head table.

Toronto Fashion Industries is a group of manufacturers who believe that no man can make a market for himself, but that a great deal can be done collectively to make you, Mrs. Consumer, aware of what they have to sell. They say they hold a strong hand in "craftsmanship, quality and sound business ethics," and are out to make a bold bid to establish a Canadian style center which, in its own way, will be the counterpart of similar centers such as California and its sportswear, in the United States.

It is a healthy and promising sign of the future. The consumer has nothing to lose and much to gain by such moves. When manufacturers band together in mutual interest it can presage higher standards all around of workmanship, style and quality. Sharp or slipshod practices on the part of a few are unlikely to be regarded with tolerance when they reflect on the group as a whole. All of which should work to the advantage of that alertly observant lady standing over there on the sidelines—the consumer.

The evening of speeches concluded with a fashion review of clothes—made in Toronto, of course. From the jottings on the back of our program:

Tailored white flannel slacks and short jacket copied from General Eisenhower's battle dress. . . . Periwinkle blue rainy-day coat, military type, with short detachable cape. . . . Blue "domino" dress with deep dolman sleeves in contrasting brown set in to points over the shoulders at the back. . . . Bolero suit with tuxedo front, of black and white check imported Scotch wool, worn with lemon yellow blouse, bag and hat. . . . Shocking pink torso dress with pleats fanning out at the back of the skirt from a rosette of the material. . . . Misty pink lace negligee over pink satin, the low placed waistline outlined with a row of pink roses. . . . White crepe lounging pyjamas, bare midriff, waist of the trousers banded with gold sequins. . . . A three-piece suit composed of slacks, skirt and jacket in grey glen plaid. . . . White and brown jersey swim suit of two-dimensional effect with white bra, pants with brown jersey rear and white front with printed fish design.

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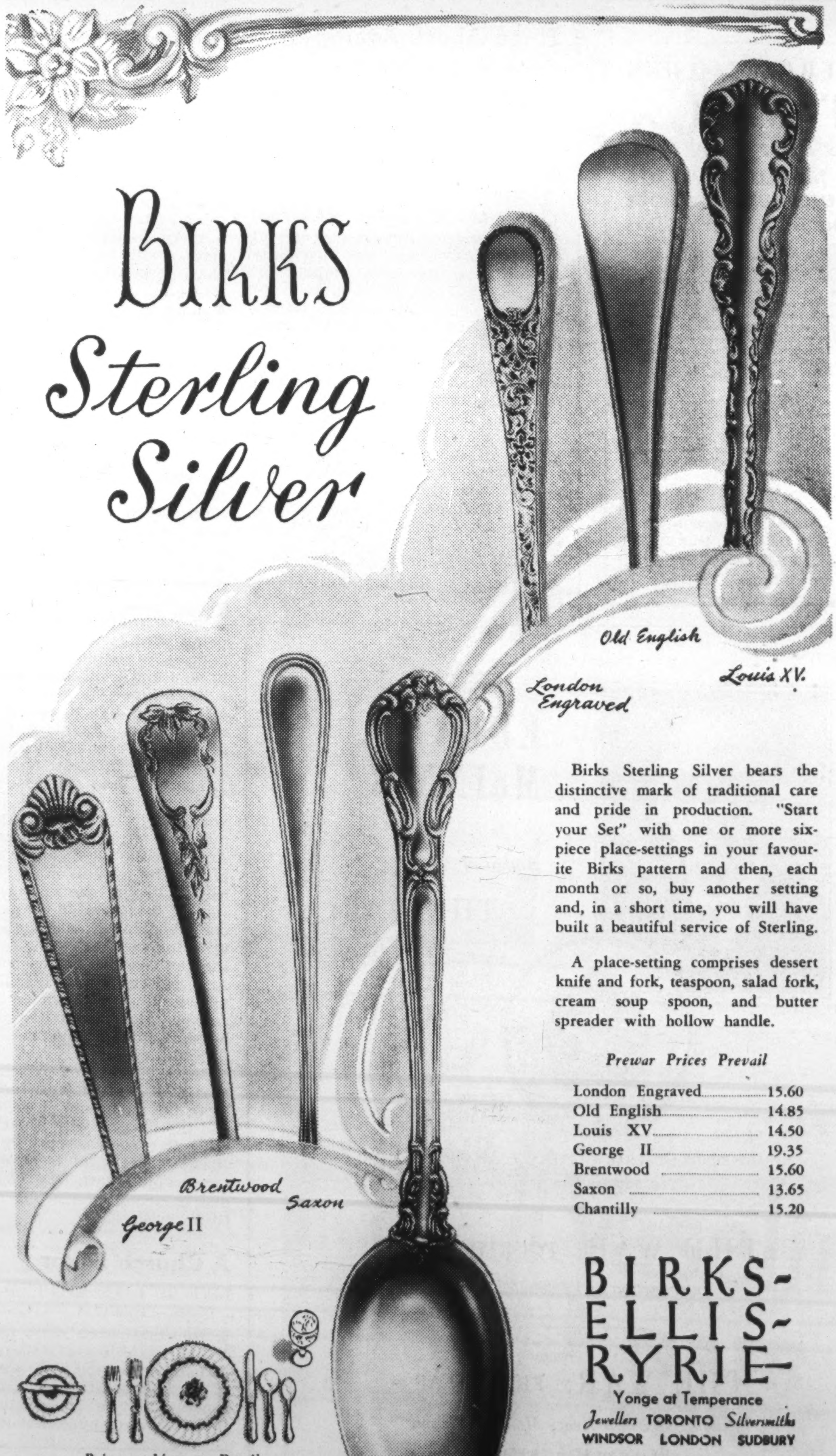

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Song for a Dime: Cafe Vignette of a Rainy Sunday Afternoon

By ANN FOSTER

IT was just one of those things I guess. No heroics. No fuss. But there wasn't a person in the place left unmoved, from the old Chinaman on his stool before the cash register, to the blonde drinking pop at counter.

It was a wet Sunday around lunch time. Few people were outside. Cars slithered on the oily streets, and rain washed in flat, dismal waves against the steaming windows of the cafe.

Inside, it was crowded. Everyone was slumped disconsolately in their seats. Young kids drinking colored stuff in tall glasses. Husbands and wives eating. Women alone, smoking. The usual thing you find in any cheap downtown restaurant on a day when no one has anything particular to do. There was a juke box, but no one played it. It wasn't difficult to hear some of the remarks that were being made . . . about the food . . . taxes . . . high prices . . . the weather; above all, the weather.

No one noticed the old Chinaman's almond eyes open wide behind his spectacles. No one noticed the lad come in. No one noticed anything, until the juke box started up.

You couldn't hear all the words of the song. But you could guess all right . . . There was a girl and a boy and a meadow and a stream. Everything was pretty dandy all right. Pretty nice kind of a world.

The steaming cafe became silent.

But it wasn't because of the song. Nor because of the man who sang it. It was because of the lad who kept putting dimes into the slot to play the tune. He was a fairly big guy, with eyes as blue as china. He stood alone, weighed down with full battle dress—tin helmet, rifle, water bottle—the whole works. He'd taken off his army cap, and a smooth helmet of bronze gleamed beneath the bald electric light.

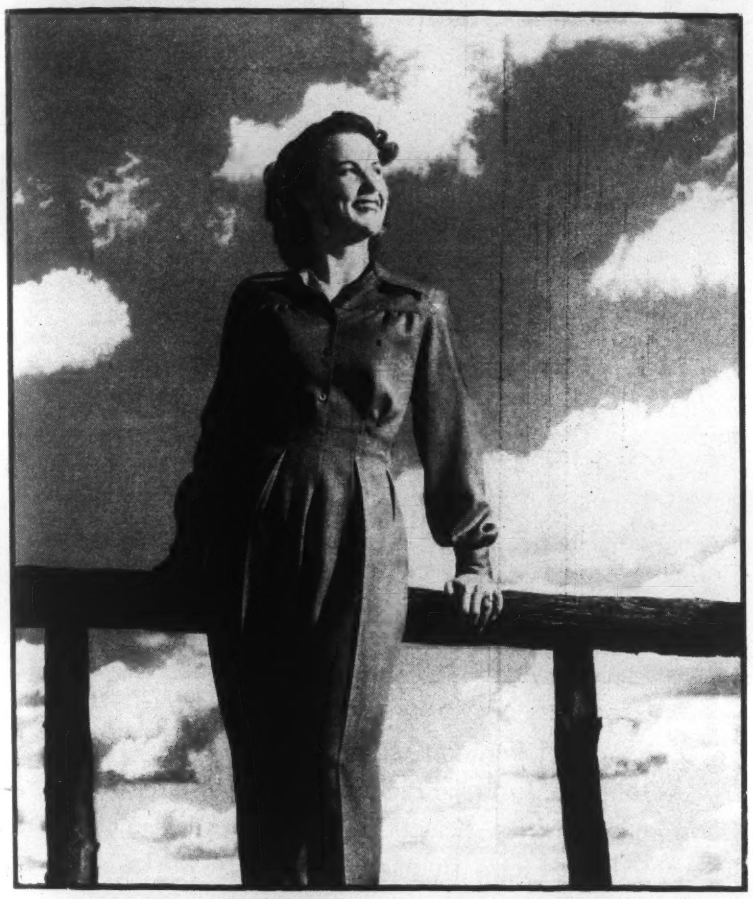
Every eye in the place was turned upon him. There was something about him you couldn't put your finger on, the way he looked every time he fished in his pocket for another dime.

He played the song about the girl and the boy, the meadow and the stream over and over, and finally slipped what must have been the tenth coin into the slot. Click. Then, with the last sentimental note echoing against the dismal ceiling, with the last indolent sagging of the record back into place, he straightened himself, smoothed down the bronze hair, placed his cap slowly on his head, and made for the door.

In an instant, the old Chinaman slid off his stool, shuffled round to the front of the counter and stood before the soldier. A face of a thousand wrinkles looked into the smooth face of a kid. Eyes keen as steel, and clear, looked down into eyes black and inscrutable. And then the Chinaman's hand shot out. "Good luck!" he said.

The young soldier grasped the brown and withered hand. "Thanks!" he muttered. Then, placing his arm lightly around the old man's shoulder he said, "You see, I've just had a wire. I can't get to them. But—I've just had a son. An hour ago. She asked me to play our tune. That's why I had to come here. Must go now, or I'll miss the train."

He turned at the door, and for the first time noticed the crowded room. He grinned, and was gone. The door shut on his young bright back, on his battle dress, and on the rain. The old Chinaman shuffled round and climbed back on his stool. Someone got up and left. The cash register belched out bright coins. And the people began to talk again. "Well," they said, "so what do you know?"



Tailoring details borrowed from men's clothes and translated into feminine terms, give this slack suit smart, uncluttered lines. Waistline pleats are very flattering to the figure and responsible for attractive "drape". A yoke effect and cleverly placed tucks give soft, well-mannered fit to the long-sleeved blouse. Designed by Gerhard Kennedy.

• •

Wool-like Textile from Peanuts

STARTING metaphorically with a bag of peanuts and an idea, chemists of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited have developed a new textile fibre which is wool-like, does not shrink and is not attacked by moths. Known as Ardil, this new material is composed of vegetable protein, while wool is of course an animal protein fibre.

After extraction of the oil, which constitutes 50 per cent of the peanut, the protein content is extracted with dilute alkali, reprecipitated and then made into a spinning solution. This solution is processed like rayon to give a cream-colored, crimped, resilient staple fibre which resembles wool. It may be blended with wool, cotton or staple rayon, and yarns may be made on the worsted, woollen or cotton systems according to the type of fibre required.

Fabrics have been made purely of Ardil, the I.C.I. chemists report, but its best use is likely to be in combination with wool to manufacture worsteds, woollens, tweeds and knitted fabrics. Fabrics containing 50 per cent Ardil are said to be scarcely distinguishable from 100 per cent wool. It is expected that Ardil will be cheaper than wool and so reduce the price of such fabrics.

When mixed with cotton or rayon, Ardil changes the character of the finished fabric, adding warmth, fullness of handle, resilience and a crease resistance to the cloth. Suits, coats and dresses have been made from such blended yarns and have behaved normally in wear.

Canada has little indigenous textile fibre production. New industry based on vegetable proteins simulating wool ranks in interest with rayon and nylon, which are made respectively from cellulose and coal.

At present, work on Ardil is at the research stage. No samples are yet available for distribution. It is unlikely that production on a commercial scale will get under way till after the war.

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Elizabeth Arden

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Furniture in Waiting: Sometimes There's Sentiment in Storage

By MARY EDNA RITCHIE

IN 1918 the household effects of a family were stored in a city warehouse. They are still there with storage charges being paid regularly. Why hasn't the family resumed housekeeping in that time? The storage man may know but he doesn't betray confidences. It is fairly safe to assume, though, that sentiment is behind those regular payments.

Long-time storage—periods from five to twenty years—is not practical from an economic standpoint because the charges outweigh the actual value of the goods stored. Most warehouses have had several instances—a missionary gone to China, a business man and his wife travelling over twenty years in South America, war widows of the 1914-1918 conflict and elderly spinsters. Almost invariably the goods have been stored for sentimental reasons.

But these people are responsible for only a small percentage of the business carried on in the imposing structures that warehouses have become since storage found itself in the big business class. One warehouse may hold the household belongings of a few hundred families while another with several buildings may serve a few thousand families—families that have temporarily broken up housekeeping.

The housing shortage is conceded the acute reason for storage being at its greatest height. This is particularly true in industrial cities to which war workers have come by the thousands. In some instances the problem is met by doubling up with the result that people who never dreamed of doing such a thing are having to store their belongings.

The war has accentuated the condition in another way. With the husband a serviceman and the wife perhaps working in a war plant somewhere else, the logical thing to do is store the household goods.

Then there is the matter of transferring from a job in one part of the country to one in another part. Uncertain as to how things will work out, a couple often prefers to store their effects for a while in their home town.

Changes of Heart

In fact the most frequent need of storage is for periods of from two to six months where people move from city to city or just locally. In many cases they are trying to find suitable accommodation from the period when their lease is terminated to the time a new lease can be negotiated or a new home bought. And it is only to be expected that for several years immediately following the war the confusion of re-adjustments and changes of location will hold storage requirements to the same level as in war time.

In some cases where death breaks up a family the furniture is stored until someone has found sufficient courage to take up the threads again and make the necessary adjustment in the pattern. Often a year or longer time is involved.

Divorce also puts accounts on the warehouse books. When husband and wife separate the furniture they chose together as bride and groom often leaves the bright home they planned and built for the barren warehouse.

Most companies have two types of storage, individual and open, the cost depending on the type and on the amount of goods. The average rate is two cents a cubic foot for individual storage and a cent and a half for open. The individual or private sections resemble huge lockers and will hold the contents of the ordinary apartment or small home. A peek into any of these "rooms" convinces one that there is an art to utilizing space.

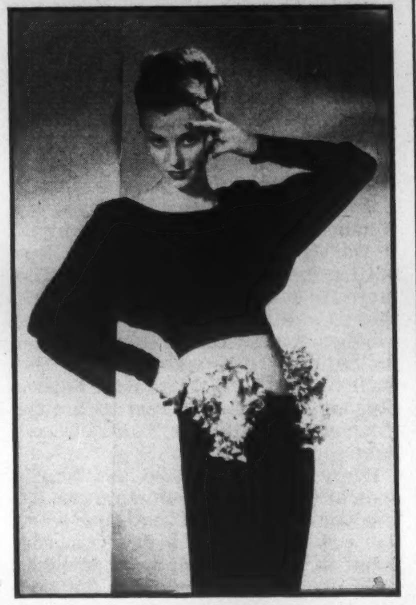
In the open or general storage it almost seems as if there had been lockers there also and some genie had whisked away the partitions and doors, so orderly are the rows of closely-packed household goods.

There is no need to be uneasy about the care given to the household effects in storage. A visit to any modern warehouse will impress one with the fact that in some instances it is more than probable that the goods have never been so well off as regards lack of damage, since they left the store brand new. For more than one article storage is indeed the life of Riley.

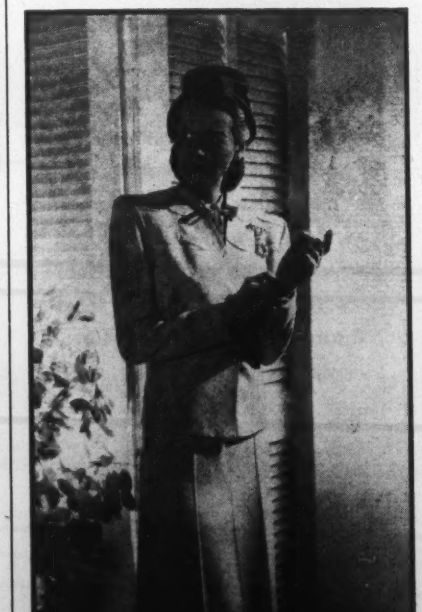
Certain furniture is given special storage. There are heated piano rooms where the instruments present rather a ghostly company, each one covered to protect the finish. Refrigerators and stoves are stored by themselves rather than with other goods. This eliminates danger of chipping which might happen if articles were piled on top. Some warehouses have special rug rooms also. Incidentally wrapping services for rugs, light- colored upholstery, mattresses and lampshades are available to customers as is special packing for small fragile items. Special padding or crating is recommended for valuable oil paintings. There are trunk racks, vaults for silver and other valuables and a fur storage vault. Facilities are not identical with each company but all offer several special services. A few do rug cleaning and still others operate furniture sales-rooms.

Tagged and Listed

But whether the facilities are greatly varied or not every article or package is tagged or numbered and listed and a warehouse receipt is issued. In



Deep midriff accentuated with contrasting hip band, a criss-cross dolman bolero, feature a Stein & Blaine dress of black and violet crepe with cascading flower bouquets.



Scalloped tucks on the broad-shouldered jacket and a gold fob matching gold buttons down the front are interesting details of this beige gabardine suit by Phillip Mangone.

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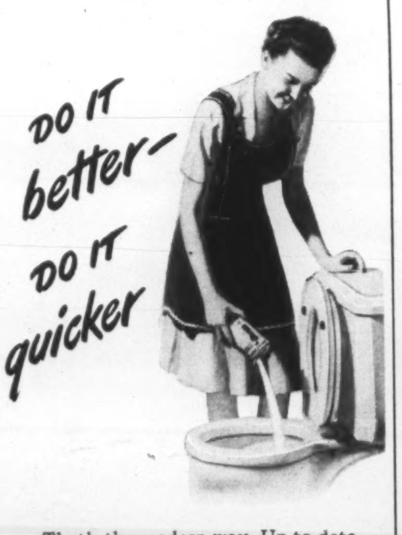

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this matter of receipts the company only recognizes one owner unless, as in the case of bank accounts, an arrangement has been made to show joint ownership. The person to whom the receipt is made out is the one who can claim the goods.

This tagging and listing of articles must have been quite a chore in what one warehouseman terms as possibly the most unusual job his company ever handled. It involved a six-roomed house which on inspection turned out to contain (apart from the usual items) 44 floor lamps, 120 cushions, 56 barrels of china, glassware, knick-knacks and perfumes of rare value. As the house was so full the owner was living in a tent in the back-yard. The goods were finally sold by Public Auction.

According to one storage company the question most frequently asked is "Are you responsible for marks and breakages?" The answer is "Yes, when we are permitted to do both the packing and the unpacking of all the goods." Furniture should not be wrapped before coming to storage by the owner as the company does not know the condition of such articles on arrival.

Are there any unusual requests for storage? The most outstanding in the experience of one warehouse owner was being asked by a circus company to store the lions. Needless to say he couldn't oblige.

An executive of another storage company had an interesting story about a man who went to live in Central America and left with them a huge glass ball approximately 10 feet in diameter. This was crated and carefully boxed and shipped to Central America. Several months later they received a lengthy letter from this man stating that the large package had arrived in due course. He had secured the services of some twenty natives to push the crate up a steep hill to his home overlooking the ocean. After the twenty-odd natives had struggled for two days the package was placed on the plateau opposite the verandah and the crate removed.

Sentimental Value

It had been a long, hot struggle and the men stopped for a long drink of lime juice. While their backs were turned the wind caught the huge ball, bowling it down hill into thousands of pieces. In conclusion, the customer wrote, it was apparent that nature never intended him to have this oddity in his possession.

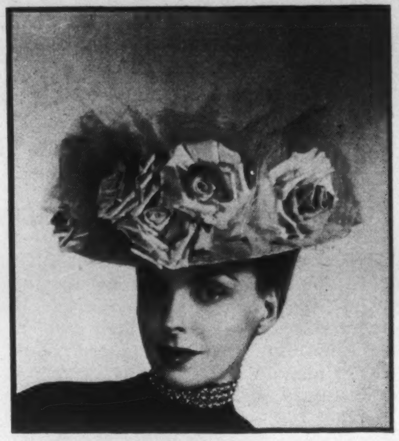
What happens to the household goods if no charges are paid or if the owner falls behind in the payments?

In such an event the storage company is protected by the Warehousemen's Lien Act. After a period of six months has elapsed without payment of charges arrangements may be made to sell the goods by Public Auction. But the company must notify the owner by registered mail sent to the last known address that the goods will be sold unless the storage charges are paid. If the account is still unpaid after thirty days, the company must then advertise at least once a week for two consecutive weeks in a newspaper circulating in the locality. This advertisement must state time, place and date of the sale which may take place not less than fourteen days after the date of first publication.

Some warehouses hold goods for more than a year before giving notice of sale. This usually depends on the storage space available and the economic value of the goods in relation to the outstanding account. And warehousemen may be tender-hearted and loath to offer family belongings for sale.

But people are so sentimental about their possessions that they will make almost any sacrifice to satisfy the storage charges and retain ownership. Even when the charges have covered such a long time that they have amounted to more than the value of the article the payments are still kept up. There's more than one piece of furniture could be bought new for less than the storage cost. But it wouldn't be the same table or chair.

Perhaps sentiment will prove itself more of a stabilizing force than we think in this half-mad world. Certainly many people have faith in the future. Ask the storage man. He knows that, no matter whether it's months or years, some day most of the furniture in his care will go back to a real home.



Spring sailor from the collection of Lilly Dache, of natural straw with brim piled high with yellow maline and large delicately shaded roses.

The Fiddle and the Player

By MURRAY ADASKIN

FOR the past three years I have been playing on a beautiful Strad, and in spite of suspicious minded folk who may think I'm looking for compliments, I would like to state immediately that during this time I have always felt that my ability as a player has never done full justice to the beauty of my instrument. However, I must add that even a Strad doesn't play by itself, except when you're dreaming, and as I have had many such dreams, I would like to describe my latest. (I dream—quote)—

Our Janitor is a sweet old man who works hard at keeping us warm. He shovels coal and snow in the winter months, and attends our modest garden and front lawn in the summer, with never a word of complaint except when we insist on paying him a little extra. He came into my studio one morning to examine the radiator while I was practicing, and he asked me whether it was difficult to play the violin. I foolishly said "Oh, not a Strad!" and he immediately asked me whether I would let him try mine.

I wondered at the time why I so willingly handed him the violin that only expert fiddlers were permitted to touch but, before I thought much about it, he clutched the bow in his fist and put the fiddle under his chin. Within a few moments I straightened him away, and instead of the gnarled hands of Our Janitor I saw a pair of hands that seemed to belong to Heifetz beautifully and gracefully poised. Then he began to play.

I have never heard more beautiful sounds. He played a composition that Heifetz had played the night before on the Bell Telephone Hour and I was touched at the thought of Our Janitor "listening in" so carefully on a radio program that I enjoyed so much. My Strad never sounded better, and I realized then and there that with a fine instrument anything could happen.

He played through a few more of my favorites, then, handing the fiddle back to me, said, "Guess I've wasted enough of your time, but if you could get me an instrument like yours I'd give up my job." With that I awoke and couldn't get to sleep again. (Dream unquote).

Every violinist, great or mediocre, when playing a fine instrument, has received the doubtful compliment—"Your fiddle sounds marvellous" or "How beautiful your instrument sounds". It comes, therefore, as a pleasant surprise when someone mentions that the Player had something to do with the sweet noise coming from the fiddle.

Only once was I so pleasantly surprised. That was recently when Pierre Monteux was lunching at the Royal York Hotel. I had just finished playing, when the great conductor came across the dining room and asked to see my fiddle, which he thought sounded like a Strad. I was happy to have him examine it, and after a few moments he said, "It sounds beautiful." Then he added, with a twinkle in his eyes, "But you know how to make it sound beautiful."

That delightful compliment set me up for days, and I immediately bought my wife a new hat which set *her* up for weeks.

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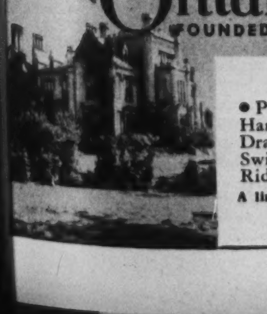

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Adler's Mouth-Organ in History A Distinguished Women's Choir

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE magic by which Larry Adler lifts the humble mouth-organ, often given the more aristocratic name "harmonica", into the rank of a symphonic instrument prompted me to look into its history. Before I had got very far in Percy Scholes' "Oxford Companion to Music", where the subject is extensively dealt with, I learned some surprising facts. I had been unaware that an instrument of which I had owned several as a child, with no important results, had very distinguished backgrounds.

I may begin by stating that the title "harmonica" is a stolen one. It was originally applied by Benjamin Franklin to an improvement on the musical glasses used in the 18th century by composers as eminent as Gluck. The early history of musical glasses is so interesting that some day I may write of it, but for the present my subject is the mouth organ, used in a highly elaborated form by Mr. Adler. Its invention is attributed to Sir Charles Wheatstone (1802-1875) and is one of the simplest applications of the principles of the free reed, basis of the reed-organ. Wheatstone was the virtual inventor of the electric telegraph, afterwards perfected by Morse. Wheatstone's original invention is still, it is said, used by English railroads for signalling purposes. He was also the inventor of the concertina and experimented with devices to augment the duration of tone in piano strings. The mouth-organ introduced by him in 1829 he christened the "Aeolina" a name subsequently abandoned. Though of English origin it first came into general use in Germany where its educational value in developing the musical tastes of children was stressed. The chief seat of manufacture was long Trossingen, Wurtemburg, where one firm enjoyed a virtual world monopoly. It claimed to have manufactured 30 millions of them in 1929 and over 46 millions in 1930.

In 1938 Hitler's Ministry of Public Instruction reported the existence of 6,000 mouth-organ bands in German schools with a total membership of 300,000. It is estimated that about a third of that number of mouth-organ bands are to be found in the schools of the United States. During World War I the musicians of Great Britain organized a large fund to provide mouth-organs free to soldiers, and they cheered many a weary march. Whether anything of the kind has been done in the present war I do not know, but the German army is said to make wide use of them.

Larry Adler therefore enjoys an unparalleled position. He is the most inspired exponent of the most generally diffused musical instrument in the world. The range of expression he obtains is marvellous, and the tone he produces with the aid of a microphone is not merely sufficient in volume but musical in quality. Mr. Adler wins an audience before he sounds a note by the gentleness of his smile, and his whole personality is vibrant with musical inspiration. There was a violin-like tone in renderings of a Concerto by Vivaldi and a Gavotte by Bach; and a word must be said of the support he received from the piano accompaniments of Arthur Ferrante. Rich, colorful, and remarkable in rhythmical expression were an Intermezzo from Granados' "Goyescas", and the stirring "Nigun" from Ernest Bloch's Jewish suite "Baal Shem". The lyric tenderness he evoked in Debussy's "Clair de Lune", and brilliant staccato in a "Fandango Braziliero" by Jean Berger were also memorable.

I was interested to discover that the characteristic wailing of Gershwin's music exemplified in an arrangement of "Rhapsody in Blue" and the less familiar "Prelude No. 2" sounded as though it might have been composed for Mr. Adler.

As in past appearances his associate was Paul Draper, who endeavors to lift another sidewalk form of entertainment to higher realms,—the democratic art of tap-dancing. Mr. Draper is by nature musical, rhythmical, graceful and very agile, but his interpretations of courtly old composers like Rameau and Paradies, and even modern Spaniards like Lecuona and Morillo did not seem really suggestive. Tap-dancing is a diversion radically associated with the native folk song and folk dance of North America, indulged in not only by the Negroes but white mountaineers and pioneers. When toward the end of the program Mr. Draper danced to native tunes like "The Arkansaw" the response of the audience showed how much more vital was his appeal.

The Bell Singers

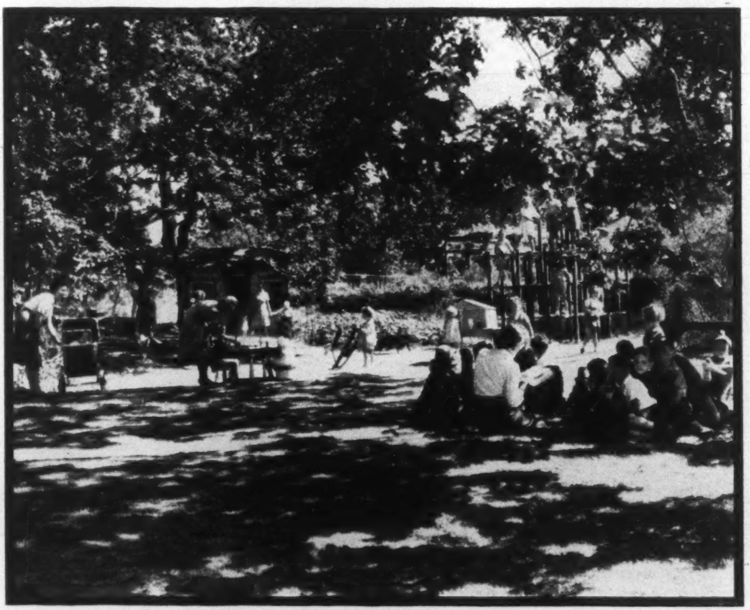
On numerous occasions I have spoken of the beautiful singing of a young women's organization once known as the Alumnae Choir, and now (in recognition of its conductor) as The Leslie Bell Singers. Mr. Bell's service to musical progress in Ontario as an official of the Ontario Department of Education is well known, and, necessarily, choral singing is his particular hobby. The choir now consists of 55 young voices of exquisite quality with a large, scholarly and beautiful repertory. In the prime requisites of choral singing, tone quality and enunciation, it is outstanding. It is an organization which sings entirely without accompaniment and its musical efficiency is to be noted in sure attack, true to pitch. Shading and expression are beautiful. Anything that can be sung by women's voices exclusively, is within its range.

Its exceptional distinction was revealed in Bach's chorale "All Glory Be to God on High". Bach, like composers of today, was occasionally an "arranger" and this work is in reality an adaptation of a chorale composed by Nicolaus Decius, over 150 years before Bach was born. Other ancient music included part songs by William Byrd, Thomas Ravenscroft and Orlando Lasso. Listening to the thousandth time to "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" one realized that no more perfect adaptation of music to words was ever composed,—a field in which many present-day composers are shockingly inept. The remarkable thing about it is that Ben Jonson, author of the verses, the images of which come from the Greek Anthology, died in 1637; and the tune cannot be traced back farther than 1770 when it was anonymously published as a glee. It has been erroneously attributed to both Thomas Arne and an amateur named Col. Mellish. Nobody knows who actually did compose one of the loveliest airs in all song-literature. It seems to have been a momentary outcropping of genius.

The Bell Singers do modern works, not originally devised as choral music, admirably also:—numbers like Mr. Bell's adaptation of the lovely third movement from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" suite or Solveig's Song from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" as arranged by the assistant conductor, Fred D. Roy. Two admirable soloists, Muriel Lee and Jean Leitch, were heard.

The Bell Singers were assisted by a very gifted ensemble, the four Shklar sisters, two violinists, a violist and a pianist, all good musicians whose mutual response is as fascinating as their tone and expression. In a classic like Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante their elegance of style is admirable, and in modern works like the Kreisler "Caprice Viennois" and the Dinicu "Hora Staccato" their bravura was captivating.

The Casavant Society, which has done so much of recent seasons to stimulate interest in the organ as a concert vehicle, through the medium



A project which combines books and play-group activities for children between the years of four and eight is this Children's Garden Library, which was successfully launched last summer by Mrs. W. W. McGill in Victoria, B.C. Besides the books which are dispensed from a charming cottage Bookhouse, tucked under the trees in Mrs. McGill's garden, the children delight in the group games and story dramatization provided for them. The upper photograph illustrates Story Hour on the lawn, while (below) the children take time out for treats. In the background can be seen the Jungle Gym set, also provided for their amusement.

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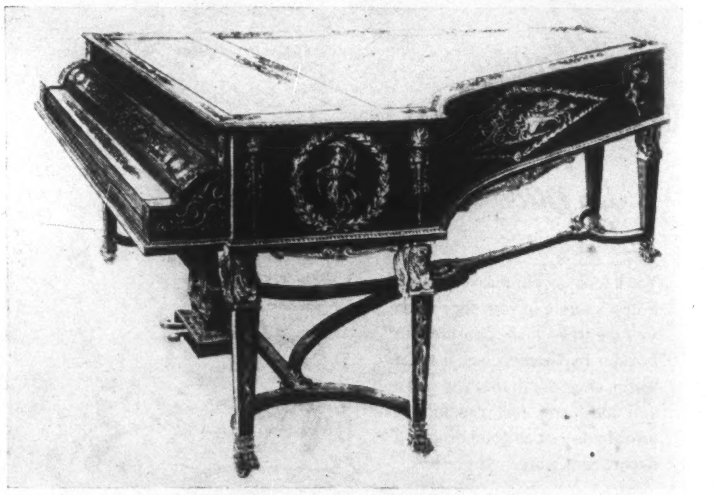

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of the magnificent instrument in Eaton Auditorium, closed its 1944-5 series last Saturday. The guest organist was a renowned American virtuoso Alexander McCurdy, who was impressive and moving in his renderings of Bach, including six of the great chorales. Schumann and Cesar Franck were also included and a unique and exquisite offering was Introduction and Allegro for organ and harp by Maurice Ravel. The harpist, Flora Greenwood, is truly virtuosic. One of her most brilliant solo offerings was "Zephyrs," by another famous harpist, Salzedo. The Society this season, as in the past, has done a splendid service in providing recognition for Toronto's many Secondary School Choirs. On this occasion that of Rolph Road High School conducted by Evelyn Wharram gave a very good account of itself.

FILM AND THEATRE

The Three-Dimensional Cinema Will Soon Be Coming to Us

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE cinema World of Tomorrow, which beckons so brightly to the great minds of the industry is enough to scare old-fashioned movie-goers out of their wits. It seems that the movies of the postwar world aren't going to stay up on the screen where they belong. They are coming right down to mix with the audience. Here are a few of the formidable things to come, as outlined in an advertisement in a national weekly.

"Three Dimensional Movies they are called, so realistic that the characters seem to step from the screen and pass beside you. Planes roar out of the sky and into the very theatre. Flowers in the garden seem to spill their petals right into your lap. every screen play is a vast and enthralling spectacle, so true to life that you feel you are one of the actors. That's the movie of the future, being perfected now by the Men Who Think of Tomorrow."

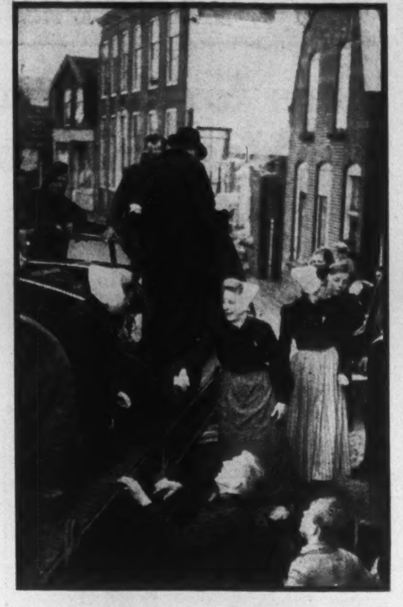
It seems pretty clear from the above that the Men who Think of Tomorrow are *not* thinking of the average nervous movie-goer. So it might be well for us to pause before things go too far, and ask ourselves if we really want the goodies that the men of vision are preparing for us. Do we want to sit in the theatre—or more likely crouch under the seat—with planes roaring out of the sky and zooming just above our heads? Would we really be any happier if the characters stepped down from the screen to pass among us and involve us in their silly or preposterous or awful destinies?

I know I shall hate it. I don't want Wallace Beery crying on my shoulder, and I don't want to play Madame Dumont to the four Marx Brothers. I don't fancy having the whole Hardy family playing about my ears, and I don't care for the idea of having little Margaret perch suddenly on my knee—particularly since I don't care much for little Margaret O'Brien under any circumstances. I can't imagine anything worse than an evening with Abbott and Costello let loose in the theatre. I suffer enough as it is from the fearful discomfort that Abbott and Costello inflict on the people on the screen, who at least get salaries for co-operating. Will we be expected to pay for the privilege of being assaulted by the famous comics, or will the Men who Think of Tomorrow see that the audiences of tomorrow are properly paid under the rules established by Actors' Equity?

The notion of having flowers from a garden spilling their petals into your lap sounds harmless enough, but we may be sure that it won't stop with flower petals. We'll be lucky if they don't spill Olsen and Johnson into our laps, or the whole lot of Andrews sisters. Hollywood has always revelled in the practical joke, and since the third dimension will extend its possibilities almost illimitably we can expect all hell to break loose in the cinematic post-war world. Audiences will be threatened at every turn with burst watermains, falling bricks, roaring motor-cycle cops, clutching hands and buckets of prepared calcimine—in fact, all the awful and ingenious apparatus of slapstick screen comedy.

Nothing can be done about it of course. The three-dimensional movie with enforced audience-participation is bound to come. But the more one looks at the World of Tomorrow through the glowing vision of the men who are thinking it up, the safer one feels in the World of To-day. Hap-hazard as it is, it keeps movie-characters on the screen where they belong. It doesn't let them loose to tangle in our hair.

A sequel to "My Friend Flicka" was inevitable. "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka" is the follow-up, a spacious slow-moving film considerably more engaging to the eye than to the imagination. It is chiefly a triumph of the camera-man, who had some extraordinarily beautiful horses to record, as well as vast sweeps of dramatic landscape. It is also a triumph of technicolor, which is always kinder, or at any rate more reasonable, towards horse-flesh than towards human flesh. The chief glory of the film is the Albino, a superb blue-eyed white stallion. The story has been loosely fitted to the career of the Albino, a wild maverick who raids the domestic herds and vanishes with the best brood mares.


The traditional starched white cap is worn by these Dutch women refugees, who are being evacuated in a "Duck" from the flooded areas of the Dutch Islands, near Walcheren.

Ramshackle Inn Comtricdrama

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IN "Ramshackle Inn," which is rather mysteriously billed as a Comtricdrama, Zasu Pitts' comedy follows its invariable pattern, and is invariably funny. It is hard to say why Miss Pitts' comedy wears so well. She has been entertaining America with her fluttering hands and quavering voice for as long as most movie-goers can remember, and though she has never altered her comedy line by more than an added quaver or flutter, her drollery—the drollery of frustration varied by odd bursts of spunkiness—never seems to lose its charm.

There is an immense amount of activity in "Ramshackle Inn" and a great many people are engaged in one form of violence or another, but it is doubtful if anyone, including the authors, could give a completely lucid account of how the plot is held together. Lucidity isn't necessary, however, for a story involving Zasu Pitts who is always at her most winning when confusion is at its height. The confusion here involves a corpse that turns up first in a safe, then in a trunk, and finally in a small cupboard, a lot of mysterious activities in a cellar filled with contraband liquor, the abduction of a beautiful girl by two handsome strangers and two subsequent murders, one of which seemed to have some organic connection with the story.

Miss Pitts takes over the inn, assuming with it her natural position as the queen of confusion. She is funny a great deal of the time without half-trying and she is even funny—which is perhaps more of a triumph—when she really works at it; e.g. when she falls up or down stairs or tangles herself in an over-sized negligé trimmed with marabou. She is supported by a competent if rather bewildering cast, most of whom are kept busy at one form of mayhem or another most of the evening. Helen MacKellar's comedy as an alcoholic blonde, though considerably more aggressive than Miss Pitts, was very diverting in its own way.

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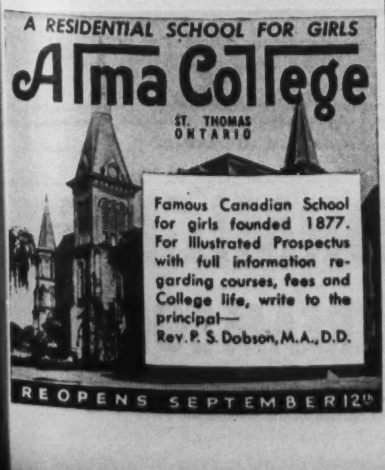
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CONCERNING FOOD

Plans for Community of Future and Hospitality of Today

By JANET MARCH

THERE has recently been an exhibition of town planning in Toronto and, along with a lot of other people, I followed the interesting photographs, goggled at the magic room which showed you a slum one minute and a swimming pool the next, and sidled round walls erected on the bias. As I moved along I became more and more impressed with the value of community planning and marvelled at why we hadn't thought of it and done it years ago.

Half the exhibition was given over to the proposed underground system called rather grandly "Rapid Transit"—"I do hope the Rapid Transit won't be overcrowded this morning." There were lovely pictures and models of the proposed stations, and horrible ones of above-ground congestion, many of them evidently taken by a foresighted Commission in last December's snows. The only thing not shown or mentioned is the curious smell undergrounds throughout the world acquire. No doubt in this respect Toronto will be able to do just as well as London, Paris and New York.

I came out a little goggle-eyed and convinced that undergrounds and community planning with schools, parks, various sizes of houses and apartments, and shopping and recreational centres all within one district would be ideal—even though some of the captions were a little optimistic, and made you feel that you'd never need to move outside your own community. Of course, the show at your local movie house would not be the one you wanted to see, and the children would bring home tales of the superiority of the shops in Junior's community five miles away, but by and large it's a wonderful idea.

The emphasis on neighborliness was a little alarming. You can waste a lot of time talking to people you would rather not bother with if you live in a very friendly district. A lot of people like living in cities because they have escaped from the rather prying neighborliness which sometimes flourishes in country districts and small towns, and here this plan pitchforks them back into the same type of thing. I have never seen the argument that you should act like a blood brother to someone just because they live next door.

Anyway there was no suggestion of community kitchens that I could see. No doubt they would be economical, but certainly trouble making. The idea of the recreational house in each community seemed to be that here was a centre for organization meetings, and here too you could entertain your friends, so that obviously there would be meals served.

This would be fine for maid-less households for, if you have a fair-sized family to shop for and to feed, there is no doubt that entertaining is the straw which breaks the housekeeper's back. So it often just doesn't get done and we all miss a good deal of pleasure. Until we move into the ideal communities of tomorrow, the home remains the centre of hospitality and the simplest form of entertainment is buffet service.

Of course it has disadvantages and there must not be so many guests that they can't all find seats with some type of card table or stool on which to set down their plates. Still it is a lot easier than trying to manage correct table service. If you are having a buffet dinner you will want at least one hot dish, so either serve a substantial soup and follow it with cold meat, salad and perhaps a big dish of scalloped potatoes, or have a casserole dish with meat and vegetables under one cover. If you like soup try this one, and here's hoping you can find oysters, as May without its R is almost here.

Oyster Soup

2 medium onions chopped
3 tablespoons of butter
3 tablespoons of bacon fat
1 pint of oysters
4 cups of milk
3 teaspoons of salt
¼ teaspoon of pepper
4 large raw potatoes diced

Fry the onions lightly in the bacon fat, but don't let them cook till they are crisp. Then add the diced potatoes and the salt and just enough water to cover them. Cook gently for about fifteen minutes until the potatoes are tender. Drain the liquid off the oysters, melt the butter and cook the oysters till they start to crinkle at the edges. Add the oyster juice and the milk and when it is hot pour on the onion and potato mixture. Serve as soon as the soup is scalding hot, with the usual small square salted crackers.

Spaghetti and Beef Casserole

4 cups of cooked spaghetti
1½ pounds of ground beef
1 large can of tomatoes
2 teaspoons of sugar
2 onions
5 tablespoons of bacon fat
1 green pepper
½ teaspoon of ground cloves
1 cup of grated cheese
½ cup of red wine (if you can manage this!)
1 clove of garlic
Salt and pepper

Chop the onions, garlic and the green pepper and fry them lightly in the bacon fat. Season the beef well with salt and pepper and add it to the onions, etc. When it is lightly cooked (don't let it brown) add the tomatoes, sugar and ground cloves and simmer for about half an hour in a covered pan. Then add the wine and the spaghetti and cheese. Stir till everything is well mixed and then pour into a casserole. Cook in a moderate oven for about three quarters of an hour.

Bright field flowers against a wide band of kelly green sequins trim a cire straw cloche by John Fredericks.

Mustard yellow taffeta circles the crown to form a flat bow at side of a dashing straw fedora by Braagaard.

★ A Thick Sauce from the English recipe—Gives zest to all meat and fish dishes.

19

C&B THICK SAUCE BY CROSSE & BLACKWELL

SURE THING- TASTES GOOD AS MY MOTHER'S BREAD

HAVE ANOTHER SLICE!

—to bake bread just right use Fleischmann's FRESH Yeast

Good bread brings *food value plus* to meals today. It supplies Vitamin B, and is a quick *energy replacer*—and low in cost. A fine *stretcher* for scarcer foods, too! If you bake at home use Fleischmann's fresh Yeast for bread that's *good* every time. This dependable yeast has been Canada's favorite for over 70 years. Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast—with the familiar yellow label.

MADE IN CANADA

SUPPLEMENT YOUR DIET by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This fresh Yeast is an excellent natural source of the important B Complex Vitamins.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

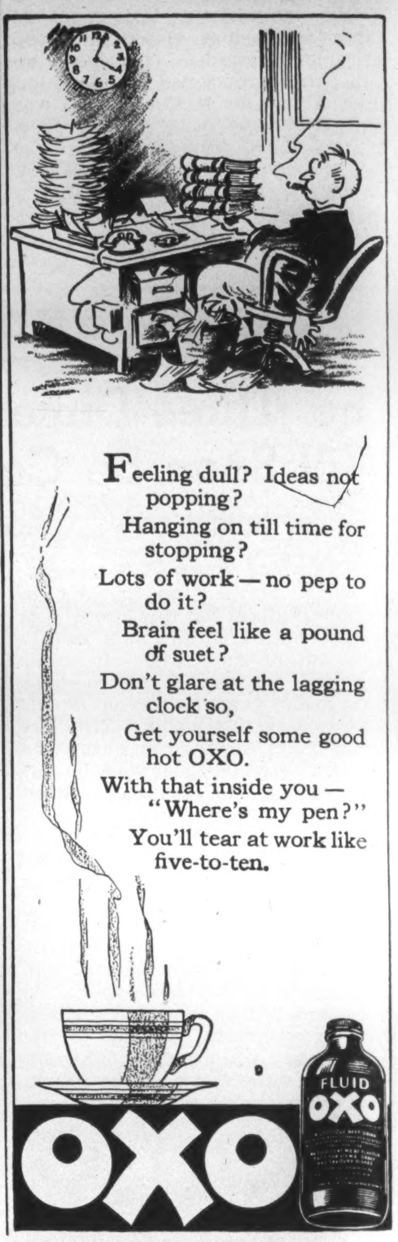
Sugarless BUT *Sweet*

MAGIC Honey Pound Cake

1½ c. seedless raisins
¾ c. shortening
¾ c. honey
3 eggs, well beaten
2¼ c. sifted all-purpose flour
2¼ tsp. Magic Baking Powder
¼ tsp. salt
¾ tsp. vanilla extract
¾ tsp. lemon extract

Rinse raisins; drain; dry on towel—cut fine with scissors. Work shortening with spoon until fluffy and creamy; gradually add honey, while continuing to work with a spoon. Add beaten eggs, and blend. Gradually stir in sifted dry ingredients; beat with spoon until smooth. Add extracts, raisins; stir to blend. Bake in greased, lightly floured 9" x 5" x 3" pan at 300°F. for 2 hours.

MADE IN CANADA



Feeling dull? Ideas not popping?
Hanging on till time for stopping?
Lots of work — no pep to do it?
Brain feel like a pound of suet?
Don't glare at the lagging clock so,
Get yourself some good hot OXO.
With that inside you — "Where's my pen?"
You'll tear at work like five-to-ten.

FLUID OXO

OXO

CRACKERS by McCORMICK'S

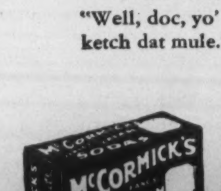
Sambo's mule had just balked in the road when the country doctor came by. Sambo asked the physician if he could give him something to start the mule. The doctor gave the animal some powders. The mule tossed his head and started down the road at a mad gallop. Sambo looked at the flying animal, then at the doctor.

"How much did dat medicine cost, doc?" he asked.

"Oh, about 15c."

"Well, doc, yo' betta give me a quarter's worth, quick. I'se gotta ketch dat mule."

MORAL—If you want to see something disappear fast, put McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas on the table.



McCORMICK'S JERSEY CREAM SODAS

11-45

CANADA'S FAVOURITES FOR OVER 80 YEARS

Achmed Abdullah: an Author Who Tops His Fictional Heroes

By MARION SIMMS

Hollywood

CELEBRITIES of the stage and screen are not uncommon in this glorified Land of Make-Believe. But Captain Achmed Abdullah is one whose own life is as filled with strangeness and adventure as any character portrayed on the screen. Achmed Abdullah, author and playwright ("Toto", "The Grand Duke", "The Thief of Bagdad", "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer") has had a thrill-packed career of unique richness upon which to draw when giving life to his fictional characters.

As the son of a Russian father and a Moslem mother, his childhood was unlike that of anyone else you could meet in this country. Born in the beautiful little town of Yalta in Crimea, he was christened Alexander Nicholayevitch. Later, when he went to live with his mother's people in the Afghanistan city of Kabul, where his grandfather was governor, he became Prince Nadir Khan Durani. As a soldier of fortune, he has travelled all over the world.

Duels and Kings

These days Abdullah — the name he is best known by in the writing world — spends most of his time in Hollywood writing for the movies, at his Cape Cod cottage, or his Long Island home. Other times, until the war changed his habits, he did considerable traveling.

The way most people talk of the familiar streets and spots of their home town — Abdullah talks of the jungles he has lived in — in Africa, India, Central America. They are places he feared and hated, yet which fascinated him. He talks of shimmering yellow Damascus, of Bokhara and Cairo, of frozen stretches of the Altai Mountains, of the tropical beauty of Timbuktoo, of Delhi, Aleppe, Algiers, Beirut, Bagdad, Samarkand.

On many of these travels, he was working for the Military Intelligence Department of the British Army.

"I have known many extremes," he says. "I have lost my shirt at poker to the late King of Montenegro; saw one of my best friends killed in a duel over a beautiful woman. . . . Lunched with a couple of French dukes so old-fashioned that they wore side-elastic shoes and used golden toothpicks . . . Dined with New York women who considered it ultra-sophisticated to be pals of gangsters. . . . I have visited the Bedouin nomad's black felt tents, Egyptian mud huts, Kirgiz villages in the Siberian steppes, and the spectacular marble palaces of Osmanli pashas."

As official interpreter, he was with Colonel Younghusband when that officer broke through to Lhassa, forbidden city of Tibet.

All his life, Achmed Abdullah has been close to great adventures. First, he heard them from his father, who at one time served in the Tsar's crack cavalry regiment, the *Chevaliers de la Garde*. Achmed's mother and his maternal grandmother were intensely colorful personalities, too. Then there was his great-uncle, the ruthless Emir of Afghanistan, about whom Kipling once wrote. Among Abdullah's own early memories is his childhood home, high in the hills, where his grandfather's men guarded from their watch towers the strategic Khyber Pass.

Among all the bizarre experiences of his life, Abdullah mentions one of the most exciting — and disturbing — as the time his grandmother made her one and only trip to England.

"It was actually an expedition." He was in London at the time, on furlough from the Military Intelligence of the British Army.

"Now my grandmother, a direct descendant of Gengiz Khan and the Prophet Mohammed, was highly cultured and educated from an Asiatic standpoint. She had, however, very definite ideas which often resulted in rather spectacular effects. With her arrival in London happened many things which I shall never forget. They seemed funny to me afterward. They were not a bit funny then."

Dozens of servants accompanied the old lady on this expedition. The first confusion came over her insistence with the management of the Savoy Hotel that her major-domo, a Meccan Arab, install a crew of native cooks in the kitchen so that she would not be "polluted" by Nazarene food.

Young Abdullah had many uneasy moments in the weeks that followed. There was, for instance, the trying afternoon when Grandmother turned the tables on the woman reporter from the Daily Express, firing a long list of questions at the astonished interviewer — involving the newspaper woman's shape, the size of her feet, and some of her personal habits.

Grandmother's Sock

"Then there was the row over room rates. My sufferings were intense. After dinner that first evening, deciding I had done my duty to country and family, I went over to the Empire to join some English friends for a quiet evening. They all sympathized with me, since already some of the papers had brought out elaborate and, alas, quite truthful accounts of my grandmother's arrival. These were illustrated with unflattering and realistically candid photos — such as the scene at the railway station when my grandmother, a very short woman, socked her 200-pound peasant maid in the jaw during an argument."

It was a little after midnight when the Savoy Hotel management located Abdullah and brought him running to the hotel, wondering what on earth his grandmother had been up to this time.

"It seemed that a family of wealthy Kansas tourists occupied a suite of rooms on the same floor with my grandmother's entourage. Returning from the theatre, the Americans found the passage down the hallway barred by four of my grandmother's attendants — tall, hook-nosed ruffians bristling with whiskers and swords. Loyal almost to fanaticism, they did not intend to allow any foreigners near the old lady's rooms.

Over-Zealous Guards

"It was too much for the management to handle. The police had been sent for, but could do nothing to offend a distinguished visitor."

The harassed grandson saved the situation by effecting a compromise. He arranged that, thereafter, while his grandmother was in London, the retainers were to take up their stand outside her door only.

"Winged Victory," a coiffure for evening in which the hair is smoothly swirled from the temples up into highswept loose curls and caught at one side with a jewelled hair clasp. "Winged Victory," was designed by Elizabeth Arden to be worn with color harmony make-up of same name.

A dash or two gives zest to stew!

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SAUCE
STEAKS
CHOPS-GRAVIES
FISH-CHEESE
SHAKE WELL

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Heinz
57-SAUCE
17 Flavors
Blended Into One

THE END OF THE WAR will bring...

Delicious, crispy, crunchy VITA-WEAT Crispbread, fresh from English Ovens to you.

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Tired? And a little down? Make yourself a cup of comfort in a hurry. Here's good cheer . . . grand tea! Tender Leaf Tea is famous for flavor. In convenient size packages . . . also in improved FILTER tea balls.

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Superior Quality
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"Tired to Death
. . . because I forgot one simple fact!"

"DRIVING is second nature to me. But somehow my cab seemed to buck me at every turn. My job was a terrific strain, because I was nervous and jumpy *all* the time!

"And then I was told about the 30-day test. I started eating Kellogg's Bran Flakes *every* morning . . . in *less* than a month I was convinced what a difference one simple change of diet can make! Now when the day's driving is done, I still have energy to have some fun!"

Make this 30-DAY TEST

1. *If you're really ill* see your doctor! But if you just feel dull and headachey, you may only be suffering from incomplete elimination. Here's how one simple change of diet can help you keep fit:

2. *Start now* to eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes *every* morning. To keep fit the *natural* way, get more of the "bulk" your system needs by eating delicious, gently-laxative Kellogg's Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat.

3. *Just thirty days* should prove to you how grand it is to feel alert, to have the energy for all the *extra* things you'd like to do. You'll want to go *on* keeping fit the Kellogg way!

LOOK FOR the name "Kellogg's" on the distinctive golden-yellow package at your grocers. Regular or family size. Made in London, Canada, by the makers of the famous Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's
BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

KEEP FIT with Kellogg's every day in the year!

THE OTHER PAGE

"Heave Out" . . . and Iron Men Go Down to Sea in Wooden Shells

By KENNETH McQUIGGAN

THE steady, pum-pum, of the 200 horse power Diesel had stopped suddenly. I knew I should have wakened then but was unable to shake the enveloping shrouds of sleep from me.

Heavy boots clattered on the companionway and all the lights flashed on.

"HEAVE OUT!" The skipper's roar made the cabin so much smaller than it actually was. In a rush already-booted feet hit the deck. Oilskins rustled and creaked. No one talked; they were all like myself, tired as the dickens and in no mood for fishing.

Hurriedly I put on my fur-lined jacket and mackinaw coat, pulled on the long rubber boots and fastened my oilskins, this last as I climbed the companionway to the wheelhouse. There I stood shivering in the North Atlantic breeze and listened to the activity around me in the dark.

It was two a.m. and we were 200 miles from Halifax, somewhere off Sable Island on what is known to commercial fishermen as Banquereau. This bank is marked on the fishing charts as a large 40 fathom deep island. Fish gather there to feed. "Some gets hungry enough to jump right into the boat without coaxing 'em with a hook," one fisherman told me shyly. It was the first time they had had a passenger aboard and there was no precedent on manners.

The day that Canada pledged herself to fight alongside Britain, the Navy called up all the fish companies operating steel trawlers. Their trawlers would be needed for auxiliary ships and mine-sweeping, the Navy said. Without a word the fishermen went back to the old method of fishing, fishing from dories as they did when John Cabot first saw the possibilities of fishing on the Grand Banks almost 500 years ago. Fish had to be caught, frozen, and sent to Britain.

Arch Evans, skipper of the Ethel M. Petite, had poked at the wrinkled chart with a large line-scarred forefinger and said, "There's where we'll be tomorrow morning."

I had gone to my bunk feeling certain that we wouldn't start fishing until at least six or seven o'clock, and here it was two o'clock and cold enough to freeze a brass monkey. The whole crew, including the cook, worked like demons amidships readying the dories amid the deep orange glow cast by the kerosene flares which had been lighted. Soundings had been taken by lead line and we were again under way, the diesels popping crisply in the frosty morning air.

THE first dories on port and starboard were ready and a signal was given. A little red keg with a small flagpole attached plopped in the water on the port side and went bouncing off behind on the waves (I might mention the fact that the sea was choppy and we were running at five knots).

The gear, consisting of five tubs of baited line, gaff hook knives, a compass, small foghorn, sail, waterbottle, food kit, and a bailer, were placed carefully into the ready dory. Two kerosene flares, one at each end, were put in position.

The line attached to the little keg flipped over the dory's stern until there was only a small coil left. A raised hand from the doryman—a blast on the airhorn from the skipper and the dory was hoisted from the deck, swung outboard and eased down until its gun'l was even with the rail. The doryman and his mate sprang into the dory, gripped the falls and hung on as the dory hit the water with a loud smack.

The first dory was no sooner in the water than final preparations were hurried on the next to depart—this time from the starboard side. Meanwhile the first one away bobbed about on the water like an oversized will o' the wisp.

In rapid succession the dories left the ship. There were twelve, in all, to go. The dropped keg, the line snaking over the dory's stern, airhorn toot, a smack as the dory hit the sea, it was repeated again and again. The whole effort of "sitting" the dories seemed to be the most precise work.

I had left the comfortable shelter of the wheelhouse to watch more closely. Ten of the dories were strung out in a torchlight procession more than a mile long, the eleventh was being swung outboard. My eyes were beginning to water in the biting wind, and the skipper's little mongrel was crying from the cold, but neither of us could desert these last two crews in this rite of "sitting."

The dory was swung outboard and her gear placed aboard, the keg dropped astern, the signal given. The dory dropped to the bouncing sea, smack, but it didn't fall behind.

Instinctively, without actually seeing what was going on, you knew that two men were fighting to live. A flip of the dory and they would become part of the vast bubbling ocean. The skipper sensed the men's danger—no one had given him a signal—and stopped the engines. The heavy schooner was still underway. Slowly the two men, burdened with their heavy winter clothing, jerked the falls loose. The next minute the dory joined the torchlight procession behind.

As I heard the Diesels popping again, I went below to see what the cook had for breakfast.

THAT day more than 40,000 fish were brought aboard and cleaned. The men were still working when I went below at ten o'clock that night, exhausted and drowsy from breathing too much clear Atlantic air. Just watching the men work had been too much for me. They seemed tireless.

The fish cleaned and placed below in racks of chipped ice, they turned to baiting up for the next day's fishing.

This busy round from two and three in the morning until eleven o'clock at night continued for four full days. I felt as though I had been beaten all over with a baseball bat. Every muscle was aching from the exertion of climbing companionways which never stayed in one position, and walking decks that seemed bent on getting rid of me. There hadn't been a break in the weather and the fishing had been excellent. The men hoped for a storm to relieve their tired bodies but none came until the evening of the fifth day out.

That night one of the men on watch let me do his trick at the wheel. Two hours of watching the compass card slowly moving from side to side of the given course when I eased the ship up the side of an extra big wave. The alcohol bubble in the compass reminded me of a time when I had been very ill. In my delirium there had seemed to be such a bubble in my head.

The storm struck at midnight, putting the 150 foot schooner on her beam ends and throwing me so violently against the side of the bunk that I was sure that every rib was broken. Before my wind returned I was up and out to see what all the commotion meant.

THE skipper was at the wheel, twirling it expertly in his big hands, his brow furrowed with concentration.

"Bring in the main-s'l and fore-s'l", he told the mate quietly. The raging storm outside made the wheelhouse seem close and stuffy. The men scrambled forward to obey the order, bent double against the force of the storm.

The men hurled themselves on the flapping, snapping canvas as the sails came down, and it fought back like some angry bull that was being thrown and tied for branding. Then suddenly the schooner seemed like a bird whose wings have been cut, she fluttered on the wave crests and wouldn't take them clean as a schooner should.

All that morning the storm lashed the ship. Then, at eight o'clock, eight bells of the second watch, just as suddenly as it had sprung up the squall subsided. And, like the curtain falling at the end of a crashing Wagnerian opera—fog swirled around the ship, blotting out everything.

The intense quiet that prevails in a fog is mysterious, as if everyone was afraid of breaking the eirie stillness. The air-horn had no such fears, it blared every thirty seconds, so loudly that I was sure that I heard it echo on the distant Nova Scotia coast. The Diesels popped as we climbed the huge waves which came sullenly through the mist. The whole crew was on deck keeping their "ears peeled," as one put it, for other ships which might be heading for the same port as we.

THEN I heard a fog horn blast which wasn't an echo of ours, it was definitely navy, the whup-whhhoooup of a naval vessel siren. Suddenly the patrol vessel loomed out

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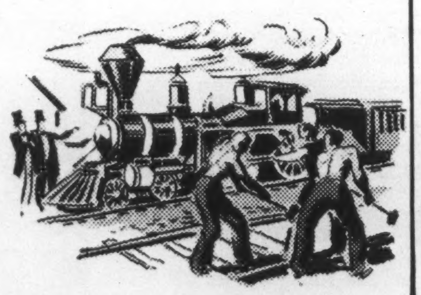
Adventure in search of SECURITY

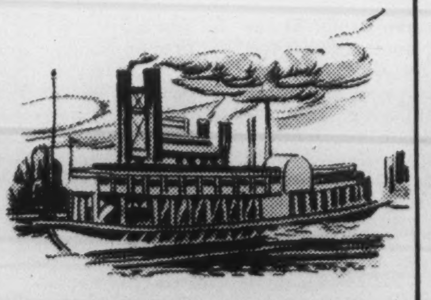
In 1845, Hugh C. Baker, a Hamilton mathematician, was one of the first Canadians to do more than *wish* for security for his family. But there were no Canadian life insurance companies, and no American companies operating in Canada.



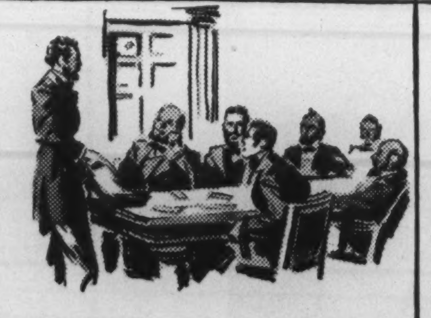
The office of the only British company here was in Quebec City—a long way to go to seek protection. Roads were bad, and there was only the beginning of a railway.

But Mr. Baker was a determined man. To him, life insurance meant security for himself and his family. Because New York was the easiest centre to reach where life insurance was available, he set out—on horseback.

It was a journey of over 500 miles. After he crossed the American boundary, Mr. Baker boarded a stage-coach and in it jolted day after day across upper New York State. He was a true pioneer of a new way of life.



He finished his journey by river steamer down the Hudson. In New York, he found life insurance already a national force in the United States. As a Canadian, he resolved to help his own countrymen obtain the same security.



Returning to Hamilton he, with a few associates, organized the first of the Canadian life insurance companies. And in the 100 years since Mr. Baker pioneered protection of the people by the people in Canada, millions of Canadians have enjoyed financial security through life insurance.

L-1344X

LIFE INSURANCE has developed into a great institution because it has grown with the growing needs of our people. The financial stability which it affords has made it an essential factor in our everyday life and a vital instrument of social service through the years.

It is good citizenship to own
LIFE INSURANCE

A message from the
Life Insurance Companies in Canada

of the fog on the starboard bow and so close that with a short run I could have made her decks with ease. She sheared off and her skipper let go a blast at Arch Evans . . . something about a buoy being on our port bow, the wind carried away the rest. Arch spat neatly over the rail and went back into the wheelhouse. Long after she disappeared we could hear the bang of the patrol vessel's screw as she was up-ended by the waves. The fog closed down close around us again and although it was almost mid-day it seemed to be late afternoon with fading light.

This trip we caught about 200,000 fish, which were all cleaned at sea and put in iced racks between decks. Approximately four and a half days of steady fishing had netted about $6,000 worth of fish for the owner of the ship. Of this amount he kept half and divided the $3,000 remaining among the crew.

The ship owner also provides the food and necessary gear for the fishermen and today the fisherman finds himself at the end of a trip on a large commercial schooner, with anywhere from $150 to $300 in his jeens for about a week's solid work. He won't go back to sea for a few days so he takes in the town's sights, which in Halifax are considerable, and then back to the fishing grounds.

THE fishermen are making good money now and they are saving it; for like the men in wartime industry they know the prosperity won't last for ever. And even with the market at the present level, three cents a pound for cod, the fishermen remember the days not long past when they were unable to make more than $300 a season.

Brought up on the seashore, they never want to leave for some other work and that is the reason more haven't migrated from Nova Scotia. They fought the bad time and stayed. And, as one dear old lady who lived on the rugged Nova Scotia Coast said, "I want to stay right here beside the sea. I may not make a lot of money, we never have, but if I couldn't see that sea rolling in every day, storm or fair weather, I'd die inside. The old sea is alive and we who live beside it can never leave and be happy."

• •

THE SEVEN UNCLES

"I have seven uncles in America, signor. The seventh is a mystery; his name is Zanichelli. One uncle lives in the city of New York and one in the city of Fall River and one in the jungle of Florida. And one, I think, in the mountains. One lives in a large motorcar of which I have seen a photograph. One appears to live in a train. But the seventh is a mystery and possibly a disgrace. There is nothing but secrecy when I ask Donna Raffaelina about this seventh uncle."

"Perhaps he has become a millionaire, Sebastiano."

"No signor. I think it must be a thing still more vulgar. It is perhaps that he has become a politician."—From "Age of Thunder," by Frederic Prokosch.

Your Well-Dressed Englishman Now Has His Clocks Tattooed

By JAMES LAVER

London.

IS ANYTHING more destructive of male dignity than to be overdressed? Unless it be to be underdressed. At present I am both. Perhaps such a paradox needs some explanation. You shall have it.

I am at present wearing a rather shiny black coat and a pair of rather baggy striped trousers. I bought them because I once had to attend a trustees' meeting and thought I ought to do something to look as if I had a financial brain.

In ordinary life I would not dream of wearing such formal attire. Why do I wear it, then? Because I have nothing else, unless it be the tail-coat I wore at my own and one other wedding.

If the war goes on for another year I shall be walking about in a dinner jacket. Yes, and snow-boots.

WHERE are those suits, stylish but unflamboyant, in which I was wont to take my walks abroad? Costly my habit as my purse could buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy.

My aim was to suggest the studied negligence of the author steering well clear of the sea coast of Bohemia. Where are such notions now? As obsolete and threadbare as the clothes themselves.

It is just as well that I have a job, for no one would employ me now, unless some kindly farmer should hire me to scare the birds. Or I might be stuffed with fireworks and kept for the first Guy Fawkes day of peace.

As for my underwear: I wonder if your shirts, gentle reader, have any tails. Or are they masquerading as cuffs and soft collars?

Have you mastered the art of buttoning things inside out? Can you trim a frayed edge with a pair of garden shears? Do you keep a bradawl handy for making new holes in shrunk neckbands?

It is strange how War changes one's opinions. I used to think silk underclothes rather effeminate. Now I wear nothing but old lace. Who would have thought drawn-thread work could be so unbecoming?

As for socks, men of spirit have already followed women's example. and buy them by the bottle. In this connection it is a good idea to have the clocks tattooed. It is more expensive and rather painful, but it saves a lot of niggling work with a fountain pen these cold mornings.

I HAVE mentioned women, and of course, I shall at once be told that they, poor lambs, are the real sufferers from all these horrid restrictions. Pshaw! I am not to be deceived.

Women are wonderful and in nothing more wonderful than this: that they can make a dazzling toilette out of an old chair cover and a couple of dish cloths.

Why, they steal men's handkerchiefs and convert them into hats They transform his waistcoats into stylish little boleros. They even pilfer his coupons, and that is the unkindest cut of all.

And then, as the final blow. along comes Mr. Dalton with the cool announcement that the next miserable issue of coupons may have to last seven months. We know what that means; it will have to last seven months.

And at the end of that time women will still be looking as smart as ever, that men——!

HOW we have fallen since the days when we were the smart ones, we the peacocks! What silks and satins, what pearls! What scarlet hose and slashed doublets; what ruffs and ruffles; what fine feathers!

There was no Mr. Dalton in Queen Elizabeth's day. If there had been he would have been laughed out of Court. Or broached on the rapier's point of Sir Walter Raleigh, or some other gallant.

It is our own fault. We have aimed at respectability; we have tried to be quiet and inconspicuous. And this is our reward.

Even our respectability is taken from us. We have no clothes to speak of. The less said about them the better. We are real guys at last—things of rags and patches, and our dignity as males literally hangs by a thread.

Perhaps it has all been a mistake from the beginning. The early Britons were more sensible than the modern British. We should have been content with woad and that not even Mr. Dalton could have taken from us.

• •

INVOCATION

FIGHT sleep, brothers; weary of
 it,
For the tendril arms can never
 nourish you.
Prescribe sleep, brothers, only for
Your mates outside the issue.

Nourish the idea rising
In the dovecotes of the mind;
Gentle the critic fingers
On the unified demand.

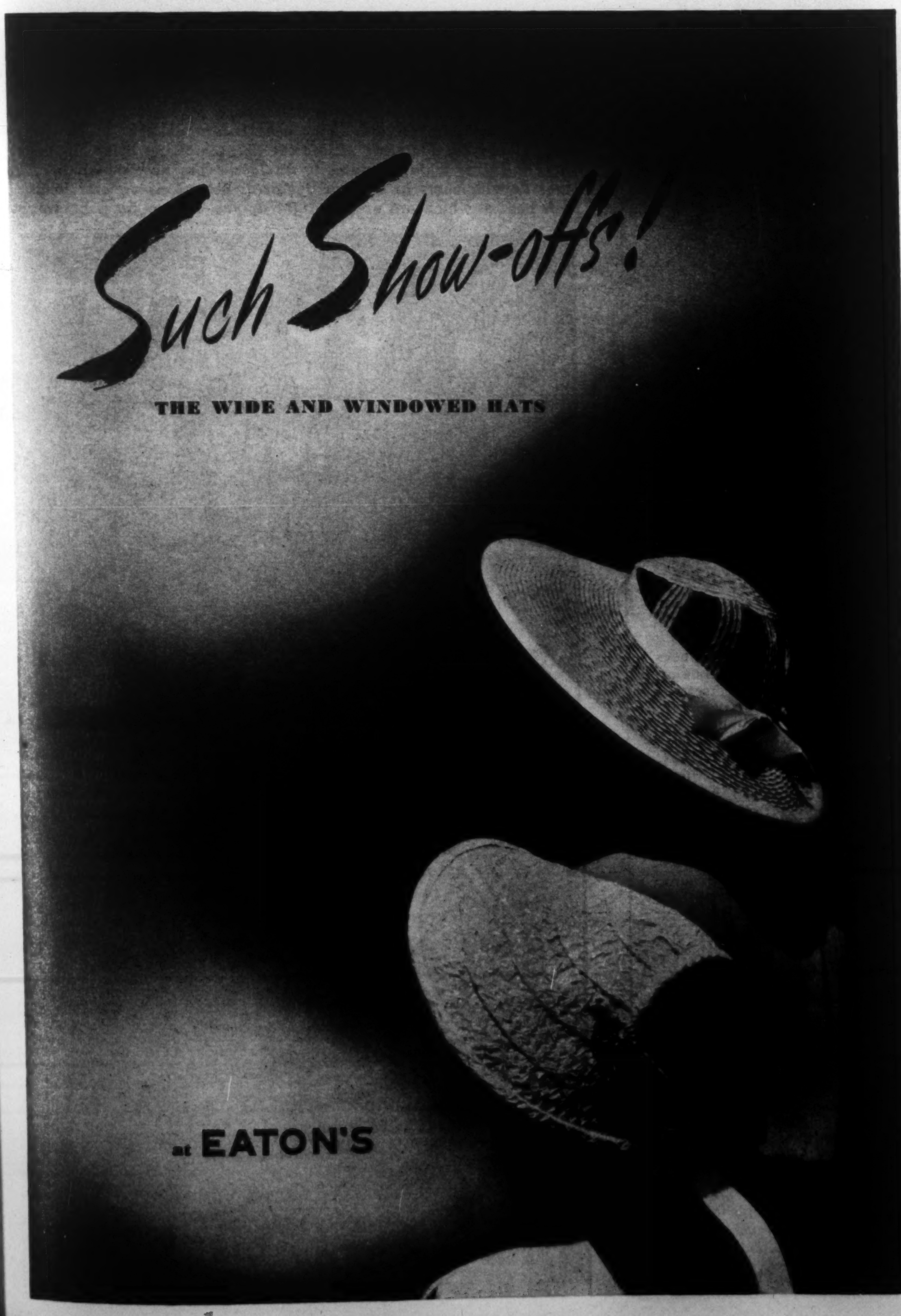
Gentle the finger, brother,
In the iron glove of want,
Though the finger be hard and nails
 unclean
And the wrist gaunt.

Fight pity, brothers, for the feather
Dropped in the trial flight,
But critic, the gentle fingers
Are reserved for the wound-red
 sight.

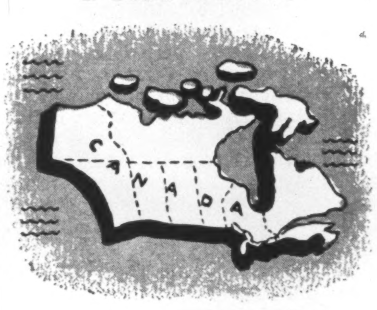
Learn from the dropped-red feather,
But let not the lesion grieve,
If the idea flutter successfully,
Reject the death-heave.

The entire wholesome effort
Shall send you eastward too,
For the idea fluttering eastward
Though gone from the mind, is you.

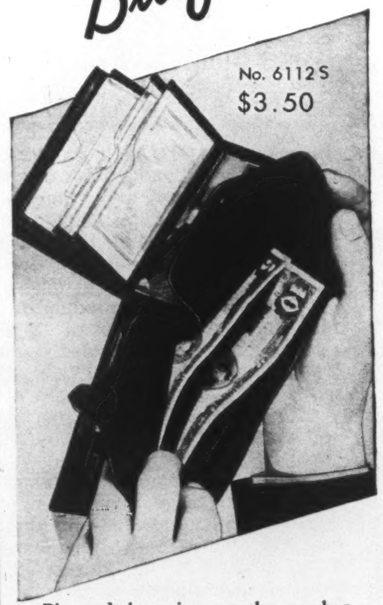
RONALD HAMBLETON



Preferred Throughout Canada!



Henry Perkins Billfolds



Pictured above is a popular member of the Perkins Billfold family. Smartly designed in genuine "morocco-grain" leather — Black or Brown — it gives you the exclusive Perkins "Billguard", a safety device for your protection, *plus* the "Cashette", the secret hideaway for emergency funds. Also other regular Perkins features and ten transparent windows for photographs, passes and identification cards.

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Safety for the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 21, 1945

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Controls Won't Work Without Publicity

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The reaction in Britain to the Government's announcement that holidays should be staggered in the postwar is a good indication, Mr. Layton says, that necessary controls after the war won't be effective unless the public is convinced of the need for the measures. This, he says, calls for "educational propaganda" on the part of Government, and perhaps for the continuation of the Ministry of Information on a very modified scale.

IT WAS widely believed in Westminster circles that the Government's announcement of the proposition that holidays should be staggered in the post-armistice period was in the nature of a *ballon d'essai* to discover the climate of opinion on this perhaps most modest of measures of control. The climate turned out to be pretty chilly, even though the assistance of the Ministry of Production was promised to achieve rational staggering of holiday periods. And this is not after all so surprising.

The British people have suffered long and hard, and though their thoughts are bent to the establishment of democracy in Europe and towards the resuscitation of their economy, they cannot help but regard the declaration of an armistice as an invitation to take a holiday. Servicemen demobbed, tired war workers, mothers and children hungry for a change of scene, and all the nation wanting to forget the war in the traditional fashion—the ideas of all these will tend inevitably, if illogically, towards the accustomed time and place of holidaymaking.

The accustomed place is the seaside and country; the accustomed time is between June and September. Therefore, the popular Press rose to defend the right of the citizen to choose when he shall go on holiday, and where, and the Government has been called some hard names for its psychological naiveté in trying to bend the national inclination to an economic requirement.

In itself, this is not a matter of greatest moment, but its implications are the implications of the entire "control versus freedom" controversy, and that is the greatest political controversy of today. It has by now been sufficiently observed that the issue never should be a political one, but one to be determined solely by reference to the question of economic efficiency. What has not been examined is the extent to which the issue will be resolved, apart from its economic or political connotations, by the general psychology of the people, and the reaction to the test case of the proposal to stagger postwar holidays is significant in this context.

It has been all too easily assumed that the British people are violently opposed to any form of control, simply because they are the British people. Obviously, this is not so. Where cause can be shown they will suffer a degree of regimentation and control as great as, or greater than, any other nation on earth will submit to. So much the history of the war describes.

The point for the authorities to consider is therefore that the reason for any loss of individual freedom must be made fully apparent to the people and freely accepted by them as adequate, or any control apparatus must collapse. So far as staggering holidays is concerned, the reason for it is simply in the numbers of people who will all want to go on holiday around the same time, and what this will mean in terms of transport, accommodation and industrial production in a crucial phase. But the people, seeing holidays as wellearned individual requirement, are not likely to accept any large degree of staggering for the sake of the compulsions that were real enough in war but from which armistice is commonly supposed to release us.

What is true of holidays is true

(*continued on next page*)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Mr. Howe's White Paper

By P. M. RICHARDS

WITH DUE respect for the Government's good intentions as set forth last week in Reconstruction Minister Howe's White Paper, namely the provision of "a high and stable level of employment and income, and thereby high standards of living," the fact remains that Canada intends to embark upon a big spending program at a time when her prospective earnings from foreign trade on which her prosperity has so largely depended in the past, are more than usually uncertain because of the war impoverishment of many of her chief customers. It is true that the program envisages the extension of credits to strengthen the buying power of these hard-pressed countries, but this is a decidedly one-sided arrangement from Canada's point of view, and though probably necessary under the prospective circumstances if we are to avoid a disastrous curtailment of production and employment, it cannot but increase our already sky-high public debt and that debt's carrying charges.

This column warmly approves the evidenced determination to move vigorously against the forces of business contraction that the ending of the European war will tend to loose; it believes that policies such as those outlined in the White Paper should do much to prevent unemployment, but it also thinks there is danger in telling the public that governmental action can "assure a high level of employment and income to the Canadian people", without also making it understood that such an assurance can, at best, cover only a limited period of time, unless the Government's efforts are supplemented and sustained by the vigorous and enterprising efforts of the people themselves. The Government can usefully do much to aid, lead, counsel and inform private enterprise, but in an economy that is not totalitarian the main dependence for prosperity and progress must be on the vigor of private enterprise itself. This is a fact which must be kept constantly in mind if we are not to find ourselves in serious trouble later on.

Exports 60 Per Cent Above Pre-War?

To implement its program, Mr. Howe indicated the spending by the Government will be at higher than pre-war levels, but he added that postwar taxation should be at "substantially lower levels than at present". How much is "substantially"? How much above pre-war levels will expenditures be? The Government is planning for a postwar minimum of $1,750 millions a year in exports, which would be about one-half of Canada's enormously increased wartime exports and about 60 per cent above the pre-war level. But the White Paper does not tell us at all specifically how this is to be achieved. About 80 per cent of our present wartime exports consist of war commodities that have no place in peace. It is likely to be extremely difficult to increase our export trade to 60 per cent above the pre-war level. In the circumstances that seem likely to prevail for some considerable time after the war's end, it may be quite difficult to maintain our exports at even the pre-war level, without any increase.

What the ordinary citizen, on this side of the ocean does not realize, is the extent to which the war has destroyed and consumed wealth, and the means of producing wealth, in many countries that for generations have been the leaders in wealth-creation. He would appreciate it much more readily if he were in Europe, for there the fact of the wholesale destruction of factories, railways, homes and highways and the disintegration of the physical and moral resources of the people themselves, is plain enough.

Europe Thinks Only of Survival

Those wrecked countries, formerly good customers of ours, to whom we are presumably now looking for an increased consumption of our exports, will need our goods but will have no means of payment. They are not thinking now, as we are, of higher standards of living and "economic security" after the war, but only of the means of economic survival. We can extend them long-term credits and we can continue "mutual aid" but we may be certain that we shall not get rich furnishing goods without getting paid for them, and that genuine recovery of our export trade must wait upon the economic restoration of those foreign markets. Any financial assistance we render now will contribute to that restoration, and presumably is sound business practice but in the meantime we shall have to walk carefully for our own financial position will be strained, to put it mildly.

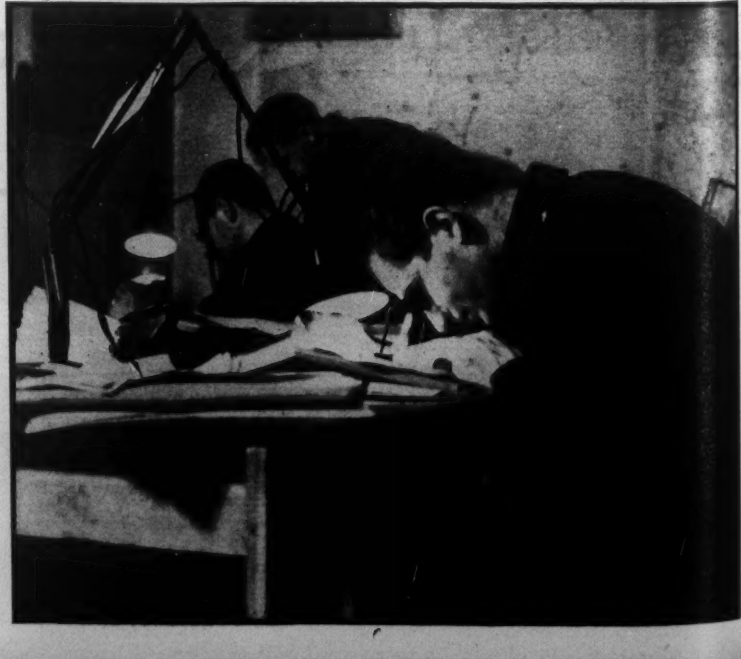
Our ability to carry our rather disturbingly heavy financial commitments depends upon our volume of production, and since we are equipped by nature to produce certain commodities in far greater quantities than we can consume ourselves, a satisfactorily large volume of production must depend upon the willingness and ability of foreign customers to buy the surplus from us. If our costs of production, because of our apparent determination to have a rising standard of living regardless of the postwar standards of the world with which we do business, make our export prices too high to compete against those of other suppliers of those goods, the postwar program set out in the White Paper will come to grief.

The Government, of course, knows this well enough, but apparently many of our people do not. The world, including Canada, is very much poorer, not richer, because of the war and we should govern ourselves accordingly.

Photos Taken by Planes Make Reich Thrust Easier

When at last the complete story of the swift Allied plunge through the heart of the Reich can be told, special credit will be given to the work of Allied reconnaissance planes in photographing enemy troop movements, checking the disposal of reinforcements and revealing day-to-day changes in enemy strategy. Fliers who pilot planes like this photo-mapping Mosquito, seen here before setting off on a night reconnaissance flight, undertake one of the most hazardous tasks of the war, for these planes are unarmed. Before the Rhine crossing these airmen flew along the river taking pictures to disclose every new gun battery and other developments in German defence. Below: an armorer loads the flash bombs, which are used to light up the area to be photographed.

After the films are developed and printed, expert military interpreters (below) study the prints through special stereoscope glasses which enable them to identify objects in the area mapped with the greatest accuracy.



(*Continued from page 42*)

also of controlling in all its aspects. It is particularly true of controlling the mobility and location of industry and labor, and it is obviously true of matters like food and clothing and rationing where determinants appear here because of the prior-ranking needs of exporting industry, or the conservation of resources. The people need to be shown adequate cause.

If this is interpreted to mean that a wise Government would proceed to conduct what has been called educational propaganda on the subject, the only dissent will be in the words, for neither education nor propaganda comes well from any Government to an adult people with minds of their own. It is true enough, however, in itself. Britain must be persuaded now of the necessity for controls that are to come, and the job will not be easy when the simple and over-riding argument of war no longer obtains.

Here perhaps is an argument for the retention of the Ministry of Information after the war (but a very modified M. O. I.). No one will say that the Departments of the Government have shown any outstanding ability to blow their own necessary trumpets in the war, and they certainly cannot be expected to perform any better afterwards, when they blow to a vastly more critical audience.

It is true that the Ministry of Information has also shown rare incompetence in many matters, but that has been largely because of inadequacies in the staffing of the organization. With the war over and a whole new reservoir of fresh blood available, a peacetime Ministry of Information could perform the task of "educational propaganda" in such a way that the aims of peace would be shown to the nation as not less worthy of sacrifice than the aims of war. The urgency of the job is plain enough; it shrieks from the leader columns of the Press almost daily.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Mining Will Play a Leading Part in the Reconversion to Peace

By JOHN M. GRANT

KEYNOTE of the annual meeting of the Canadian Institute of Mining & Metallurgy held in Quebec on April 17, 18 and 19, was "Mining and National Reconstruction." As the mining men of Canada have produced the abundant supply of metals which has permitted the Dominion to play such an important role in providing munitions of war and as upon them will rest, again, a large share of the responsibility for the conversion to a peace-time economy, the conference was extremely important in that it gave point and direction to the reconversion program. All told, the gold mines of Canada on the return to normal can be expected to provide many thousands of well paid jobs for ex-service men and munition workers.

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One of the most popular topics in Canada during recent months has been that of national reconstruction. The mineral resources of the Dominion will play an important part in this change-over from war to peace. No doubt it is partly in recognition of this fact that A. A. MacKay, well known mining engineer and retiring president of the C.I.M.M. has been appointed "Co-ordinator of Resources Department" in the new Department of Reconstruction in Ottawa. Mr. MacKay's job will be the rather complicated one of seeing that all possible natural resources are put to use, without undue duplication and without over-production. He has already taken a leading part in the preparation to turn the mines back to the uses of peace and addressed the Institute members on this topic. G. C. Bateman, prominent mining engineer who was Metals Controller and now is Canada's representative on the Joint Production Board in Washington, presented some of the international aspects of the situation.

•

A period of expansion in Canada's mineral industry is anticipated when the war with Germany ends and a number of the important technical papers presented at the C.I.M.M. meeting had this point in view. Dr. J. A. Retty described the immense deposits of high-grade iron ore in Labrador and Ungava that he has been developing during recent years for Hollinger Consolidated. When these are made available by constructing a railway 250 miles long from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, they will become one of the most important sources of iron in the world, and it would appear to be the kind of project that can provide, on a large scale, for post-war employment. Dr. A. W. Jolliffe, of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, who has made a good deal of use of the bird's eye view in prospecting, discussed his experiences in aeroprospecting, especially in the new Yellowknife gold district. It should, he said, be regarded as an aid to, and not a substitute for, accepted prospecting methods.

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C. C. Huston, one of the veteran mine makers of northern Canada, presented a paper to the C.I.M.M. entitled "The Practical Examination of Mineral Prospects, with a discussion of the Form of Mining Reports." This paper was the result of a series of lectures delivered by Mr. Huston at the University of Toronto as part of a seminar for fourth year students. The paper deals with the questions of why prospects are examined, who make such examinations, what their qualifications should be, what comprises a prospect and where they may lie and, finally, the actual information desirable and the methods of obtaining it, as well as presenting certain 'tests' for its analysis.

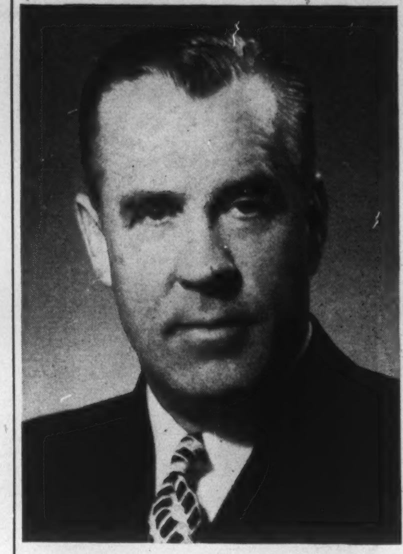
•

President-elect of the C.I.M.M. is Dr. A. E. Cameron, of Halifax and formerly of Edmonton. A native of Ottawa, Mr. Cameron enlisted soon after his graduation from McGill University, Montreal. On returning to Canada, he joined the staff of the University of Alberta where he taught mining and metallurgy, dealing largely with coal. In 1937 Dr. Cameron was appointed Deputy Minister of Mines for Nova Scotia, the post he still holds. He is thus in a unique position to undertake and accomplish a necessary and long-deferred task in Canada's coal industry—the formation of a central association of coal operators from both east and west where they may discuss their divergent views and evolve a common coal policy for the Dominion.

•

Both minewise and marketwise the Rouyn-Noranda section of northwestern Quebec continues to hold the spotlight and interest climbs as new discoveries are reported. Senator-Rouyn and Eldona Mines have had unusually heavy trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Results in the No. 18 hole brought Quemont back into the news again This extended the ore westward for approximately 100 feet and now gives a zone 700 feet in length, provided the two anomalies and the drilling completed on them, represent one orebody. Senator-Rouyn in a drill hole from the 1,375-foot level cut the main structure at about 1,900 feet vertically from surface. A core length of 105½ feet averaged $9.40 at $38.50 gold. A hole put down by Eldona suggests that the possibility of a potential ore structure has been located. Four gold-bearing sections

(*Continued on page 48*)



VERNON G. CARDY, who commenced his hotel executive career as an assistant manager at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto, is today owner and president of the hotel, as well as president of the 1,100 room Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal, which he controls in association with W. Ralph Salter, K.C., of Toronto. In addition he is president and principal owner of the Royal Connaught Hotel, Hamilton; General Brock Hotel, Niagara Falls; Prince Edward Hotel, Windsor, and operates the Hotel Leonard, St. Catharines.

E. STANLEY CURRIE

whose election as Vice-President and General Manager of Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, has been announced by Stephen B. Cornell, President. Born in Stayner, Ontario, Mr. Currie has been with the Company for thirty-three years. He was elected a Director in 1941.

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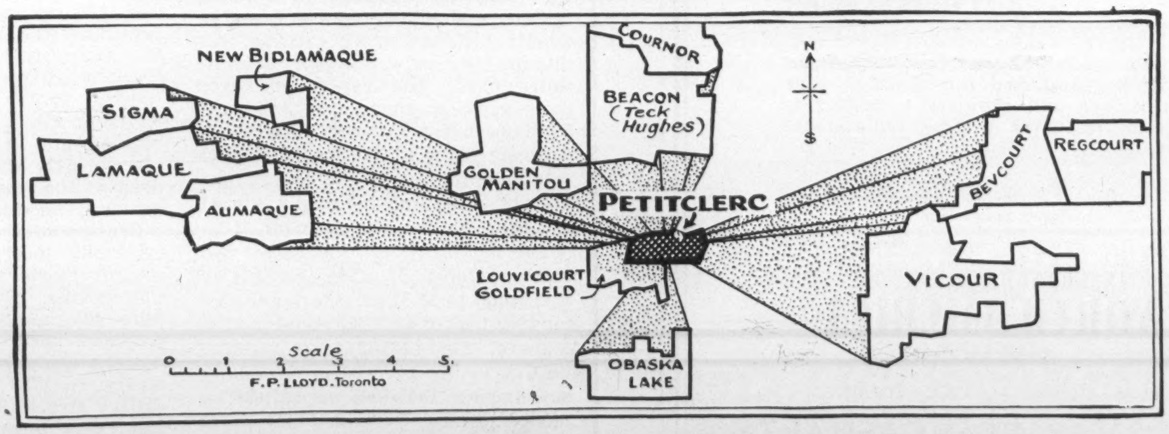

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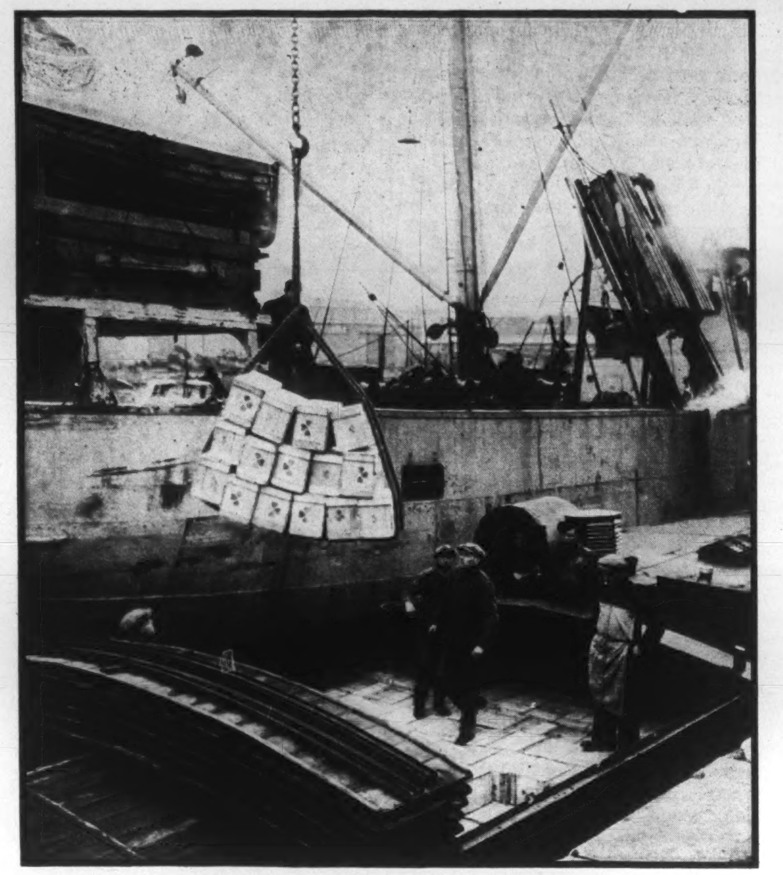

Supplies for the Battle of Germany continue to pour into the harbor of Antwerp, third greatest port in Europe, which daily receives large convoys of ocean-going ships carrying huge quantities of material and equipment for Allied armies. Here cargo is unloaded into Belgian barges.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

F. A., Kingston, Ont.—I presume by Obalski Gold Mines you mean OBALSKI MINING CORPORATION, holding three properties in the Chibougamau area of Quebec. While no work has been done for five years prospects for the future appear interesting but the area is remote from such vital necessities as transportation and power. On the Cache Bay group of claims a shaft was sunk to 75 feet with three veins indicated by surface stripping and drilling. One of these had an indicated length of 770 feet, of which 528 feet averaged $17.50 across 38 inches in channel sampling and drilling to a depth of 600 feet. It is estimated sufficient ore was indicated here to supply a 200-ton mill for 2½ years. However, part of the values are in copper and it would be necessary to transport the concentrates a distance of 150 miles to the railway. Of the authorized capitalization of 3,500,000 shares close to 2,993,000 are outstanding.

A. B., Winnipeg, Man.—The speculative possibilities of SUN BEAR MINES are impossible to evaluate until some exploration has been done. A property is held in the Yellowknife district some three miles north of the Giant and I understand work is planned for this year. In addition 1,000,000 shares of Murmac Lake Athabasca Mines are held. The two properties are under the same management and three well defined faults are reported on the properties. Sun Bear recently proposed to turn its property over to a new company for a 500,000 share consideration but it has since been decided to retain the ground and finance exploration by the sale of treasury shares.

F. W. H., Prescott, Ont.—Gross revenue of UNITED SECURITIES was down from $94,269 to $78,315 for the year ended March 31, 1945 and the net loss for the year was $26,283 as against $9,042 for the previous year, the result of the deferment of the dividend for the second half of the year 1944 by Canadian Light & Power and also by a substantial reduction in income received from holdings of Montreal Light, Heat & Power Cons. Market value of the investment portfolio was steady at $2,584,187 as compared with $2,582,779. Book value was $8,310,125 at March 31, 1945.

B. H., Fingal, Ont.—Both JASON MINES and STURGEON RIVER Gold Mines are inactive having been forced to suspend operations due to the shortage of manpower and your speculative chances might be better in some other gold stocks. A reasonable profit was made by Jason in the

Bruck Silk Mills Limited

REMOVAL of government restrictions and regulations on the production of fabrics for civilian consumption and increased supply of materials and labor will brighten the postwar outlook for Bruck Silk Mills Limited. At the present time the company is producing quantities of products for war and essential purposes and is handicapped by the shortage of materials and labor and unable to fill either the domestic or export civilian demands in full. Officials do not foresee any particular problems in the conversion of plant and equipment to postwar conditions. No major changes will be required in either equipment or technical staffs, and officials have already expressed the view the company can be put into normal civilian production without undue change or delay.

In the annual report for the fiscal year ended October 31, 1944, it was stated the volume of essential production undertaken resulted in an increase in utility fabrics and some decrease in volume of dress and other high quality cloths. Demands from the trade for these goods were insistent, and while they could not be wholly satisfied under existing conditions, they were, however, substantially met. The export of rayon piece goods is under government allocation, but all export connections continue to be maintained and postwar potentialities in the export market are being exhaustively explored, according to the management.

The net profit for the fiscal year ended October 31, 1944, of $164,200 was equal to $1.31 per share and that for 1942-1943 of $177,985 equal to $1.42 a share. The 1943-1944 net included $98,672, or 79c per share, refundable tax, and the 1942-1943 net $27,656, or 22c per share. Retained net profit for 1943-1944 of 52c per share and $1.20 for 1942-1943 covered the current annual dividend requirement of 40c a share by a good margin. Earned surplus of $738,078 at October 31, 1944, was an increase from $498,864 at October 31, 1939, and was exclusive of accumulated postwar tax refund of $144,767.

Net working capital at October 31, 1944, of $1,348,132 was an increase from $1,235,335 at October 31 the year before, and increase from $693,308 at October 31, 1939. In the period 1939-1944 funded debt was reduced from $410,500 to $379,300 and gross book value of fixed assets increased from $1,652,014 to $2,431,248.

The company has no preferred stock issue and outstanding capital at October 31, 1944, consisted of 125,000 common shares of no par value. The presently outstanding common shares are the result of a four-for-one split in 1928. Dividends are currently being paid at the annual rate of 40c per share. An initial dividend of 25c per share was paid on the present stock in February 1929 and continued quarterly to May 1930. No further distributions were made until March 1933 when the 25c quarterly rate was resumed, with extras of 5c per share paid March and June 1934. The quarterly rate was increased to 30c a share in September 1934 and reduced to 10c in September 1935. Payment due September 1936 was omitted and nothing further until March 1942 when a quarterly dividend of 10c was paid and continued quarterly on this basis to date.

Bruck Silk Mills Limited was originally incorporated with a Dominion Charter in 1921. The plant at Cowansville, Quebec, manufactures pure silk, artificial silk and mixed products, and contains the most modern equipment known to the industry. In 1938 a wholly-owned subsidiary Bruck Silk Mills (England) Ltd., was formed to take care of sales in Great Britain and on the continent.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1944, inclusive follows:

	Price Ratio		Earned	Price Earnings Ratio		Earned
	High	Low	Per Share	High	Low	Per Share
1944	11¾	8	$1.31-a	9.0	6.1	$0.40
1943	9	5½	1.42-a	6.3	3.9	0.40
1942	5½	4½	1.63-a	3.4	2.8	0.30
1941	6¼	4½	2.14	2.9	2.1	—
1940	7	4½	0.47	14.9	9.4	—
1939	6¼	2	0.24	26.0	8.3	—
Average 1939-1944				6.2	4.0	
Approximate current average				8.8		
Approximate current yield				3.5%		

a—Includes 79c per share refundable tax 1944, 22c 1943 and 14c 1942.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended Oct. 31	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit	$ 164,200-x	$ 177,985-x	$ 204,928-x	$ 267,568	$ 58,309	$ 30,278
Surplus	738,078	718,236	970,639	834,209	561,163	498,864
Current Assets	1,931,960	1,770,378	2,009,838	1,842,934	1,116,575	935,728
Current Liabilities	583,828	535,043	954,257	956,665	457,100	242,420
Net Working Capital	1,348,132	1,235,335	1,055,581	886,269	659,475	693,308

x—Includes $98,672 refundable tax 1944, $27,656 1943 and $18,439 1942.

1792 NORTH AMERICA 1945

INCREASED VALUES REQUIRE
INCREASED INSURANCE

REPLACEMENT costs of homes, business buildings and commodities have greatly increased in the past few years.

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The Royal Bank of Canada
DIVIDEND No. 231

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (fifteen cents per share) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Friday, the first day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of April, 1945.

By order of the Board.
S. G. DOBSON
General Manager.
Montreal, Que., April 10, 1945.

SIMPSONS, LIMITED
Preferred Dividend No. 1

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of One Dollar and twelve and one-half cents ($1.12½) per share on the Outstanding Paid-up Four and one-half per cent (4½%) Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company has been declared payable June 15, 1945, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on May 15, 1945. The transfer books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.
Frank Hay,
Secretary
Toronto, April 13, 1945

THE CANADIAN BANK
OF COMMERCE
DIVIDEND NO. 233

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifteen cents per share, in Canadian Funds, on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1945 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Tuesday, 1st May next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st March 1945. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. Wedd
General Manager
Toronto, 20th March 1945

McIntyre Porcupine Mines
LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)
DIVIDEND NO. 112

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty-five and one-half cents (55½c) per share in Canadian currency will be paid on June 1, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business May 1, 1945.

By Order of the Board.
W. B. DIX,
Treasurer.
Dated at Toronto, April 12, 1945.

past. The ore bodies are small but high grade. Production to end of October 15, 1942, was $1,701,894 and ore reserves at the end of 1942 were 45,788 tons averaging $16.13 per ton. At end of 1943 current assets exceeded $155,000. The management is capable but the possibilities of the mine developing into a really large producer appear limited. Sturgeon River on June 1, 1941 had ore reserves of 110,000 tons of an average value of $12.32. Net working capital at end of 1943 was $321,122 against $318,316 a year previous. Of this close to $80,000 was invested in shares of mining and oil companies. A shaft has been sunk here to 2,108 feet and total recovery to end of 1942 was $2,728.907.

M. H., Winnipeg, Man.—I have heard of no developments to justify the recent upturn in the shares of ARNO MINES, which are quoted on the Montreal Curb Market, but it could be attributed to the recent speculative interest in Rouyn township, Quebec, stocks. The company has no mining property but has in its treasury 450,000 shares of Clerno Mines and at last report had a small amount of cash. Clerno holds a group of claims adjoining McWatters on the east in Rouyn township, and has been inactive during the war period. Once conditions warrant finances will likely be sought to carry out diamond drilling exploration.

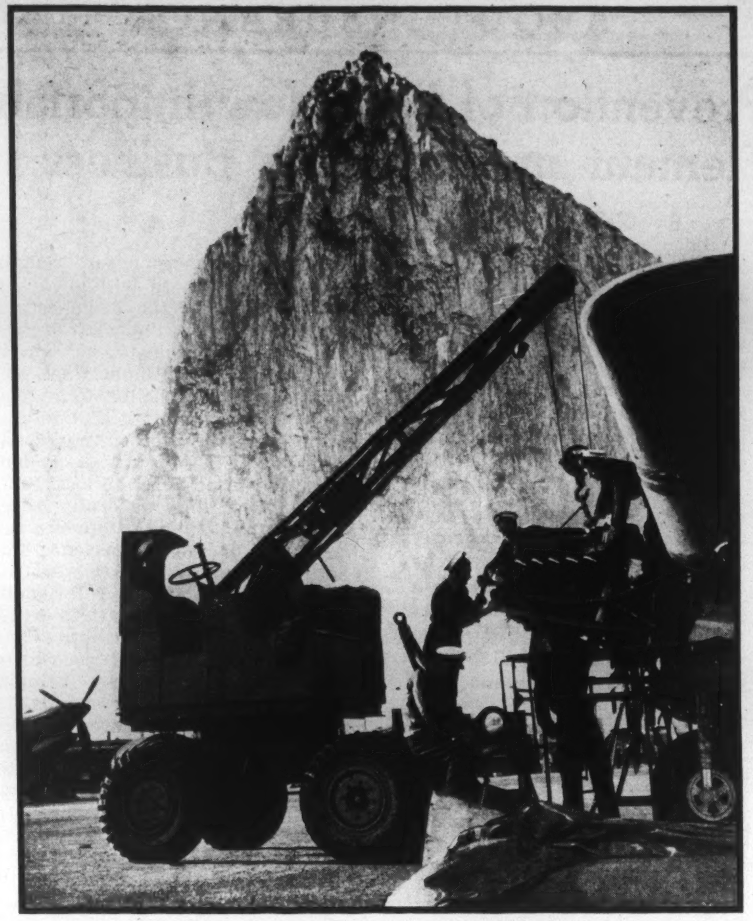
L. M. V., Winnipeg, Man.—Retainable net income of $185,768 or 97 cents a share was reported by FLEET AIRCRAFT LTD. for 1944, which included a non-recurring dividend of $6,668 or 4 cents a share. In the previous year net was $173,369 or 91 cents a share. Net working capital was $2,020,342, an increase of $213,215. Standard profits are not yet determined.

A. M. W., Three Rivers, Que.—A new diamond drilling program was planned last fall for the WILWOOD GOLD MINES property of 21 claims in the Nighthawk Lake section of the Porcupine district but I have no later information. Some diamond drilling and surface work has already been completed. VAL D'BELL MINES, which holds a group in Vauquelin and Louvicourt townships, Quebec, as well as Hull township, recently added a property to its holdings in Louvicourt, adjoining Vicour, giving it a total length of over 2½ miles along a broad mineralized zone. The shear zone is reported to have been exposed for more than 800 feet on the new claims, known as the Britt property. Some diamond drilling was done last year by Val d'Bell and the company is now reported making arangements to resume operations on ground adjoining Vicour Mines.

W. J. S., Vancouver, B.C.—I presume by junior golds you mean the younger producers with speculative possibilities if purchased for a hold. I regard MALARTIC GOLD FIELDS, COCHENOUR-WILLANS, MacLEOD-COCKSHUTT, MACASSA, SAN ANTONIO, MADSEN and EAST MALARTIC, as an attractive selection in this category. All of these have ore positions justifying increased production when the manpower situation again becomes normal and appear to hold good possibilities for capital appreciation in the postwar.

K. G. S., Trail, B.C.—Yes, SUPERTEST PETROLEUM is doing well, but the company is planning for heavy expenditures for modernization of properties in the postwar and building reserves for this purpose. Net income for the year 1944 of $316,649 or $2.77 per share on the combined ordinary and common shares after providing for preferred dividends, was the best reported since 1941 and compared with net of $2.38 per share for 1943 and $2.64 per share for 1942.

E. H. C., Winnipeg, Man.—The ROUYN MERGER GOLD MINES property, which from the ore already indicated has the status of a potential producer, is located east of the McWatters Gold Mines in Rouyn township, Quebec, and extends east into Joannes township. It represents an amalgamation of several adjoining properties and its chief geological feature is the Cadillac-Bouzan fault along which break most of the important gold mines in Quebec are found. Exploration of the property commenced about a year ago and 31 holes were drilled. Close to 300,000 tons averaging $7.50 per ton ($35 gold) and over 20 feet in width have been indicated. Recent drilling east of the shaft on O'Neill-Thompson section has given interesting results. Ore intersections are narrower but the grade is higher. Shaft sinking is planned to get underway as soon as the necessary permission can be obtained.



Naval aircraft based on Gibraltar patrol the Straits in all weathers, day and night. Here in the shadow of the Rock, a group of Fleet Air Arm mechanics put a newly-overhauled engine into a Beaufighter plane.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

War Still Major Factor

BY HARUSPEX

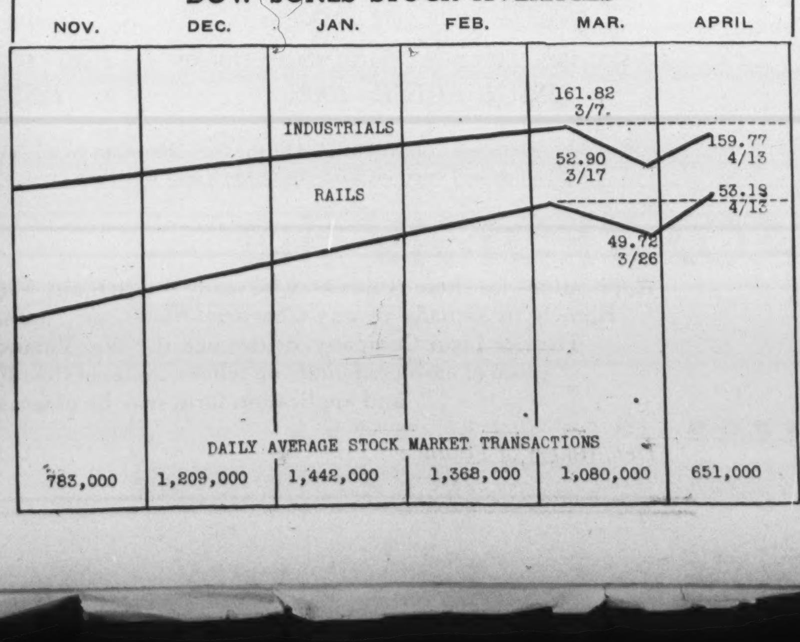
THE ONE TO TWO YEAR TREND: New York Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SEVERAL-MONTH OR SHORT TERM TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the mid-September 1944 low points of 142.96 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 38.71 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Mr. Roosevelt's death comes at a time when the energies of the U.S.A. having carried the two wars to a point of near termination in one case, of assured success in the other, are being turned to the problems of peace, both domestically and internationally. Considering the important place that the late President held in world political affairs, and the dominant role occupied by him in the national political picture, his passing will necessarily have broad repercussions on the economic front. What the import, in terms of the stock exchanges, will be can only be determined after President Truman and his Administration have clarified his policies, by word and deed, with respect to major items, including the postwar Federal budget (spending and taxes); wages, prices and profits; the nature and extent of America's participation in world reconstruction and trade. Unquestionably, the new President enters into his high office with the good will and prayers of the whole American people favoring him. He is presented with the immeasurable opportunity of coalescing the various factions in the economy that, to the disadvantage of all alike, have come almost to swords' points over controversies of the past decade.

From the stock approach, the war and reconversion would still seem to be the major factors of immediate moment. In due course, or when the full ramifications of this change in the nation's chief magistrate, at so critical a time, can be fully appraised, the matter will probably be fully taken into account by the price movement. Our nearest historical precedent to the current development was in April 1865 when President Lincoln died within a few days following General Lee's surrender at Appomattox. At that time the stock market, as reflected by an index of 18 railroad stocks, had already declined some 20 points, or 18%, from its early 1864 war peak of 107. There ensued another 10-point decline, and then an irregular rally of some 13 points, or 17%, running over the succeeding 16 months. The figure at which the stock index met support in April 1865 marked the approximate bottom from which a two-year bull trend got under way in the spring of 1867. It could be argued, however, and we think with reason, that the whole 1864-67 market period was a resultant of the preceding large war advance, and that the market's specific course in April 1865 was a part of this general pattern.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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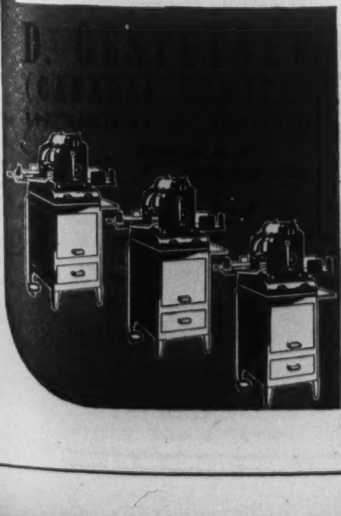

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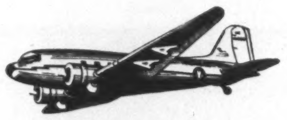

LOOKING FORWARD with the WEST

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Prevention of Loss Now Important Element in Guarantee Business

By GEORGE GILBERT

Making steady headway in most branches of the insurance business is the idea of preventing or reducing losses by encouraging the adoption by the insured of suitable safety measures. In boiler and machinery insurance the main effort is devoted to the prevention of loss.

As the amount of the losses measures the amount which, in addition to a sum for expenses and a margin for profit, must be collected from the insured in premiums, the lower the losses can be brought by preventive measures the lower will be the rates charged for insurance.

SO long as human nature remains unchanged there will always be losses caused by the dishonesty of employees. If driven by what is called "the force of circumstances" an employee commits a dishonest act, or if he or she decides deliberately to do so, it must be admitted that there is nothing the employer or the guarantee company, if the employee is bonded, can do to prevent the loss. But it is now becoming generally recognized by the bonding companies that by reason of their experience they can help employers install systems or safeguards which will enable them to uncover defalcations within a short time after they have been committed and thus keep such losses to a minimum, thereby bringing down the cost of fidelity bonds.

Those in the guarantee business who have to do with the settlement of claims are close students of the causes of these losses. As a result of their investigations they learn of weaknesses in accounting methods which enable dishonest employees to conceal their thefts over lengthy periods, and are accordingly in a position to make recommendations which will tend to prevent a repetition of such losses in the future and to minimize any losses that do occur. One suggestion made recently by an expert claim investigator was that all large corporations should have a system of double checking employees who are given authority to spend money on behalf of their organizations.

Checks Necessary

In the opinion of this expert, no person should handle a financial operation completely without some other employee checking it, and that while red tape is generally undesirable, such a system is necessary in a large business. Where an employee handles a cash fund of any size, it was suggested that it should be balanced by an officer or executive at unannounced frequent intervals, as such verification would prevent shortages in cash remaining undiscovered for lengthy periods. It was also suggested that bookkeepers should be rotated at intervals, so that one individual will not have control of certain accounts indefinitely, and that all employees should be required to take vacations at least once a year.

That thefts and embezzlements may continue for many years before coming to light is made plain by hundreds of cases in the claim files of the guarantee companies. In one typical case the employee had been entirely honest during the first ten years of employment with the firm. She was a young woman of 24 years when she applied in 1926 for the position of bookkeeper with a merchandise brokerage firm. She was bonded for $5,000 and her references stated that she was "conservative and exemplary," "capable and dependable."

As the years passed she was given greater responsibilities in the management of the concern. To outward appearances she was worthy of the trust placed in her. As a matter of fact, she did not begin to steal from her employer until 1936, ten years after she was first bonded. In that year, it was later revealed, she stole $2,000, and with systematic regularity stole a similar amount each year until February of 1941 when an audit disclosed a shortage of over $11,000.

Reason for Stealing Unknown

At the time the loss was discovered she was approaching 40 years of age. She was not a giddy creature with an insatiable desire for expensive clothes, fine cars and other luxuries, nor did she suffer from the gambling or speculative fever. She lived with her widower father on a small farm near the city and her habits were blameless. Why she yielded to the temptation to steal was not disclosed and probably never will be known.

It was emphasized by the company official who cited this case that there was nothing unusual about it. As happens in the majority of such losses, the amount of the embezzlement far exceeded the amount of the bond. As usual, the employee had been with the firm for many years and occupied a position of trust. Also the embezzler had been stealing for a number of years before the loss was discovered.

In another case a nationally known merchant firm had for over 25 years been bonding with position bonds for various amounts those who held the so-called moneyed positions in the business. The firm had many employees with long years of service. It had a fine system of bookkeeping, frequent internal audits and semi-annual outside audits. The experience had been very good, and the rate of premium had been lowered frequently until it was down to the minimum.

Though urged to use the savings in premiums to provide more protection, the department head in charge of the bonding of employees declined to increase the firm's expenditures for the purpose, as he considered he was making a good showing in saving the money of the firm. One day an anonymous letter was received, stating that one of their old employees had been paying considerable sums of money to blackmailers and that if a checkup of his department was made it would be found that he had been stealing large sums of money.

Astounding Disclosures

At first the manager could not believe that such was the case, as the employee was well regarded by everyone and was one of the old-timers in the business. However, detectives were put on his trail, and in a few days reports came in which indicated that something was seriously wrong. Auditors were put on the accounts of his department, and letters were mailed to customers asking for verification of transactions.

In due course answers were received to the effect that they had never received such credits, and the reply in one case stated that the person never even had an account with the firm. The replies were checked against the records of the department, the slips showing the transactions were taken out, and finally the employee was called into the private office of the manager and confronted with the evidence. He protested his innocence at first but finally acknowledged the facts. He admitted stealing $64,000.

When this loss was reported to the directors, one of them, the vice-president of a bank, wanted to know why this loss had not been collected from the guarantee company. The manager was unable to give a satisfactory answer to the question. He had, of course, depended upon the insur-

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3% BONDS
DUE 1st OCTOBER 1963
Callable in or after 1959
Interest payable 1st April and October
Denominations
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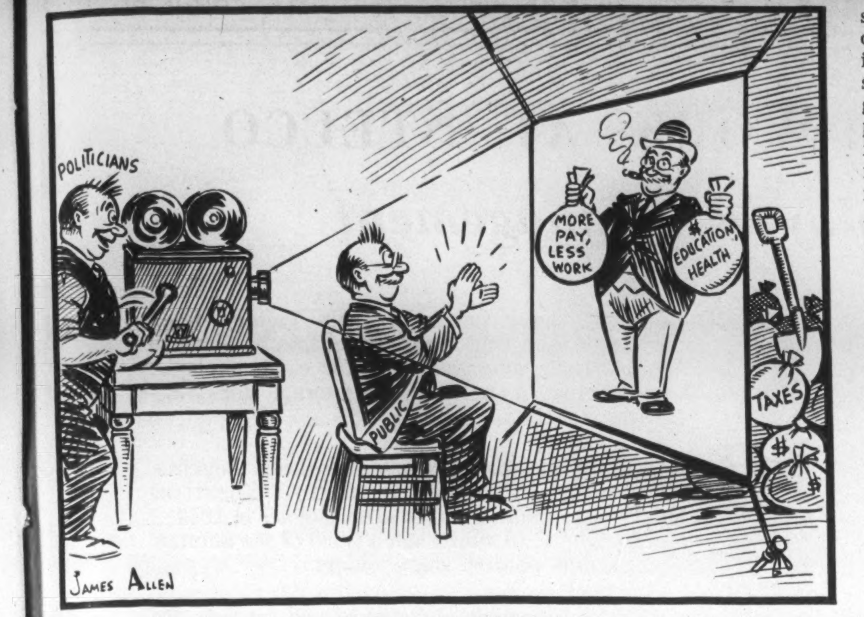
ISSUE PRICE: 100%

4 years and 6 months
1¾% BONDS
DUE 1st NOVEMBER 1949
Non-callable to maturity
Interest payable 1st May and November
Denominations
$1,000, $5,000, $10,000, $25,000, $100,000
ISSUE PRICE: 100%

The proceeds of this loan will be used by the Government to finance expenditures for war purposes.
The lists will open on 23rd April, 1945, and will close on or about 12th May, 1945.

Applications for these bonds may be made through any Victory Loan Salesman, any Branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank, any authorized Savings Bank, Trust or Loan Company, or through the War Finance Workers at your place of employment, from whom copies of the official prospectus and application form may be obtained.

Department of Finance *April 1945*



Behind the Screen

ance buyer for the firm to see that the coverage was adequate to meet the requirements, and the buyer in his zeal to effect savings in the firm's insurance costs, had failed to purchase coverage of a sufficient amount to take care of a loss of such a substantial sum, though repeatedly urged to do so by the representative of the guarantee company. As a result of this experience, however, the firm now has full coverage, and if such a loss should again occur it would be covered 100 per cent.

• •

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

A woman over sixty years of age is considering purchase of a government annuity. She is anxious to know whether, in your opinion, it would be wise to wait for the verdict of Ives Royal Commission re taxation of annuities before making purchase of an annuity. If they decide to decrease taxation (of annuities) would it probably mean they would be more expensive?

—A.A.A., Toronto, Ont.

It is reasonable to expect that the present practice of taxing the entire return under a life annuity as income subject to income tax will be changed. Payments made under a life annuity, or any other kind of annuity such as one for a certain number of years only, to the extent that they represent a return of part of the amount of the purchase price of the annuity, are not income at all, and to treat them as income and tax them as such is neither logical nor just. Only to the extent that such payments represent a return of interest are they income in the correct sense of the term and so subject to income tax. When the correct view about taxing annuities prevails, as it is bound to do sooner or later—the sooner the better—life annuities will be a good buy for a person who wishes to obtain the largest return in the way of income for the rest of life for any given amount of principal. While it is true that in providing the income the principal is gradually being used up and nothing is left at death, the counterbalancing advantage is that the income is one that cannot be outlived however far into the future the life of the annuitant may extend. No indication has been given of any pending increase in price of Government annuities.

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Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to know what special exemptions, if any, are granted under the Succession Duty Acts of the Dominion and the various Provinces to the proceeds of life insurance policies. Is any distinction made between the policies of Canadian and outside companies in this respect?

—F. H. C., Montreal, Que.

No special exemption is granted under the Dominion Act or under the acts of the following Provinces: Alberta, Quebec, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Under the British Columbia Act, the first $25,000 of aggregate insurance moneys payable to surviving father, mother, spouse, child, grandchild or child's spouse is exempt. Under the Saskatchewan Act, insurance moneys in policies of $5,000 or less for benefit of surviving mother, spouse, child or grandchild are entitled to exemption, provided, however, that no such beneficiary receives more than $5,000 by reason of deceased having two or more policies. Under the Manitoba Act, insurance moneys for benefit of surviving widow and/or children under 18 are exempt, provided amount of such moneys does not exceed $10,000 if widow and two or more children under 18 survive, or $5,000 if widow and/or one child survive. Under the Ontario Act, any non-commutable annuity income, or periodic payment, arranged during life and payable to widow or dependent parent, brother, sister or child is exempt to the extent of $1,200 per annum to any one person and $2,400 per annum in the aggregate. Under the Nova Scotia Act, insurance moneys for benefit of surviving grandparent, parent, spouse, child, grandchild or child's spouse are exempt, provided amount of such moneys does not exceed $5,000 in the aggregate. No distinction is made between proceeds of policies of Canadian companies and those of outside companies.

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As you plan ahead to meet the new needs and changing conditions of the post-war period, you may be faced with problems of financing in which we could help you.

We are giving thought to many such problems and are making preliminary estimates of our customers' probable requirements in the years immediately ahead.

If you feel we can assist you, we shall be glad of the opportunity of discussing your plans and problems with you in confidence. You will appreciate the interested approach and helpful counsel of our officers.

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BREWERY — MONTREAL

LET'S ALL DO MORE TO WIN THE WAR

D69

News of the Mines

(*continued from page* 43)

were intersected including over 50 feet averaging close to $4 and 1.7 feet running over $25, gold at $38.50. Interesting results are being secured by MacDonald Mines in Northern Rouyn, adjoining Continental Copper to the east. This property is a large one and a campaign of 100,000 feet of diamond drilling with four drills has been launched. Vincent Mining Corporation which already has extensive holdings in Quebec recently optioned five properties, comprising over 4,500 acres, in the vicinity of MacDonald Mines. It is proposed to expend $125,000 on exploration immediately to be divided equally between the five groups.

•

Coniaurum Mines in 1944 carried out development in many places throughout the mine from the 900-foot level to the 5,500-foot level. Work on the bottom level has been confined mainly to exploration but on the 5,250-foot level three veins were developed during the year with favorable results. These will supply considerable millfeed and are not yet fully developed. Broken ore reserves were slightly higher at 82,998 tons. Net profit was equal to 7.95 cents per share as compared with 9.16 cents in the previous year. Net working capital increased from $739,135 to $870,081. A block of 110,000 shares of Frobisher Exploration Co. is held at a cost of $135,000.

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A new discovery which Dr. W. B. Burnett, president, describes as "undoubtedly important, as the orebody appears to be substantial and the ore is of replacement type with limestone on both sides," has been made by Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Co., British Columbia producer. The find made on the 19th level is on the Baker zone from which no previous production has been secured. Work so far has been too limited to determine extent or importance but it is hoped to have more information for the annual meeting.

•

A further substantial increase in ore reserves of Lamaque Gold Mines, Bourlamaque township, Quebec, was shown in 1944 and at the end of the year blocked out and broken ore amounted to 2,530,212 tons containing 542,802 ozs. of gold as against 2,083,533 tons containing 454,262 ozs. at the close of 1943. The labor shortage curtailed development and average mill rate for the 12 months was only 556 tons daily, as compared with 738 tons in the preceding period. Net profits were equal to 20.64 cents per share, while 1943 earnings were 33.99 cents. Net working capital of $2,770,516 compared with $2,629,858 a year previous.

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In preparation for depth work Leitch Gold Mines has erected a new 125-foot head-frame of steel construction at a cost of $50,000 to permit sinking through the diabase sill after the war. The company plans a two-year program to cost $200,000 but the company's treasury position is such that this expenditure will not be a handicap. It is anticipated that the vein system will continue undisturbed below the 600-foot barren sill. Leta Explorations in which Leitch has a 50% interest has staked over 100 claims in the Chibougamau area of Quebec and while several finds have been made nothing yet indicates commercial possibilities.

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With actual vein widths found to be wider than previously estimated Aunor Gold Mines, in the Porcupine area, despite a sharp curtailment of development work was able to maintain its ore reserves which at the end of 1944 amounted to 568,750 tons against 587,900 a year previous. Net earnings amounted to 26.36 cents as compared with 29.73 cents per share in 1943. Production was slightly higher, an increase of $2.06 in average grade recovered having more than offset the drop in the milling rate. Net working capital at the end of the year stood at $1,389,017 as against $1,192,460. The shaft was sunk from 2,072 feet to 2,160 feet.

RESULTS OF TEAM-WORK AT STELCO

Shareholders - Employees - Management

STELCO has produced and processed more steel in the last five war years than in the previous fourteen.

STELCO adapted finishing plants and equipment to the manufacture of war goods and achieved greater production than ever before.

STELCO has doubled pig iron output since the outbreak of war.

STELCO's plate mill has produced over 775,000 tons of plate—sufficient for more than 350 Victory ships.

STELCO employees receive the highest wages paid in the Canadian steel industry.

STELCO employees have unusually long service records—nearly twelve per cent of present employees have unbroken service records of over 25 years—about one-third of present employees have unbroken service records exceeding 10 years.

STELCO employees have increased their Victory Loan purchases each war year. Purchases of Seventh Victory Loan averaged $179 for each employee—as against a nation-wide average for wage earners of $118.

STELCO provided pensions, sickness and death benefits, military service credits, a wartime Christmas bonus and similar benefits to employees in 1944—at a cost equal to more than a third of the amount of dividends paid to shareholders.

STELCO employees returning from the armed services are receiving individual and understanding consideration in their re-instatement—178 employees have already been so re-employed.

STELCO is building a new strip mill—the first of its kind in Canada. When completed it will reduce steel imports, and increase Canadian employment.

STELCO team-work will continue to keep Stelco in the forefront of steel producers and maintain its leadership not only in war production but in peace-time development as well.

(A copy of the Annual Report may be obtained from the Secretary of the Company).

THE STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1944

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS		
Cash on hand and in banks	$ 2,437,695.75	
Dominion of Canada treasury bills, bonds and other securities, (market value December 31, 1944, $16,319,000)	16,128,902.72	
Due from employees on War Loan subscriptions, secured by Dominion of Canada bonds	1,041,779.53	
Accounts and notes receivable, less reserve	7,250,462.27	
Inventories of raw materials, supplies and products, as determined and certified by responsible officials of the companies and valued at the lower of cost or market, less reserve	8,907,049.91	$ 35,765,890.18
INVESTMENTS (non current)		
Investments in and advances to associated coal and ore mining companies		1,660,956.12
FIXED ASSETS		
Cost of works owned and operated		68,639,271.94
OTHER ASSETS		
Benefit Plan—cash and investments	$ 841,778.88	
Refundable portion of excess profits taxes	886,698.68	1,728,477.56
DEFERRED CHARGES		
Taxes, insurance and other expenses paid in advance		62,924.36
		$107,857,520.16

Approved on behalf of the Board,

R. H. McMASTER
H. G. HILTON } Directors.

LIABILITIES

		CURRENT LIABILITIES			
		Accounts payable and accruals		$ 5,264,114.35	
		Provision for income, excess profits and other taxes, less paid on account		2,809,308.80	
		Unclaimed dividends		16,114.99	
		Dividends payable February 1, 1945			
		On Preference shares	$194,889.00		
		On Ordinary shares	345,000.00	539,889.00	$ 8,629,427.14
		PLANT AND OPERATING RESERVES			
		Depreciation reserve		$43,743,232.05	
		Furnace relining and rebuilding and other operating reserves		3,238,166.66	46,981,398.71
		BENEFIT PLAN RESERVE			841,778.88
		OTHER RESERVES			
		Betterment and replacement		$ 1,829,674.06	
		Fire insurance		200,000.00	
		Contingent		558,999.01	2,588,673.07
		CAPITAL STOCK			
Authorized	Issued				
400,000	259,852	7% Cumulative Preference shares (participating)—par value $25.00 each		$ 6,496,300.00	
600,000	460,000	Ordinary shares—no par value		11,500,000.00	17,996,300.00
		SURPLUS			
		Earned surplus—per statement attached		$29,933,243.68	
		Refundable portion of excess profits taxes		886,698.68	30,819,942.36
					$107,857,520.16

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

We have examined the books and accounts of The Steel Company of Canada, Limited, and its subsidiary companies for the year ended December 31, 1944, and report that we have verified the cash on hand, bank balances and all securities and have obtained all the information and explanations which we have required and that, in our opinion, the above consolidated balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the companies' affairs at December 31, 1944, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the companies.

RIDDELL, STEAD, GRAHAM & HUTCHISON,
Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

Toronto, Ontario, February 28, 1945.

STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS

PROFIT FROM OPERATIONS after deducting depreciation and all expenses of manufacturing, selling and administration	$ 4,559,816.73
Add	
Net income from securities, and profit from sales	98,838.04
NET PROFIT FOR THE YEAR	$ 4,658,654.77

The following amounts have been charged before determining the profits for the year:

Provision for depreciation (including special depreciation)	$3,602,134.00
Provision for income and excess profits taxes, including refundable portion of excess profits taxes	3,429,339.02
Contribution to Pension Trust Fund	300,000.00
Directors' fees	14,000.00
Remuneration of executive officers	197,400.00
Legal expenses	11,560.87

STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED EARNED SURPLUS

Balance at December 31, 1943		$ 27,434,144.91
Add		
Net profit for the year ended December 31, 1944		4,658,654.77
		$ 32,092,799.68
Deduct		
Dividends declared during the year 1944		
Preference shares at $3.00 per share	$ 779,556.00	
Ordinary shares at $3.00 per share	1,380,000.00	2,159,556.00
Balance at December 31, 1944		$ 29,933,243.68